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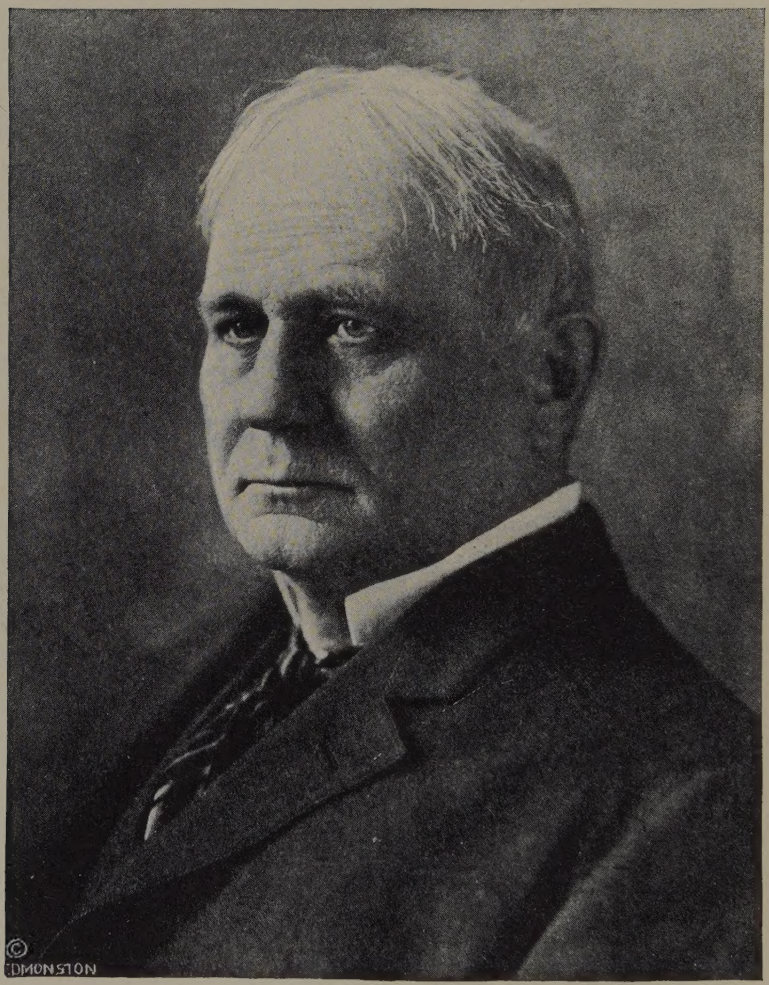

CHAMP CLARK AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

BY

CHAMP CLARK

TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

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MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

CHAPTER I

Birth—Motherless babyhood—Proud recollections of a faithful father—Physical and mental development—Wirt's *Patrick Henry*—Bible-reading in boyhood—The *Multum-in-parvo* "Red-book"—The reading-room at the meeting-house—Story of John Doakum—Story of James Beauchamp concentered into "Champ"—Col. Bennett Clark at "Beauchamp," in France—Motherly Mrs. Call—Cranky, superstitious John Call—Colonel Watterson's valuable hints—First whole dollar; boyish use of it—Last farm work, in Kentucky—Amusements of long ago: hunting, fishing, hog-killing, apple-bobbing, spelling-bees, "playing 'possum"—Cold-blooded murder of "Ranger"—First knowledge of a President of the United States.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln first began to loom up as a presidential candidate a newspaper man asked him for a history of himself and his ancestors. He replied:

"It may all be compressed into Gray's line, 'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

According to my way of thinking, the story of my life differs little from that of thousands of others, born, bred, and living under similar circumstances. I once said, "It could all be condensed into these words: Fifty-odd years of unremitting toil."

At a great dinner given in his honor a lady asked the Duke of Wellington to describe, for her edification, the battle of Waterloo. The grim old soldier answered:

"We pounded the French; they pounded us; we outpounded them!"

That is the shortest, tersest, and most graphic description of that epochal struggle in all literature.

I started out to accomplish certain things. I kept pounding away at them and have achieved most of them. As a rule, I outpounded my opponents. Sometimes I didn't—particularly on one most notable occasion.

Endowed by nature with a strong constitution, I have been able to do more work than most men. Labor is the basis of all success—labor of brawn or brain. My long public career is due largely to the fact that I have been blessed with as faithful a constituency as man ever had.

In 1911, at a great home-coming picnic, attended by some ten or fifteen thousand people, given in my honor, I stated that I believed my constituents are more ambitious for me than I am for myself; and I stated the exact truth; but as my wife, children, and many friends want to know some of the facts, experiences, and recollections of my busy life, I will give them as briefly, modestly, and as accurately as possible—writing about the persons, books, circumstances, and things which most influenced my life.

I was born on a farm near Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, on the seventh day of March, 1850. That was the day on which Daniel Webster made what is called his "Seventh of March Speech" in support of the compromises of the Constitution, with special reference to the Fugitive Slave law. That speech practically ended his political career. From being a popular idol in New England, his name became anathema, and his picture was turned to the wall in hundreds of thousands of homes. Perhaps no man was ever more savagely abused on the stump, the lecture-platform, in pulpit and magazines, in newspapers and in private conversation than was Daniel Webster

for making that speech. To them he ceased to be "Daniel the Godlike"; instead, he became "Ichabod."

The Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, wrote the following poem, entitled "Ichabod," about Webster, which may be regarded as one of the most terrific personal poems ever written in our vernacular:

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

My mother's maiden name was Aletha Jane Beauchamp, and she was a native of Kentucky. Her ancestors, the Beauchamps, Jetts, and Robertsons, were originally Virginians and were among the earliest pioneers in Kentucky. Her father, James T. Beauchamp, was, when quite a young man, a member of the Kentucky Legislature. Both he and his wife died before middle life.

George Robertson, so long a Representative in Congress and Chief Justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was my mother's third cousin. She was also distantly related to Gov. Bob Letcher.

She died when I was three years old, and I cannot remember her, but I have a hazy recollection of attending her burial. A very old kinswoman told me a few years ago that I had to be dragged away from my mother's grave. She never had a picture taken, therefore I do not know how she looked; but the testimony of all of her acquaintances is that she was a sweet, lovely, beautiful, graceful, gracious woman, small in body, with black hair, dark-blue eyes, and delicate complexion. The tradition is that she was a prime favorite with all who knew her—instant in every good work.

My father was John Hampton Clark, named for his half-brother lost at sea. He was born in New Jersey at "Clark's Landing," close to what is now Atlantic City. His mother was a Quakeress, Elizabeth Archer, who was a native of New Jersey. His great-great-grandfather,

great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all born and reared in Connecticut, the first of his ancestors settling there in 1654.

Notwithstanding these facts, in 1912, when I was the leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, a Boston editor, bent on saying something mean about me and unable to find any truth that would injure me, originated a contemptible falsehood to the effect that I left Kentucky for Missouri to "get rid of the Yankees." He did not possess intelligence enough to know that there are at least a hundred Yankees in Missouri to one in Kentucky. How much pay he received for that stupid canard I do not know, but it is an abiding pleasure to remember that I carried Massachusetts by a large majority over President Wilson, in spite of that editor's malice and mendacity.

My father was originally a carriage- and buggy-maker. His health failing, he opened a singing-school. Older rural folks pleasantly remember the old-fashioned singing-school masters with inevitable tuning-fork. He afterward practised dentistry. He was a good carriage- and buggy-maker, a good singing-master, a good dentist, a good Democrat, a good Christian, a good citizen. He was not an educated man in the technical sense, but he was a man with splendid intellect and was an omnivorous reader. He possessed a vast store of information. When in his prime he was about six feet tall, never weighed over one hundred and sixty-five pounds, was delicate all his life. He had a twenty-four-inch head —one of the finest I ever saw—most of it above and in front of his ears. The intellectual part of his head was remarkably well developed. The back part of his head, which contains the driving apparatus, was not well developed.

He was a handsome man. He had very dark-brown hair which most people would have called black. He

had one brown eye and one blue one. He had a very heavy, fine, luxuriant beard. While not a public speaker, he was the best reader, conversationalist, and anecdote-teller that I ever knew. The delight of his life was to argue in favor of the principles in which he believed, religious or political. He was a splendid horseman and, poor as he was, always managed to have one of the best saddlers in the country, which he treated with the tenderness with which he would treat a child. The most famous of these was a Morgan mare, a bay roan, blazed-faced and dish-faced—one of the most vicious animals I ever knew, but tough as whitleather. In proper hands she would have made a great racing-animal. As a matter of fact, I used to steal her out on the sly, and run races with all the boys in the neighborhood, taking the risk of getting soundly thrashed by my father for so doing—but winning all the races. It was rare fun. Verily horse-racing is the sport of kings and of some others.

When I first remember, he rode around after the fashion of a Methodist circuit-rider, over six or eight small counties in Kentucky, with a large pair of saddle-bags which held about a half-bushel in each end. One was filled with his implements of dental torture and the other with the speeches of Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckenridge, and other Democratic worthies, together with a change of linen. It was the delight of his life to corner up Whigs and argue with them until they were dizzy. He never had any faculty for making money, and I do not believe he cared anything about it. I am reasonably certain that he never owned five hundred dollars' worth of property at one time in his life.

He set his heart on two things: that his children should be well developed, mentally and physically, and that they should have good educations. He lived to see these desires of his heart gratified, for he lived to reach the good old age of eighty-six, and would undoubtedly have lived

to be a hundred if his legs had not given way, which caused him to fall and hurt his back, thereby paralyzing him.

If I have achieved anything worth mentioning in this life, I owe the most of it to him, for he was constantly dinning into my ears: "Get an education; take care of your health; develop your physical and mental constitution."

To increase my bodily strength he set me to chinning poles, swinging on hand-swings, and other exercises of similar character.

He knew more about the political history of the United States than any other man with whom I have ever come into contact, and he knew more about the Bible than any other layman I ever saw—as much as most of the preachers and more than many of them.

He had a fine sense of humor, his honesty was above question, his honor perfect, and he was unafraid.

He was an amateur politician, never wanted an office, never was a candidate, but he was always in the fray for his friends; and so far as his enemies were concerned he "laid on and spared not, smiting them hip and thigh."

He frequently advised me never to be a candidate for office; but, as he was forever talking about his favorites in public life, his delightful conversation outweighed his advice in that regard, which I did not take to heart.

The truth is that one book which he borrowed for me to read largely determined the course of my life. He bought for his children all the books his small means permitted, and borrowed all he could in his peregrinations on his dental circuit. Once upon a time, when I was about ten years old, he brought me William Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*—as wild a romance as was ever put between covers, and exceedingly interesting. That book made it appear that winning lawsuits and going to Congress were as easy as falling off a log, and a slippery log

at that. I have not found it so; but that book determined me to be a lawyer and a Congressman before I had ever seen a lawyer, a law-book, a court-house, or a Congressman. Very small things frequently shape human careers.

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Has dwarfed the giant oak forever.

That life of the forest-born Demosthenes had another important effect upon me. When I was a small boy I would not read the Bible. There were no Sunday-schools in the neighborhood and nobody to show me the beautiful stories and splendid literature of the Bible. One day after I had read Patrick Henry's *Life*, my father said, "How did you like Wirt's book?"

"First rate," I replied.

"What part did you like best?" he inquired.

I answered: "His speech beginning, 'It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope.'"

"What," continued he, "is the best sentence in that speech?"

"'The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong,'" was my reply.

He said: "My son, Patrick Henry never originated that. King Solomon wrote it and if you will read the Bible you will find many more just as fine."

I began reading the Bible to see if his statement was correct and have continued to read it ever since. When I contract brain fag, I read King Solomon's Proverbs and St. Paul's epistles as mental tonics. Of all the compliments ever paid me by the newspapers since I have been in Congress, the one I value most is to the effect that I quote the Bible more frequently and more accurately than any other public man in a quarter of a

century. Whether true or not I will not undertake to say.

Before my father borrowed for me *The Life of Patrick Henry*, he bought for me, as a Christmas present, a very small book bound in red cloth, containing The Articles of Confederation, The Declaration of Independence, The Constitution of the United States, Washington's Farewell Address, and—nothing more.

In giving it to me my father said: "My boy, you will not read the Bible and I want you to read this book. Next to the Bible it is the best one I know of."

I did read it until I knew the Declaration and most of the other three great documents by heart. I did it this way. I was compelled to attend religious services on Sundays at Glen's Creek Church. It was a large, hewed-log house, with a white-oak post in the center, about two feet square, to hold the roof up. I would cuddle down behind the post, and when the long sermon was too dry to interest my youthful mind, or too full of theological technicalities for me to assimilate, I would get my big little book out of my pocket and go to work to commit its precious contents to memory.

It was a fine mental exercise and laid a broad foundation for understanding the genius of our free institutions, though it did nothing to promote my religious training.

If I had my way, every boy and girl in America would commit to memory The Declaration of Independence, not only for its political truths, but also for its literary excellence. A man of sensibility cannot read it, even now, without having his blood flow faster. I believe that the majestic sweep of the Declaration helped us to gain our liberty.

I believe that those three books, the Bible, Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*, and my little red book, did more to influence my life than all other books that I have read put together.

Attendance at that old Glen's Creek Meeting-house—for in that far-away day that is what country folk called a church building—had an influence on me in practising law.

On a front seat Sunday after Sunday sat a somewhat aged person with a head as bald as a billiard ball. Three things fixed my boyish attention upon him: his shining poll; the fact that he shed tears copiously during every sermon; and the further fact that he always put a silver dollar in the hat when passed around—a liberal contribution in that day and place. What puzzled me most was his habitual weeping.

One Sunday, going home through the woods from church, I asked my father what old man John Doakum —for that was his name—was always crying so much about. He said: "I do not know what the old wretch is crying about, but I know what he ought to be crying about—how he killed his own son!" Then he gave me a blood-curdling account of that revolting crime—one of the most beastly I have ever read or heard of.

It is said that early impressions are never effaced, and most assuredly it was true in this case. The horrible story related to me by my father, of that bloody butchery, made such a profound impression upon me and has so rested on me all my life, that, during my long and active practice at the bar, nothing would have induced me to defend a man who had killed his own son. The thick beech woods through which we were walking, my father's vibrant voice and his flashing eyes, are as clear to my mental vision to-day as they were to my physical vision fifty-odd years ago.

Old Doakum killed his son at the beginning of the Civil War. The times were sadly out of joint, everything was topsy-turvy, and in some way, through some sinister influence, he went unwhipped of justice, though he richly deserved to stretch hemp. He was a prominent citizen,

a big farmer, and what Senator Thomas Hart Benton would have characterized as "a jackleg lawyer." He claimed to be a strong Union man and had the unspeakable impudence to run for county attorney.

In 1863 I heard him and others speak at the first barbecue I ever attended. Among other things, he said: "You men ought to vote for me because the only son I have is in the Army of the Cumberland fighting bravely in defense of our country and our flag."

A half-drunken young fellow leaning against a dogwood sapling right in front of the speakers' stand, bawled out in stentorian voice: "You infernal old scoundrel, you would have had another son if you hadn't killed him!" whereupon the crowd set up a mighty yell, and old Doakum's political goose was cooked brown. I was delighted, and did a good deal of yelling myself in a boyish treble. It is pleasant even yet to remember that outburst of righteous indignation, and delightful to recollect that old Doakum was beaten out of his boots, and that, too, by the biggest fool that ever held that office in any county in Kentucky, or in fact in all America.

My parents named me James Beauchamp Clark. Clark is the seventh most widely diffused surname in America. It is a corruption of the old Latin word *clericus*, which means a "scholar."

In the early days of our history "Clerk" was often pronounced "Clark," and in the extreme backwoods occasionally a very old person is found who pronounces it that way to this day, as is the habit in England.

Years ago I read a story to this effect: "When they were young lawyers, and Illinois was in the raw, Abraham Lincoln, who was six feet four, and his lifelong friend and competitor, Stephen A. Douglas, who was about five feet tall, got lost on the open prairie, and, night coming on, they applied for lodgings at a cabin. At bedtime the landlady, judging their relative importance by their

statures, told Lincoln that he could sleep in the loft, and his little 'clark,' as she designated Douglas, could sleep in the trundle-bed with the children."

That cabin, if it still is in existence, should be treasured as a historic relic. Parenthetically, it may be truthfully stated that an open prairie is the easiest place on the earth to get lost in.

Strange to relate, Hon. David Lubin, the enthusiastic agricultural economist, came into my office a few days after the foregoing was written, and I was surprised to observe that invariably he pronounced "clerk" as "clark."

J. B. is one of the most common combinations in Christian names—John B., James B., Julian B., Joseph B., and so forth. On the average there is perhaps one J. B. Clark at every post-office in America. As long as I was a boy that fact did not bother me, but when I became old enough to receive letters I was always getting mixed up with somebody else. Finally when I was twenty-four years old I went to visit my uncle, a lawyer at Bowling Green, Kentucky. I ordered my mail forwarded to me there. There was a man by the name of James B. Clark living in that city. He was unusually dense. He not only opened my letters, which was excusable, but he sent them all back to the places from which they came, which was not only inexcusable, but annoying; so I made up my mind that I would not keep a name which was owned by so many other people. I first lopped off the "James," but that left me with a name which nobody but a Frenchman could pronounce correctly, and Americans pronounced it in a half-dozen different ways, all wrong. I would have liked very much to retain it, as it was my mother's name. It means "fair field" and is a beautiful name, but it could not be pronounced in this country correctly. By the way, Campbell is the same name as Beauchamp. Camp and Champ

mean the same thing, being the old Latin word *campus*, and belle is the feminine of beau. I cut Beauchamp in two in the middle and retained the last half. Governor Hoadly of Ohio, one of my old law professors, used to say that a man had as much right to cut off part of his Christian name as to trim off part of his hair. I state this minor event correctly, because it has been stated so often incorrectly.

One sequel to that transaction was that the first lecture I ever delivered, and of which I have the manuscript yet, was on "The Philosophy of Names." It is a fertile and an interesting theme.

Various men have left off part of their Christian names. Charles Dickens was christened with half a dozen; Whitelaw Reid was named Jacob Whitelaw; President Cleveland's name, as bestowed by his parents, was Stephen Grover; President Wilson was Thomas Woodrow.

My son, whom we named Bennett Clark for his mother, as soon as he became old enough to observe things, inserted the Champ into his name, and he is now Bennett Champ.

I have always entertained the theory that the oldest boy in a family ought to be given his mother's maiden family name—if at all suitable—as part compensation to her for losing her name by marriage.

My surgical operation on my name had one unexpected and beneficial effect. It caused my name, Champ Clark, to be printed in full in the newspapers, whereas other Representatives were generally referred to only by their surnames. That grew out of two facts. One was that I was the only Clark in America who bears the Christian name of Champ, and the other was that my Christian name and surname, taken together, contain only ten letters.

Shakespeare hath it: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," which is literally true; but, nevertheless

and notwithstanding, some names are more useful and fitting than others.

While my son, Col. Bennett C. Clark, was on a long march in France at the head of his regiment, the 140th Infantry, they camped one night near a small village into which he rode, to learn the name of the place and to do some shopping. He wrote me that he was greatly surprised to discover that the name of the town was Beauchamp—evidently founded by and named for our maternal ancestors—and that it gave him a queer feeling to ride into it in command of an American regiment eight hundred years after our kinsmen crossed the Channel into England—or more than four centuries before Columbus discovered the Western World.

Because I had a large head and a small neck my father was afraid that I was going to have a feeble constitution. So, when I was eight years old he hired me out to work on a farm—perhaps the best thing that ever happened to me. It kept me out-of-doors, developed my body, taught me habits of industry, and made me love agriculture, which I do to this day. If I were rich enough to do it, I would rather live on a good farm than anywhere else on earth.

When the Civil War began I was working for a man named John Call, near Mackville, Washington County, Kentucky. He was one of the best farmers that I ever knew, and his wife was one of the kindest women in the world. She treated my sister and myself just as well as she treated her own children.

Call lived sixty miles from Louisville. On account of bad health, especially weak eyes, he could not read fine print, so he made me the proposition that he would take George D. Prentice's *Louisville Daily Journal* if I would read it to him at night. He was not trying to do me a kindness, as he wanted the paper read for his own information, but, in having me read him the paper, he conferred on me a great benefit.

I doubt very much if he could have devised a better scheme by which I could learn good English, for George D. Prentice was one of the greatest masters of English prose that this country has ever known. He was also a poet of high rank. I have always believed, and do now believe, that if, instead of spending his time as the editor of a daily newspaper, he had devoted himself to writing books, he would have stood at the very head of the literary characters of America. I believe that he was fully as great an editor as Horace Greeley, although the palm is generally conceded to Greeley. I read *The Daily Journal* to Call for more than three years. I greatly profited thereby. The old *Journal* was afterward merged with the *Democrat* and *Courier*, the three papers becoming *The Courier-Journal*, now owned and conducted by Judge Bingham, and for many years edited by Col. Henry Watterson.

Colonel Watterson taught me a valuable lesson in speech-making. As a very young man, without any official connection with the St. Louis Tilden convention, I was there as a mere "looker-on in Vienna." A kind-hearted, big, Irish policeman let me in under the ropes, without a ticket, and I am glad that I was there, for I was enabled to see and hear a remarkable group of men, the most of whom have now gone the way of all flesh.

They were Gen. John A. McClernand, Col. Henry Watterson, Senator Kernan, "Sunset" Cox, John Morrissey, John Kelly, Senator Doolittle, Governor Dorsheimer, Gen. Tom Ewing, Governor Walker of Virginia, Dan W. Voorhees, "Blue Jeans" Williams, Wade Hampton, James B. McCreary (then, as thirty-six years later, Governor of Kentucky), and scores of others famous in their day, and some of them still famous.

Colonel Watterson was temporary chairman, and General McClernand, the permanent chairman. It was a most distinguished assembly.

One of the most spectacular features of that convention was the great debate betwixt Gen. Tom Ewing of Ohio and Governor Dorsheimer of New York, on the financial plank of the platform. It was a veritable battle of giants.

The most exciting incident of that great conclave was John Kelly's savage excoriation of Samuel J. Tilden, and it was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve and courage ever witnessed on earth. Catcalls and rattling of spittoons drowned out Kelly for half an hour. Amid the awful storm he stood like an iron man; then, the crowd having worn itself out, he proceeded with his job of skinning the great New-Yorker. Next morning, Tilden having been nominated the night before, Kelly gave in his adhesion and was received with boundless and uproarious applause by the same crowd which had hooted him so outrageously the day before.

A year or two after that Colonel Watterson came to Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri, where I then lived, to lecture. I introduced him to the audience, and after the lecture I went with him to his hotel and sat up to wait with him for his midnight train. I told Colonel Watterson that I had heard and greatly admired his speech as temporary chairman, to which he replied:

"Young man, I will tell you something that very few people know about that speech, which may aid you in your public career. I was notified, unexpectedly, that I was to be the temporary chairman. I had scarcely time to write my speech, and not enough to commit it to memory. I did not want to read it, as that would have killed the effect; and, moreover, my poor eyesight forbade my trying to read it. So I had a man sit behind me on the stage and read it to me, sentence by sentence, as I delivered it. The reason why that could be done is that, in addressing a large crowd, you must pause long enough between sentences to get your breath, and thus the prompter has his chance."

I studied about that, and practised on it, until I formulated for myself a rule, as follows: If I write a speech to be delivered to a large audience, I allow myself twice as much time for its delivery as it would take to read it intelligibly to one or two persons; and, if the audience is to be a very large one and out-of-doors, I allow three times as much time. It works out according to my rule.

In fact, in speaking to an unusually large audience, the speaker is compelled not only to rest between sentences, but to enunciate each word with such distinctness, and so slowly, that much more time is consumed than in reading or speaking to a small company.

In the campaign of 1880 I had an amusing and fortunate experience in debate with an able Republican friend who did not understand the aforesaid rule. He opened in an hour and closed in a quarter of an hour. I had an hour and a quarter between his two speeches. He began with Jefferson and Hamilton and ambled leisurely down through our history, and had just reached James Buchanan's administration when the hammer fell at the end of his hour, very much to his chagrin and to the delight of the Democrats and the discouragement of the Republicans.

The first money I ever earned was a silver three-cent piece which my father gave me for blacking his shoes. The first whole dollar I ever had in my life I made in this peculiar manner. Four of us were binding wheat after an old-fashioned drop-reaper. I was a fast hand at that sort of work. Consequently, I had some leisure moments every time the reaper went round the field. The wheat had much rye in it and the rye had a great deal of ergot on it. I put in the moments which I could spare from the wheat-binding to pulling the ergot off the rye and putting it into the big pockets of my tow-linen trousers. I finally accumulated a pound of it, which I sold to the village doctor for a dollar, which looked to me big as a flapjack. I spent it for a multicolored necktie

and for a daguerreotype picture of myself—the first ever made of me. I have had many dollars, neckties, and pictures of myself since then, but none that I so highly prized.

The last work that ever I did on a farm in Kentucky, I bound wheat twelve days for a man named David Best. I received twenty-four dollars for that labor, which I spent going to school to a man named Frank Logsden.

It is well known that the children from 1850 to 1860 had neither the abundance nor quality nor variety of toys which children have now. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we found sources of amusement. We did not have firecrackers of any sort, either small or giant, with which to make noises at Christmas, but we devised noise-making methods of our own. We could make popguns of alder stalk and whistles of pawpaw limbs. When hog-killing time came (and in the country hog-killing was a great and enjoyable social function) we would blow up the bladders, tie strings around the necks of them, and put them away to dry. When the proper time came we would jump on them, and there would be considerable of an explosion. All healthy children enjoy making a noise.

Hog-killing was a time of joy to children. We would roast the tails and other titbits in the wood-fire embers, and eat until our abdomens assumed aldermanic proportions.

We had no beautiful sleds such as the children of this day have, but we could take pieces of plank and make sleds of our own, which answered every purpose of getting down the hill swiftly—the great desideratum in sledding. We wrestled, ran foot-races, turned handsprings, played leap-frog, jumped, swam, climbed trees, swung in grapevine swings, and alas! sometimes we fought. The word mollycoddle was not in the bright lexicon of Kentucky youth.

We caught fish by every method known to the rural districts of the time—with hook, with seine, and with our hands. If a big fish got under a rock and we could not

get him any other way, we would break the rock and catch him. In the winter we would spear them. Occasionally we caught a mud turtle, which makes fine soup. There were no game and fish laws then to pester the boys—and men.

In passing it may be apropos to state that the humble and despised mud turtle has been promoted to the ranks of the aristocracy among crustaceans and is now shipped in car-load lots from our Western creeks and rivers to New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities, where he is made to do duty at fancy prices as genuine diamond-back terrapin.

We learned to shoot and hunted such game as there was. When I was a boy everybody in Kentucky could shoot, generally with a rifle. Shotguns were not much in vogue.

If a man had any reputation as a rifle-shot, he scorned to shoot a squirrel anywhere except in the head. It was the Kentucky and Tennessee squirrel hunters who wrought such fearful havoc in Pakenham's army at New Orleans on the glorious 8th of January.

Any man who would kill game with a shotgun was considered a disreputable pot-hunter. We hunted squirrels, rabbits, quail, raccoons, 'possums, minks, weasels, muskrats, and occasionally a fox. A lot of us caught, one night, six raccoons in one tree—a feat which was the talk of the neighborhood for a long time. There were plenty of 'possums, and the 'possum, when cooked the right way, baked with sweet potatoes, is the best eating in the world—a dish fit to set before a king, or anybody else.

We had no shows and theaters to attend, but we had candy-pullings, spelling-bees, country dances, corn-shuckings, log-rollings, and house-raisings.

We had no chocolates and other expensive sweetmeats fixed up in fancy boxes and bedizened with all sorts of multicolored ribbons, no champagne with which to wash

them down, no English walnuts or other new-fangled nuts, but we had an abundance of molasses candy, ginger cakes, doughnuts, maple sugar, black walnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts, cider, both sweet and hard, together with home-made wines, also persimmon beer. We did not have the banana, but we feasted on its double first cousin, the luscious pawpaw.

The boys had no cigarettes, Turkish or other kinds, but they had what was far better—sweet corncob pipes and plenty of "long green." City-bred Johnnies may turn up their noses at the idea of extracting enjoyment out of such simple things as above set forth, but we hale and lusty "clodhoppers" got much genuine pleasure out of life; and our sweethearts were fair to look upon, though clad in simple calico, gingham, and linsey-woolsey instead of silks, satins, and velvets.

As many readers of this book do not live where opossums abound, it may be pertinent to state that when an opossum is surprised or scared, he lies down, curls up, with his eyes shut as though dead, hoping to escape by that ruse, which is called "playing 'possum." They dote on persimmons, which are not toothsome to man or 'possum till touched by frost.

One bright moonshiny night in the latter part of October, when I was about ten years old, I was going home from church, and passing a cluster of persimmon-trees I found one of the biggest, fattest 'possums that ever perambulated a forest lying in the road and "playing 'possum."

I grabbed him by the tail and wagged home with him, though it was all that I could do to carry him. Next day we had a great "'possum dinner," and no crowned head on earth ever feasted more royally or greasily.

I was exceedingly proud of "my catch," was much complimented, and for some time was the envy of all of the boys in the vicinity.

I did not wish Colonel Roosevelt to dub me a "nature faker," consequently I am glad that he did not see this story; for if anybody stated a fact about birds, animals, or fish, no matter how well established, but which he (Roosevelt) did not know, he immediately yelled "nature faker" at the top of his voice, with the maximum of vehemence and a superabundance of expletives. Nevertheless, it is a queer fact that while a raccoon will fight a dog —any dog or any number of dogs—to the death, and whip lots of them; and while an opossum will not fight a dog—any dog—an opossum will fight a raccoon every time he has a chance and come off victor about half the time. I know that's true, because when I was a boy I saw it done time and again. In fact, when I had both a raccoon and an opossum captives, simultaneously, I have thrown them together to see them fight. "Cruel sport," some esthete may exclaim. Yes, but no more cruel than cock-fighting or dog-fighting or bear-baiting—sports in which our ancestors participated enthusiastically.

Even so illustrious a person as Andrew Jackson, of blessed and glorious memory, not only raised race-horses and ran them, betting on the result, but he bred game-chickens of noblest strain, which could lick anything wearing feathers in Tennessee. While he was President, he had sent to him from the Hermitage a lot of chickens to be pitted against Virginia games at Bladensburg; but, alack and alas! the long trip or change of water or something else so influenced the Hermitage cocks that they would not fight at all—much to the disgust of the conqueror of Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham and the veterans of the Peninsular War.

Strange as it may seem, the name of "'Possum Policy" was given to that great political movement in Missouri, headed by Gen. Frank P. Blair, his cousin, Gov. Benjamin Gratz Brown, Gen. John B. Henderson, and Gen. Carl Schurz, Col. David Patterson Dyer, Col. George W.

Anderson, Gov. Charles P. Johnson, and Colonel Fyan, and which overthrew the Republican party in Missouri and eventuated in the "Liberal Republican" upheaval and the nomination of Horace Greeley for President, in 1872.

It was denominated the "'Possum Policy" because the Democrats agreed to "play 'possum" by lying low, not nominating candidates of their own for state offices, and supporting the "Liberal Republican" candidates. worked like a charm and made Benjamin Gratz Brown Governor. He was one of the most scholarly governors Missouri ever had, as is attested by the fact that he wrote a book on higher mathematics as a mental recreation.

Another thing from which we extracted some pleasure was a shooting-match, for turkeys and fresh beef. We not only got amusement out of it, but it helped keep us in trim as rifle-shots—considered a great accomplishment at that time and place, though now not so highly prized as formerly—more's the pity. I am aware that some very good people frowned on the shooting-match, but nevertheless most men and boys regarded it highly and cherished it as an innocent pastime, which I think it was.

Another great sport was the cutting down of bee-trees. Some of those big, tall Kentucky poplars contained an amazing quantity of honey of the finest quality. The way we youngsters feasted on such joyous occasions is extremely pleasant in the retrospect through the vista of years.

Still another most delightful function was "stirring off" maple sugar by night in the sugar camp. It was a great lark for men and women, boys and girls. There never was invented in this world, or discovered, a more enjoyable sweetmeat than maple sugar. What a pity it is that the sugar-maple tree—beautiful and lovely—is as nearly extinct as the buffalo. The wild pigeon is completely gone, and the sugar-tree is going rapidly. One of my

constituents, Charles W. Davis, of my home town, is applying for a patent on imitation maple sugar. I hope he secures his patent and gets by or through the restrictions of the Pure Food laws. If so, he will be a public benefactor. Even Lucullus never ate anything more delicious than maple syrup and hot cakes.

It was a delight to get out at night in the woods with a pack of hounds and chase the game until we were so tired we could hardly drag ourselves to bed. It was always a great event in the life of a country boy when he was considered old enough to go out with the hounds. He knew then that he was verging close onto manhood. Lord Byron says:

> 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home.

He was entirely correct, and he might have added truthfully that there is no sweeter music to a healthy boy's ear than the voice of a pack of hounds in full cry at night, in a forest primeval. I heard, when I was a boy, Moses E. Lard, one of the most eloquent of American preachers, say that in the pulpit, and he was entirely correct in so speaking.

My first great sorrow was that when I was a small boy some of the neighbors took my dog Ranger, part shepherd and part bull-terrier, and shot him to death on a trumped-up charge of killing sheep. I was utterly disconsolate for many days and never did forgive those men.

I hereby introduce, as my sentiments, Senator George Graham Vest's beautiful Oration on the Dog. It was delivered before a Missouri jury in a lawsuit involving a dog:

> GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son and daughter that he has reared with loving care may become ungrateful. Those

who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he may need it most. Man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees and do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws and his eyes sad, but open, in alert watchfulness faithful and true, even unto death.

Apropos of Senator Vest's Eulogy on the Dog, it is a queer fact that while that gem of oratory is frequently quoted and more frequently referred to, his masterful orations, which were numerous and on many subjects, and of the most approved order of excellence, full of wit, humor, sarcasm, and eloquence, have been sadly neglected by those editing collections of speeches. He was a giant on the stump and had no superior as a debater in the Senate, but it looks as though his dog speech is the one which will transmit his fame as an orator to coming generations. That is a pity, for his best speeches are well worthy of profound study by the youth of the land.

He stands in relationship to his speeches about as Robert Southey does to his poems. Southey wrote several long epics on which he believed that his fame would rest, but nobody reads them. He is kept in memory as a poet by such minor productions as "The Battle of Blenheim," "How Does the Water Come Down at Lodore?" and "Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

Many years after they killed my dog I had the pleasure of securing an opinion from the St. Louis Court of Appeals, after a hot fight, to the effect that a man in Missouri can be compelled to pay damages for killing a valuable dog. That's the rule in Missouri now, and it gave me a vast deal of pleasure to secure that decision. It avenged my dog, slain when I was a barefooted boy in Kentucky.

A Kentucky boy who would not run a horse-race when he had a chance was considered too slow and spiritless ever to amount to much and was dubbed a "sissy." There was no talk among the boys with whom I associated about "athletics." We were athletes by force of circumstances and gloried in the fact when life was young. Though our heads are blossoming as the almond-tree, we glory in the recollection of it yet.

We extracted much pleasure out of the mere fact of living and in performing our labors and in practising our rude sports. We might almost have appropriated as a description of ourselves, with a change in latitude and longitude, Tennyson's lines in "Locksley Hall" about certain boys created by his poetic fancy:

> Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
> Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;
> Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
> Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

Major Joe Bagstock, of pleasant memory, as *descriptio personæ* of himself, was wont to boast: "Tough, sir,

devilish tough!" and so were we Kentucky boys—physically, of course.

Judge William H. Biggs, of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, gave this philosophical explanation of the reason why preceding generations were stronger and robuster than the men and women of to-day. He said: "In the old times, children were reared under such hard conditions that all the weak and delicate ones died and only the fittest and strongest physically survived." Perhaps the judge was correct. Who knows?

Whether Judge Biggs was right or wrong, the Kentucky boys who survived grew into lusty, strapping big men. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, in his *Life of Col. Thomas Hart Benton*, says that by actual measurement the Kentuckians were the largest men in the Union Army. The chances are that they were also the largest among the Confederates. Limestone accounts for it. They eat it, drink it, breathe it.

Sleigh-riding, now unhappily out of fashion to a large extent, was a favorite winter sport. When the snow carpeted the earth and frost was in the air, we all tried it. Of course we had no fine sleighs as the city chaps have and no sleigh-bells. Instead we used cow-bells to warn folks that we were coming. We made our own sleighs out of poles and a few pieces of plank or slabs. Having the "beautiful snow" and his rude sleigh, a young man would take his best girl and make love to her beneath the stars—deep snows and full moons were great aids to matrimony among the rustics—and what was best of all those marriages generally lasted so long as life endured. Divorces were rare and divorce courts idle.

Part of my duties in working for Call was to feed thirty young mules and an old blue donkey named Taylor, in honor of "Old Rough and Ready," hero of Buena Vista, and President of the United States.

One morning while feeding them I was studying out

some problem in arithmetic and gave Taylor the corn for the thirty mules and the thirty mules the corn for Taylor. Just as I was sitting down to breakfast by candle-light, it flashed across my mind that I had exchanged their rations, and I hot-footed it to the barn. Taylor had eaten ten ears of corn and was beginning on the eleventh, with appetite unappeased. If I had not remembered in the nick of time, Call would have been minus one donkey before set of sun. The moral: Feeding donkeys and mules and wrestling with mathematics are incompatible operations.

The almost universal habit of rural Kentucky boys was to go barefoot from about the middle of April to the middle of November. A majority of the girls did likewise. This habit had two results—larger feet and stone-bruises. Those who never suffered from stone-bruises have been exceedingly fortunate, as I can testify from experience. They never kill anybody, but they cause howling, loss of sleep, and much profane swearing. Nothing that I know of is so painful unless it be acute neuralgia.

To those who trip into a store and in a few moments purchase a pair of handsome, well-fitting shoes, it will be a surprise to learn how country folks were fitted out with foot-gear in that far-away day among the Kentucky hills. Along early in the fall the head of the family would buy the leather sufficient to furnish one pair of shoes to each of his household, or, in the case of the men and the larger boys, a pair of boots—one pair each and no more. Then he would employ an itinerant shoemaker to come to his house with the implements of his trade to work up the leather goods. Of course a boy who sported red-top boots was the envy of all his less fortunate neighbors. Those fairly well-to-do purchased their Sunday footwear from an established shoemaker or at the store. This was done much more by the women and girls than by the men and boys. I knew one man, William Carrier by name, an old

bachelor, somewhat of a dandy, but close as the bark on a beech-tree, who was the proud owner of a pair of fine custom-made boots, but who did not propose to waste them by unnecessary use. So for his jaunts to church and about the neighborhood he devised this scheme of economy: he would walk to the immediate vicinity of his objective point, wearing his coarse bull-hide shoes and carrying in his hand his fine and shining boots, shined with Mason's blacking. Then, discarding his shoes, he would don his boots and make his grand entry.

Most folks, especially those reared among negroes, are more or less superstitious. Even some men and women who are generally regarded as level-headed have their pet superstitions. For instance, John Call, of near Mackville, Kentucky, to whom my father hired me out to work on a farm when I was a lad, was one of the most successful farmers in that vicinity, but he had a superstition to the effect that, if anybody carried a steel pitchfork through the house, some member of the family would soon die. One awfully hot day I had been shocking hay on the north side of his house, and, having finished there, was to continue on the south side. So in order to save time I started to walk through the house with my pitchfork on my shoulder, instead of making a detour of the house. He saw me and got into a towering rage, swearing that it was bad luck, and he ordered me peremptorily to go around the house. The performance appeared to me to be so utterly preposterous that I grinned in his face and started ahead on the way I was going. He was blazing mad, rushed toward me, shaking his fist, vowing that somebody would die, and that unless I turned back he would lick me, good and plenty. By that time my dander was up. I lowered my pitchfork and said:

"If you lay your finger on me somebody will die very suddenly and it will be *you*."

He took me at my word, did not attempt to thrash me, and I went on my way triumphantly.

The belief in the bad luck attaching to the number thirteen is widespread and persistent. I care nothing about it, would as lief sleep in room thirteen as any other, and would not object to belonging to the "Thirteen Club." But I fully recognize the fact that thousands, perhaps millions, of more or less intelligent people regard thirteen as a hoodoo, and that it is well to pay some attention to other people's whimsicalities. The morning after Joseph Wingate Folk was nominated for Governor of Missouri I invited him, together with his wife and some other friends, to take breakfast with me in the up-stairs dining-room of the Union Station in St. Louis. When we were seated at the table, somebody in great trepidation whispered to me that there were thirteen of us! I counted the company, and sure enough there were thirteen, one of whom was a reporter for *The Globe-Democrat*, a Republican organ. I didn't care a straw about the number, but I did not propose to give that bright *Globe-Democrat* reporter a chance to handicap Folk with the story that he was beginning his race under the thirteen hoodoo. So I quietly excused myself and went down to the lower floor, where usually I would see from one to fifty acquaintances, in order to pick up a fourteenth member for my breakfast-party, but, strange to relate, not an acquaintance was in sight. A strapping big good-looking policeman, whom I had never clapped eyes on before, sauntered along, swinging his billy. I accosted him, and to his evident surprise invited him to breakfast. He asked me the wherefore of the invitation. I told him that that was none of his business and that it was enough for him to know that he would get a cracking good feed free, in recherché company, and that it would be a favor to me. He wouldn't accept till I told him my name. I took him up-stairs, introduced him as one

of my ex-constituents who was on "the force," and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

"All's well that ends well."

The very first thing I ever heard about a President or a railroad came about in this way when I was a little tad six years old: my father was dolling up his fine saddle-horse named Traveler. I was much interested in the process and asked him where he was going. He replied: "To hear Judge Barbour make a speech for James Buchanan, who is running for President." As about the first thing a Kentucky boy of that era ever knew about was a horse-race, and supposing that Buchanan's "running for President" had some connection with "the sport of kings," I expressed the childish hope that he would have as fine a mount as Traveler. My father kindly explained to me that candidates for the Presidency did not run horses, but rode on railroad trains which ran twenty or thirty miles an hour. He evidently had momentarily forgotten his patron saint, Andrew Jackson, and his famous horse, Truxton.

The next lesson in my political education was the tremendous hullaballoo made about a brilliant but almost beardless boy named John Young Brown beating a veteran statesman, Joshua Jewett, for Congress, in 1859. Brown, being only twenty-four, could not be sworn in until the second session of the Congress to which he was elected. Many years after he served two or three terms in the House, finally achieving the Kentucky governorship. When he defeated Jewett he was acclaimed a wonder and was the resounding theme of every Kentucky tongue. As a matter of fact, he was a brilliant and able man.

I take it that few, if any, of his admiring constituents knew that William Pitt the Younger was Premier of Great Britain at twenty-four, and that at that age his famous rival, Charles James Fox, was a seasoned veteran

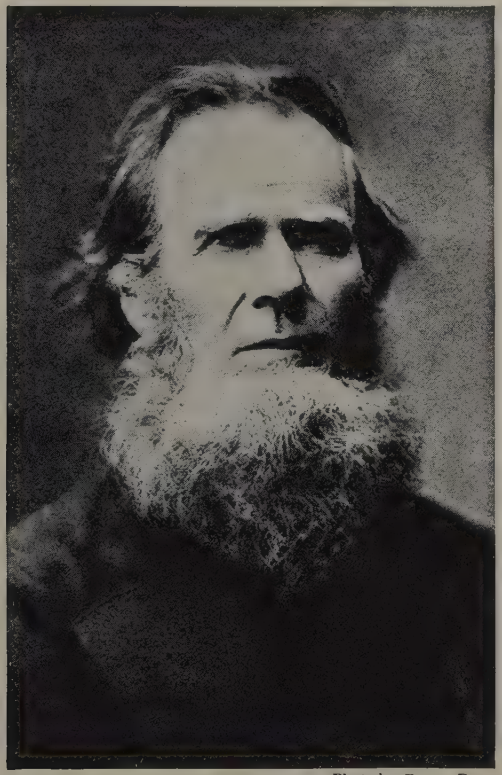


Photo by Brown Bros.

JOHN HAMPTON CLARK, FATHER
OF CHAMP CLARK

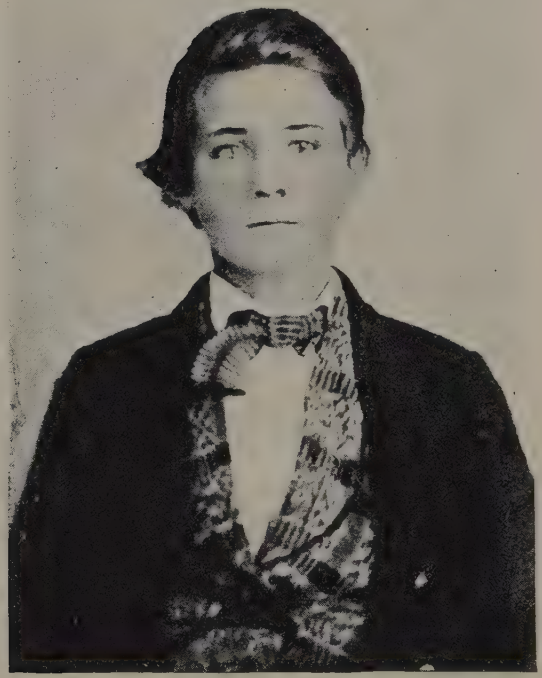
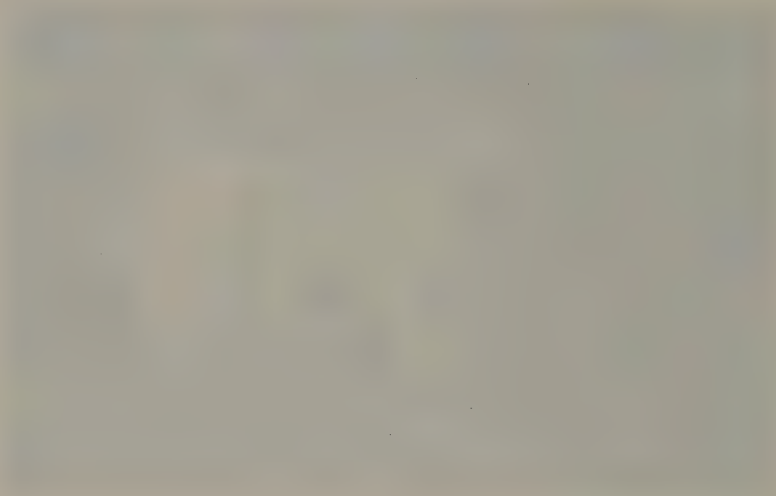


Photo by Brown Bros.

CHAMP CLARK AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE



of the House of Commons. A few others, R. Graham Frost, of St. Louis, among them, have been elected to the House before they had attained the constitutional age.

John Randolph of Roanoke never had any beard, so he looked younger than he really was; looked so young, in fact, that when he presented his credentials the clerk of the House asked him how old he was. The fiery and haughty Virginian tartly replied: "Go ask the people who sent me to Congress," and there the conversation was dropped, suddenly.

CHAPTER II

Children of my father and mother—Marriage—Children—Early housekeeping—Twelve thousand people attend Genevieve's wedding—Bennett learns to ride on a Jersey cow—Value of ponies to children—Birth of my grandson celebrated by the House—It makes him a fine present—Kindness of Mr. Mann, the republican leader—Tom Bodine's tender article—The dear little boy's death.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY

TO my father and mother, three children were born. They were Margaret, whose pet name was "Peggie," which was generally shortened to "Peg." She was born in 1848 and died a short time before I was born, on March 7, 1850.

I never had a brother, which I have regretted all of my days.

My other sister, Elizabeth, was born March 5, 1852. She married the Rev. J. J. Haley, a prominent preacher and writer in the Church of the Disciples, sometimes called the Christian Church, or sometimes the Campbellite Church. They now live at Santa Cruz, California.

She began teaching school when she was only thirteen, while, as elsewhere stated, I began teaching before I was fifteen. That was the only way we had to make even the minimum amount of money, eked out by what little our father could give us out of his meager earnings, in order to obtain an education. She taught at intervals till 1874, when she married Brother Haley. Their honeymoon trip was to Sydney, Australia, where Brother Haley was to be pastor of the biggest congregation of the Disciples in Australia, on the recommendation of Robert

Graham, one of nature's noblemen, president of Transylvania University and subsequently president of Hocker Female College. His friendship has rested on me like a benediction all my life.

When we were struggling to get an education my sister and I helped each other all we could and did good teamwork. When she had money and I needed it, I got it; and when I had any and she needed it, she got it. Of course, neither of us nor both of us ever had much, as rural school-teachers, not only in Kentucky, but everywhere, were poorly paid in those days. While the situation has much improved lately, they are not well enough compensated, even yet. In many cities and towns policemen are paid more to crack skulls than teachers are paid to form the minds of children.

My sister has done a noble work in the world—has worn herself out at it—and has been foremost in charity and good deeds. She has helped many a poor, friendless boy and girl in the fight for a better and larger life. As her reward, she has the love and benedictions of thousands in Australia, England, America, and New Zealand, in all of which countries she proved a wise, unselfish, and valuable helpmeet for her husband—a blessing to his parishioners.

On the 14th of December, 1881, I was married to Miss Genevieve Davis Bennett, of Callaway County, Missouri. Her father, whom I never knew, was from Madison County, Kentucky, and his ancestors were from Maryland. Her mother, one of the finest women I ever saw, was a Kentuckian named McAfee, whose mother was a Hamilton. They were among the earliest settlers in Mercer County, Kentucky, having come in with Daniel Boone. They constituted a large and powerful clan.

When I was a boy, a lively young man named Mundy was running against J. J. McAfee, nicknamed "Ginger," for the Legislature in Mercer County. I asked my father

how they would come out. He replied: "McAfee will win, hands down. Mundy is a fool to be running against McAfee, who is blood-kin to one-third of the people in the county." On that occasion, at least, my father was a prophet.

My wife's grandfather, George McAfee, fought under Harrison at the River Thames and under Jackson at New Orleans. On her mother's side of the house she is closely related to Gen. Robert B. McAfee, Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to one of the South American states, also to Joseph Davies, who died a hero's death at Tippecanoe and for whom three or four counties are named; also to Dr. John McAfee, father of Park College, Missouri. On her father's side she is a cousin to Gov. James Bennett McCreary of Kentucky.

We have had four hale, hearty, handsome children born to us—Little Champ and Anne Hamilton—both of whom died in infancy, Bennett Champ, formerly the parliamentary clerk of the House and afterward a colonel in our army in France, and Genevieve, wife of James M. Thomson, publisher of *The New Orleans Item.*

We have been very happy in our children. Neither of them has given me a moment's trouble. A sweet baby is the greatest luxury in nature. When Bennett was twenty years old he was delegate to a state convention and stumped my Congressional District for me, making as many speeches as he could without too much neglecting his duties at the University of Missouri, where he was then a student. The people treated him very generously and praised him very enthusiastically, a fact of which I was proud, indeed, and for which I was profoundly grateful. We have it from highest authority that the sins of the father are visited upon the children. I rejoice in the fact that the affection bestowed upon the father sometimes descends to the children.

When we were first married, and I was scuffling hard to secure a foothold at the overcrowded bar, my wife helped me out by teaching in Pike College, at Bowling Green.

I milked the cow, worked the garden, carried in the wood and water, purchased the supplies, made the fires, and aided her all I could in the housework. She didn't know how to cook, but by assiduous study of cook-books and practising their precepts she became one of the best cooks I ever knew.

Those were happy days in a little four-roomed cottage, notwithstanding our extreme poverty.

She is an old-school Presbyterian, the church of her family since the days of Calvin and Knox, while I am a member of the Disciples' Church, the church of my father and mother. She had the children sprinkled, while I went with her and helped her. Bennett was sprinkled with water out of the River Jordan.

We have kept peace in the family by not arguing about religion. When she goes to her church I go along, and feel at home; when I go to my church, she keeps me company. Our children attend both churches and are at home in both.

Bennett was born on January 8, 1890—St. Jackson's day—a fact of which he and I both are proud. When he was four or five years old I owned a very old and very fine registered Jersey cow, almost a perfect ringer for Europa, for many years the champion butter cow of the world. Because she was spotted we called her Piedie. She did not give a great quantity of milk, but what she did give was the richest I ever tasted. When I went to milk her, my little boy, Bennett, accompanied me, carrying his little tin cup, which I would fill with the rich, warm milk, which he drank. I don't know what the doctors thought about it, but my opinion has always been, and is now, that it was good for him.

His first lessons in riding were on that old cow. His little legs stuck out almost horizontally, but she was as gentle as a dog and never tried to throw him off. He has ridden sundry war horses both in America and in France, but I doubt if he has ever ridden one that gave him so much pleasure as, when a little tad, he rode the old Jersey cow Piedie.

For the benefit of young fathers and mothers, I give it as my deliberate opinion that the best money I ever spent on my children was for ponies. Thereby they learned to ride like Indians—a very useful accomplishment. It kept them out in the open air and in the health-giving sunshine. It prevented their forming bad habits, and gave them fine bodies and perfect health. I taught them how to feed, curry, and saddle the ponies, which was useful knowledge.

As soon as Bennett was strong enough to hold up a shotgun, I bought him the best in the market and taught him how to shoot it, and he became a good wing-shot—another valuable accomplishment which gave him much outdoor recreation. When he became old enough to trust with a pistol, I got him a fine target pistol and showed him how to use it. I remembered, then, what gave the Confederates such a bulge on the Union soldiers at the beginning of the war between the States was that nearly every Southerner knew how to ride a horse and how to shoot; consequently, from the first, they made extraordinarily fine cavalrymen.

In his book *Destruction and Reconstruction*—by long odds the most classical book ever written about that war—Gen. "Dick" Taylor, son of Gen. Zachary Taylor, says that at the battle of Port Republic, when Stonewall Jackson defeated General Banks, they found Federal cavalrymen sitting dead on their horses. They had been strapped to the saddles so that they could not fall off! What good were such cavalrymen? Farther along in

the war the Northern men became more expert horsemen and that very much improved their cavalry arm of the service.

Genevieve was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1894. As a matter of fact, the anniversary of her birth falls on Thanksgiving only once in six or seven years. When she was a little child she always celebrated the entire week.

On the last day of June, 1915, four months before she was twenty-one, she was married to Col. James M. Thomson, publisher and editor of *The New Orleans Item*, the largest daily paper in the city. I postponed the wedding as long as I could, because she was so young and not because I was opposed to Colonel Thomson, who is a splendid man, mentally and physically.

After the day was set it was a serious question whether to have the wedding in Washington, where it would have been more convenient and where we have a host of friends, or at Bowling Green, Missouri, her childhood home. It is a town of only twenty-five hundred inhabitants and therefore not well adapted to entertain a big crowd. She selected Bowling Green, saying that we owed it to our old neighbors and friends—an opinion in which her mother, father, and brother concurred.

The House of Representatives presented her with a magnificent diamond necklace.

We were puzzled about inviting our friends in Missouri. Nearly all the people in the state are our friends. The physical labor of sending invitations to all would have been enormous, and the expense considerable; so, after discussing it, we concluded that the only sensible way was for Mrs. Clark and me to publish a notice in the newspapers, inviting all of our Missouri friends. While that was a crude performance and not recommended in any book on etiquette, it worked like a charm; for they came, twelve thousand strong, and if the heavy rains had not raised the streams and turned dirt roads into

quagmires, the crowd would have been much larger. Of course we sent regulation tickets to a multitude of non-Missouri friends.

It was an outdoor ceremony on a lovely June day. It so happened that, several years before, I had bought some lots adjoining ours, on which were some splendid locust-trees and a few hollyhocks. The soil was rich and the hollyhocks multiplied until there was about a quarter of an acre of them of all colors—red, pink, blue, and white—constituting a magnificent flower-garden on the wedding-day. In the corner of that sea of color, under two great locust-trees, on a raised platform, the ceremony took place. Mrs. Clark stood the ordeal very well, but I broke down and cried like a baby.

If our friends had not made a neighborhood affair of it I don't see how we could have pulled through. They were exceedingly kind, among other things bringing in five hundred cakes—some of them big as a dishpan. The number of wedding-presents was simply amazing.

LITTLE CHAMP THE THIRD

On Tuesday, February 13, 1917, upon motion of Representative Rausch, of Indiana, the House had resolved itself into the Committee of the Whole House for the consideration of the Pension Appropriation bill. I had given the gavel to Representative William Ezra Williams and had retired from the hall of the House, with Mr. Williams presiding there as chairman of the Committee of the Whole.

Later in the afternoon I was notified that the Pension Appropriation bill was ready for submission to the House, and I returned to assume the gavel, as law and parliamentary procedure require. But before I entered the hall, and before the committee had arisen to make its report to the House, my splendid personal friend and

dangerous political antagonist, Representative James R. Mann, the duly accredited leader of the Republican minority, made the following remarks:

"Mr. Chairman, before the gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Rausch, moves that the committee rise, I desire to announce that I have just been informed that the Speaker is a granddaddy."

That announcement was followed by hearty applause, which I heard as I approached the entrance door.

Immediately following Representative Mann, and with characteristic enthusiasm, there arose another dangerous fighting Republican, whom I am proud to record as one of my very warm personal friends, former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, a man past eighty-three years of age, who, in his declining years, has been affectionately regarded by all, and of whom everybody nowadays speaks of as "Uncle Joe." He said:

"Mr. Chairman, if I may be allowed a moment, as a granddaddy of twenty-one years' standing, I take great pleasure in welcoming the Speaker to the camp of grandfathers—as I sometimes call them, 'old fool grandfathers.' I know that he is qualified. He is the recipient of a hat of the vintage of 1852, donated by the gentleman from California [Mr. Kent]."

This brief speech, welcoming me to that exclusive and world-wide aristocratic class, and by a past-master, was greeted with another round of applause.

When I entered the hall of the House and proceeded up the steps to take the gavel and resume my duties as Speaker, there was a tremendous outburst of hand-clapping and cheers from all the members present on the floor, and from every one in the crowded galleries. The manifestation was so kindly, so fraternal, so family-like, that I was greatly affected, but managed to utter the following words of appreciation:

"Gentlemen of the House: 'One touch of nature makes

the whole world kin.' The happiest moments of my life have been, the day when I was married, the days when my children were born, and the day that this, my first grandchild, was born. [Outbursts of applause.]

"The other 'happiest day' in my life was when, as a student in the Kentucky University, at the end of the first examination in Greek, four of us made the grade of one hundred, on a scale of 100. That was the first victory I ever won among strangers. It was a very happy occasion.

"From the very bottom of my heart I thank this House for this last evidence of its love and affection for me and mine."

ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY

Four days later, on Saturday, February 17, 1917, I was surprised, and more greatly gratified than language can express. My friends in the House had quietly prepared a birthday present for the new-born babe, and Representative Mann told the story in the House of Representatives, thus:

"Mr. Chairman, in a sort of way this House is itself a grandfather. When Genevieve Clark Thomson was married, the members of the House presented her with a very beautiful wedding-present.

"She is now the mother of a son, Champ Clark Thomson.

"I think that it would be very appropriate, under the circumstances, for the members of the House to give to this grandson of the Speaker of the House a little present, in the form of a cup, knife, fork, and spoon.

"This morning I had Mr. Shaw bring up to the Capitol (having received them by directions from New York) these implements, in gold, and the gentleman from Missouri, Mr. Lloyd, and myself, constituting ourselves a committee, went and examined the articles."

(And then, as though it had not been all previously

arranged and understood unofficially among themselves, Mr. Mann continued):

"If there be no objection from the members of the House, we will ask the members to contribute a dollar apiece; this is in order that we may make this present with an appropriate inscription."

(Here there was another outburst of approval and very hearty applause, and Mr. Mann added):

"If there be no objection, we will ask some of the employees of the House to go around to the members and collect the money. The articles will be displayed before they are sent away."

It must be understood that, under the rules of the House, this procedure was "out of order," and there was no precedent. Therefore, Representative Mann was proceeding in a parliamentary manner, by saying, "if there be no objection," because, if there had been one member so inclined to have uttered the words "I object," this honor to the Speaker and to his first grandchild could not have been paid.

One of my long-time friends, a newspaper man who is an habitual reader at the Library of Congress, has called my attention to the fact that not only is the name of my grandson printed in the *Official Record*, but that it appears in the index of the permanent *Record* of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

"WORDS FITLY SPOKEN"

Beginning with my graduation from Bethany College, West Virginia, in 1873, there have been several thousand articles published, in whole or in part, about me, ranging all the way from grossest flattery to vilest slander. But of all these articles one of the kindliest, tenderest, and the most pleasing is the following article written by Thomas V. Bodine, of *The Paris* (Missouri) *Mercury:*

Whatever may happen between now and the next presidential convention, or whatever may follow it, Champ Clark can abide content.

Having for the first time experienced the sensation of being a grandfather, he has known and felt a thrill, such as elevation to power and place, however exalted, is powerless to furnish. He has felt the weight of a dignity and the glow that come with an honor beyond the power of prince or potentate to bestow, and we know will wear both worthily.

The years have already prepared him for the part, and the fine head with its crown of white hair speaks a coronation finished and complete. According to those who know, being daddy for the first time carries a thrill indescribable, but it is always tempered by a sense of responsibility that comes to a man but once in a lifetime. A human soul is his to mold and direct, and out of the past arises one by one the ghosts of his own infirmities; out of the future throng a multitude of phantoms—hopes and fears that grip him and temper the joy that should be his.

But when he takes his child's child in his arms for the first time, and feels the warmth of embryonic life pulsing against his own, the response is free and unfettered. He knows the years are powerless to hold him; that his will be the shifting scene out and beyond, and the sense of a direct responsibility sloughs away. With it goes forebodings and in their place come mellowed reflections of age, tempered and tender, that at worst nothing is quite so bad as it seems.

Baby hands, baby arms, and baby chatter hold him in thrall, and he submits. And in a new-found joy there comes to him, perhaps, a final sense of those values that endure. So be it there is a little child to take him by the hand and lead him down the twilight ways; so be it there echoes in his ears from dawn to dusk the music of a child's laughter, and in his heart he hugs the image of one who loves him, not because he is "Mr. President," but just "Grandad," greater than any President can ever hope to be; what matters it if no liveried lackey stands attendance? Of what moment are the hinged knees that bend that thrift may follow fawning? How quickly even the false friend and the blow in the dark become powerless to hurt, and how quickly the pomp and circumstance of place, and all shallow praise and empty adulation, resolve themselves into the trifles that they are.

The bond between an old man and his child's child is one of those mysterious recompenses that steal into his life at the sunset hour and make it holy. No other relation in life is more beautiful or more satisfying. It is all the more so because it seeks out high and low alike, and finds its way into hovel and palace, speaking that universal kinship in blessedness which abides beyond power and politics, and is unfettered of place or circumstance.

So here's love to you, Mr. Speaker, and in Missouri a yet finer sympathy. You sit in the seat of the mighty through no man's favor,

and none can rob you of the laurel that the hands of a little child will bind about your brow. No President, now or forever, can possibly be as great a man as grandad—but this is not saying that to be both isn't worthy of any man's ambition.

My grandson was developing both mentally and physically, according to our fondest hopes and deepest affections; but November 1, 1919, the awful, the crushing news came that our bright, handsome, lovely boy was dead. All our hopes, all our plans, all our dreams of a splendid and useful career for him were shattered.

My friend, Hon. Frank W. Mondell, Majority floor leader, announced his death in the House, in words full of tenderest sympathy. The House, which had welcomed the news of his birth with glad acclaim, sincerely mourned his departure.

His body lay in state in the parlors of the Congress Hall Hotel. Everybody was kindness itself. The lobby and parlors were full of the little fellow's friends.

We laid him to rest at Charlestown, West Virginia, in the burial lot of his father's family, under a mountain of flowers contributed by his friends in all the ranks of life, from President Wilson to the bell-boys, chambermaids, and elevator-girls in the hotel. Universally beloved in life, he is universally beloved in his grave.

CHAPTER III

My first school-teachers—Brady and Whittern—Morgan and Woolford—Kentucky soldiers and gentlemen—Generals Morgan, Beattie, and Breckenridge, as horsemen—"Two-story-and-a-half head"—Coulter and Prather fatal feud—Cowardly murder of old man Coulter—Whittern's *sui generis* arithmetic class—Wonderful war heroes—Saw and heard piano first on Election Day—First law-book—Clerking in store when only fourteen years old—Debating societies—Mule-races—Love of my pupils—Colonel Glenn.

MY first teacher was a medical student, afterward Dr. John A. Brady. That he was above the average as a physician and surgeon—every country doctor is of necessity somewhat of a surgeon—is attested by the fact that starting in the Civil War as a regimental surgeon of Woolford's celebrated First Kentucky Union Cavalry, he was promoted first to brigade surgeon and then to division surgeon. It was said of that regiment that enough of its members could not be gotten together for a dress parade except on the eve of battle, when they forgathered from all points of the compass and went joyously into the fight.

Colonel Woolford, as well as his men, paid little attention to military rules as to equipment. The colonel himself did not dress in the uniform of his rank, but in that of private, and generally in private's uniform, decidedly shabby. He was more careless in matters of dress than Stonewall Jackson. His men were equally careless, but when trouble was afoot they were on hand, eager for the fray. Careless as they were as to their uniforms, they always kept their "shooting-irons" in prime condition. Likewise their horses. It is little exaggeration to call them centaurs.

Somewhere in Tennessee an inspector-general from Michigan looked Woolford's regiment over and berated him severely by reason of the unmilitary appearance of himself and men. At last the rough-and-ready old mountaineer lost his patience and his temper, and with a great oath and in bad grammar he yelled in the inspector-general's face: "Me and my men are not much on primping up and we did not come down here to steal niggers, but you draw up your two best Michigan regiments, and if we don't run them out of Tennessee before sundown I'm a Chinaman!" That proposed contest never eventuated.

It is said that Woolford's favorite orders to his men were: "Huddle up!" and "Scatter out!" Not classical, surely, but they understood and obeyed their beloved colonel.

Colonel Woolford and Gen. John H. Morgan, the *beau sabreur* of the Confederates, were old friends, having served together in the Mexican War. Their commands were frequently pitted against each other in fierce encounters, but according to Gen. Basil W. Duke, Morgan's second in command, they formed a sort of affection for each other. In one battle Morgan captured Woolford and begged the old colonel to give his parole, which he positively refused to do, saying: "My boys will recapture me before dark"—which they did.

In Morgan's famous raid through Indiana and Ohio, Colonel Woolford was in the pursuing army. He was present when General Morgan surrendered. The commanding general, also a Kentuckian, began to denounce Morgan bitterly, whereupon Colonel Woolford said to his superior officer: "General, General Morgan is a prisoner of war, an officer, and a gentleman, and must be treated as such." Morgan, who was a great dandy as well as a skilful fighter, stooped down, pulled off a pair of gold-mounted silver spurs which the admiring ladies of Lexington, Kentucky, had presented him, handed them grace-

fully to Woolford, and with a bow which would have made Lord Chesterfield turn green with envy, said: "Colonel, I will not have much use for these spurs for some time and I present them to you, the flower of Kentucky chivalry!" Most assuredly the Kentuckians are a generous, lion-hearted race, ready to fight at the drop of a hat and drop it themselves.

Colonel Woolford, as brave a soldier as ever rode to battle, as true a patriot as ever fought for our flag, was cashiered and dismissed from the service because he made speeches denouncing the project to enlist colored men. He offered to enlist as a private in his own regiment, but the authorities would not have it. Subsequently he represented his district for two terms in Congress.

When I was six years old I began my educational training under his regimental surgeon, and when I was nineteen I studied German at Transylvania University under another of his officers, Major Helvetii.

In 1910, forty-eight years after I watched the seven homeguards charge Morgan's cavalry at Mackville, I had a queer experience about General Morgan, growing out of my penchant for talking about him and Woolford, Harlan, Bramlett, Rousseau, and others. A man named Bland was the Republican nominee for Congress in the Vincennes district of Indiana, against my Democratic friend, Judge William A. Cullop. One night I spoke at Vincennes in aid of Cullop's candidacy. Mrs. Cullop told me that Bland argued in his speeches that Cullop ought not to be elected because he would vote for me for Speaker, and that I ought not to be elected Speaker because I had said that Gen. John H. Morgan was a handsome man. It was a thing incredible that any man should make such an argument, and I could not refrain from taking a shot at him at point-blank range, next day, in a speech in his home town. When I came to the right place, I thus addressed the large audience: "Mr. Bland

says that Judge Cullop ought not to be elected because he would vote for me for Speaker and that I ought not to be elected to that position—the second highest in the gift of the American people—because I once said that the dashing Confederate cavalry leader, Gen. John H. Morgan, was a handsome man! I plead guilty to that crime, if crime it be. Precisely what I did say was that General Morgan was one of the handsomest men that ever straddled a horse, and I told the truth. I will not deny the truth even to elect Judge Cullop to the House and myself Speaker thereof. There are many old Union soldiers here to-day and I submit to them this question: Was it necessary for a man to be ugly as a mud fence or original sin in order to qualify as a Confederate soldier? I will tell you as an offset to Mr. Bland's preposterous argument, a beautiful short story about a gallant Union officer, Gen. John Beattie, of Ohio. Shortly after the Civil War, at a reunion of Union soldiers, one of them shook hands with General Beattie, and said, with much enthusiasm: 'General, you are the handsomest man I ever saw on a horse!' Whereupon General Beattie replied: 'You certainly never saw the Confederate Gen. John C. Breckenridge on a horse!"—a generous and gracious compliment for a general of one army to pay to a general of the opposing army! Judge ye this day betwixt the sense and taste of Mr. Bland and General Beattie."

The Union veterans yelled with delight and Judge Cullop was triumphantly elected. I do not believe my speech did it, but I am confident that it did not injure him.

Apropos of General Breckenridge's personal appearance, I never saw him on horseback, but he was the handsomest man, the most majestic human being, I ever clapped eyes on. I saw him frequently while I was attending Transylvania University, at Lexington, and was

in the vast concourse who listened to his speech on his return from exile. The only sentence out of that speech which I remember was when he exclaimed: "Politically, I am an extinct volcano!"

When I was a small boy my father talked a great deal about Breckenridge. One day I asked him what sort of a looking man Breckenridge was. He replied: "He is a large, tall, handsome man, with a two-story-and-a-half head!"—the exact and literal truth.

The General Rousseau who camped on Call's farm the night before he fought at Perryville was also a large, handsome man, and after the war represented the Louisville district in Congress. In a fight in the House he broke a lignum-vitæ stick over the head of a fellow-member who had insulted him, and resigned to keep from being expelled. He went back home and was re-elected by unanimous vote, his constituents not permitting anybody to oppose him. After he was re-elected the people of Louisville, at a great mass-meeting, presented him with a tough Kentucky hickory stick with a gold knob on it big as a walnut.

The wiseacres who write sensational books and magazine articles about Kentucky feuds try to make their readers believe that feuds are confined to the mountaineers, which is a fable. Certainly Washington County is not mountainous. It is composed of rich creek and river bottoms and gently rolling blue-grass hills, though not within the charmed circle of the far-famed blue grass.

At Whittern's School in the old Glen's Creek Meeting-house, I had for schoolmates gigantic twin brothers named William and Harvey Prather, together with their cousin, Levi Coulter, cousin also to "Big Zay Coulter," the "Sue Mundy guerrilla" hereinafter mentioned. All the Coulters were Southern sympathizers, while the Prathers were stanch Unionists. This difference of view

engendered bitterness of feeling betwixt these kindred families. To add fuel to the flames, Levi Coulter and his cousin, Harve Prather, courted the same girl. She preferred Prather. They were married in harvest-time, 1863. As was then the custom in rural Kentucky, the wedding was about noon, followed by a feast that Lucullus would have envied. For some reason, Levi Coulter attended the wedding and participated in the wedding dinner—perhaps to show that he harbored no malice, and perhaps for the purpose of revenge. Whatever may have been his motive, here's what happened: after dinner the men were out in the yard, chatting and smoking, when the newly made bridegroom, Harve Prather, and his rival cousin, Levi Coulter, got into a quarrel. Coulter was standing with his back to a plank fence, all the planks except the three lower ones being broken off. Prather, a larger and stronger man, knocked him over the fence and then got on top of him to beat him up. Coulter got his pistol out and shot Prather through the heart, killing him instantly.

The Prathers lived on a gravel road about two miles from Willisburg. The Coulters lived on the same gravel road about half a mile nearer to Willisburg, the house being on a slightly higher ground than the Prather house. From the up-stairs south window of the Coulter house one could observe what was going on on the Prather premises. Levi Coulter knew enough about his Prather cousins to know that they would "get" him if he did not "get" them first. So, two or three days after the death of Harvey, Levi was at that up-stairs south window watching proceedings at the Prather place, when he saw Harvey's twin brother William, and the hired hand, mount their horses and, each with a double-barreled shotgun across the pommel of his saddle, start to Willisburg. So he descended from his lookout, concealed himself in a thicket of locust-bushes within twenty feet of the gravel

road, and shot into his cousin William two loads of buckshot, which caused the death of William.

A few days later Levi and his father, old Tom Coulter, together with their negroes, were engaged in cutting wheat. They had laid their revolvers and shotguns on convenient near-by stumps. After a while they looked up and saw several well-armed men approaching. Levi recognized them as the remnant of the Prather clan and their allies, and, having no doubt as to what they would do to him, ran for his weapons, swearing that he would die fighting; but his father persuaded him to surrender, arguing that it was the constable with a *posse comitatus*, coming not to kill him, but only to arrest him. So the father and son surrendered, and soon Levi discovered that his worst forebodings were about to come true; for, instead of taking them to town to turn them over to the authorities, the Prather crowd made them get up behind two men on horses and started to a dense thicket not far away. Riding through the thicket, Levi motioned to his father to jump in one direction while he jumped in the other direction. As soon as the Prathers recovered from their surprise, they opened a fusillade on the fugitives. Levi escaped unscratched and was never seen in that part of the world again, and, so far as I have been able to learn, has never been heard of. His father was less fortunate, being hit in the fleshy parts of his body by forty-four bullets and buckshot. He "played 'possum," and the Prathers left him for dead. That night his family and friends transported him to Springfield, the county-seat, in order to have the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Frank Polin, patch him up. When, to their utter disgust and unspeakable anger, the Prathers learned he was not only alive, but apt to get well of his numerous wounds, they rode into Springfield at night, took him out into the woods, tied him to a tree, and shot hundreds of bullets into him, making sure that time that he was as dead as

the men who lived before the Flood. No arrests were ever made and that was the end of the feud.

Of Whittern's arithmetic class, one was voted a gold medal by Congress for heroic conduct on the field, one was killed fighting valiantly under Quantrell, one was wounded under Banks at Mansfield, the Prather twins were killed in a private feud, Levi Coulter, who killed them, became a fugitive from justice, and the youngest member became Speaker of the House of Representatives. While Whittern, being a professional phrenologist, claimed that he could tell what was inside his pupils' heads by feeling the bumps on the outside of their heads, luckily he was not blessed with prophetic powers, and could not predict their futures. Otherwise there would have been some long faces in his little school.

The best school-teacher who ever taught me was a strolling English phrenologist named Charles R. Whittern, for whose memory I have profound affection. My father induced him to teach for three months a subscription school in the neighborhood, and, finding that he was a splendid teacher, father and others induced him to teach in that vicinity for more than a year. In fact, he taught until he died. I thought then that he knew everything. I know now that he did not know very much, but what he did know he could teach better than any other man that I ever saw. As between a teacher who knows little but can incite in his pupils a love of learning and one who knows a great deal and has not the power to incite that love of learning, I prefer the former. He is by far the more valuable of the two. Whittern built up a great reputation for teaching arithmetic, and a lot of grown men came to school. I was a little tike, only ten years old, but I could outfigure any of them, and those bearded men made a great pet of me. To show the conditions in Kentucky at the beginning of the Civil War, I will state this concerning that arithmetic class.

To my certain knowledge one of them, Orville Bush Young, a man thirty years old, studied prayerfully for two or three months to decide whether it was his duty to go to Bacon College, Kentucky, and make a Christian preacher, or to go into the Union Army. He at last decided in favor of the army and enlisted in the Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, commanded by Col. John Marshall Harlan, afterward Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the battle of Jonesboro, before Atlanta, Young was the first man to place the Union flag on the Confederate breastworks, and Congress voted him a gold medal for so doing. General Sherman offered him a captaincy, which he declined. Another man in that arithmetic class, named Nimrod Hendron, served in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry and was under General Banks in his unfortunate expedition up the Red River, in Louisiana. Hendron was wounded at Mansfield, where Banks was badly defeated by Gen. "Dick" Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor. A third member of that arithmetic class was named Isaiah Colter. There were so many Isaiah Colters in that vicinity that they called him "Big Zay." He stood six feet six in his stockings, had jet-black hair, was about the complexion of an Indian, and was straight as an arrow—altogether one of the finest specimens of manhood in Kentucky—which is saying a great deal. He was one of the chiefs of what was known as the "Sue Mundy" band of guerrillas. When Quantrell, of Kansas-Missouri celebrity, received his death-wound at the battle of Bloomfield, Kentucky, "Big Zay" was shot through and through with a Springfield-carbine ball. He made one of his friends run a silk handkerchief through his body with a ramrod and tie knots at both ends of the wound. Then he mounted a magnificent thoroughbred stallion belonging to the celebrated Alexander stock-farm in Woodford County, and rode twenty miles to his aunt's house in Anderson

County. Shortly afterward he contracted pneumonia and died.

"Sue Mundy's" real name was M. Jerome Clark, son of Gen. Hector M. Clark and a first cousin to Beverly Leonidas Clark, a Representative in Congress and Minister to Guatemala. Jerome Clark served three years in the Confederate Army and his captain, James E. Cantrell, of Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry, subsequently a distinguished jurist and father of Representative James Campbell Cantrell, said that young Clark was one of his bravest and most trusted scouts.

The accident of being so badly wounded at the battle of Cynthiana, during Morgan's last raid into Kentucky, that it was necessary to leave him behind, together with the impossibility of joining his command, changed him into a guerrilla. The sobriquet of "Sue Mundy" was "given to him in fun by his comrades at a May Day festival they were holding while in camp. On account of his smooth, girlish-looking face and long, black, wavy hair, which he permitted to grow down on his shoulders, they crowned him Queen of the May and gave him the name of 'Sue Mundy,' so he adopted this name through the remainder of his life."

He enlisted as a Confederate soldier at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, Tennessee, when scarcely sixteen, and was hanged by the Federal authorities at Louisville before he was twenty-one.

When Young, my classmate aforementioned, enlisted, an amusing thing happened. A man named Squire Land, to whose sister-in-law Young was engaged, went with Young to Lebanon to take the horses back home. Land was much in the habit of violating King Solomon's inhibition against looking too long on the wine when it is red in the cup—in his case Kentucky bourbon—and upon reaching Lebanon proceeded immediately to fill up. So when Young held up his hand to be sworn in, Land held

up his also and was sworn in "for three years or during the war," as the witty Irishman said when he wanted the doctor in a dry community to give him some whisky "unbeknownst" to himself.

Next morning, when Land awoke and found himself in uniform and duly enlisted, he said that it was all right and that he would do anything a soldier was ordered to do except charge breastworks, which he swore he would not do, as he considered it an idiotic and inhuman performance. His comrades testify that he was a brave soldier. The first time his regiment was ordered to charge breastworks, after nearly three years' service, was at Jonesboro, where Young won his gold medal for heroism. As soon as the order to charge was given, Land, who had fought on many bloody fields with genuine courage, true to his word, turned and ran as hard as he could clatter to the ambulances in the rear!

The first election I ever attended was when I was fourteen years old at Mackville, Kentucky—a string town with two or three hundred inhabitants in 1864. I will never forget what I saw that day, should I rival the age of Methuselah—for among other things I saw four men shot.

Early in the morning a soldier, Kyar Voteau, a private in the Eleventh Kentucky Union Cavalry, drunk as a lord, in full uniform, and a Beall's navy pistol in hand, began swaggering around, "hunting for a McClellan man." The civilians, wanting no trouble with him, gave him hazy, propitious answers, or flatly lied out of a scrape. He proceeded on his weaving way for about two hours, getting drunker and more of a nuisance and menace every moment. Finally, however, he ran onto a snag. He came across a big, strapping, upstanding private named Sallee, also in full uniform, who belonged to Colonel Jacob's Tenth Kentucky Union Cavalry. Voteau announced in a most truculent manner that he had long

been in search of a McClellan man. Sallee said: "You have found him! I'm a McClellan man!" The amazed Voteau bawled: "The hell you are! Where's your pistol?" Sallee answered very quickly: "I have none, but you wait here a few minutes and I will find a man who has one." If I had acted with wisdom I would have departed instanter; but as it was my first observation of election proceedings, I proposed to see all there was to be seen and backed up into a store door to watch developments. They came with such a rush as to satisfy even the most fastidious. Soon here came the original soldier, Sallee, shaking his huge fist at Voteau, and his two brothers, privates in the same regiment to which he belonged, in full uniform, with Beall's navies in their hands. Not a word was said. Voteau hopped right out into the middle of the street and opened fire on them, and they returned the fire. He wounded two of them, then turned and ran for a hundred yards in such time as neither Ten Broek nor Molly McCarty could have excelled.

Exit Kyar Voteau. I went down the street three or four blocks, where a stuttering private of Rousseau's Louisville Legion, who had received a Minié ball in his shin and was home on furlough, was engaged in an altercation with a citizen named Richardson. Nicholson went at Richardson with a bowie-knife and Richardson shot at him with the last "pepper-box" pistol I ever saw, all six barrels going off at once, as usual. The shots missed Nicholson and hit an innocent bystander in the leg.

That day is memorable in my life for another reason—because then I first saw and heard a piano. It was in Squire John Bosley's house and was played by his daughter. Delighted with the music, I peeped through the window to see the marvelous instrument and the beautiful manipulator thereof. Since that I have heard "Blind Tom," Paderewski, and other famous performers on the

pianoforte, but, so far as my memory serves, Miss Bosley excelled them all.

For two or three years it puzzled me why Voteau fought so bravely at first and then ran like a race-horse. At last he sent his children to school to me. After I became well enough acquainted with him to swap pistols with him, one day I said: "Kyar, I have been curious to know why you fought those Sallees so bravely on Election Day, 1864, at Mackville, and then suddenly turned and ran away." He replied: "Those cusses shot me through my pistol-hand and shot the running gear off my pistol, and I wasn't blamed fool enough to stand there and be killed, so I took to my scrapers!"—a complete and satisfactory explanation—proof positive—of the truth of the old saying that sometimes discretion is the better part of valor. It also establishes the fact that, while Kyar Voteau was somewhat of a swaggering bully and entirely too fond of *spiritus frumenti*, he was a good deal of a philosopher, firm in the belief that

> He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight some other day—

all of which my old friend did.

A few months later I attended the first trial in court that I ever witnessed.

A brilliant young chap named Tom Peters, scion of a large and influential family, was a soldier in Rousseau's Louisville Legion. A Minié ball had broken his shin at Chickamauga and he was home on a furlough. At that time there was no saloon in Mackville, but a New York druggist named Perkins catered to the thirsty ones on the sly. He conducted what is now known as "a blind tiger," "a blind pig," "a joint," "a dead-fall," or "a speak-easy," owing to latitude and longitude. So on Christmas Eve Tom Peters and a lot of rollicking young

fellows bought some bottles of Log Cabin Bitters—perhaps the worst whisky on earth—from Perkins, and drank until they were in a very hilarious mood. Then they demanded more bottles of bitters from Perkins, which he declined to produce for fear of the grand jury, as he alleged. That did not satisfy Tom, so with a bowie-knife he went at Perkins, who shot Tom through the body with a pistol.

Perkins was duly arrested and arraigned before Squire John Bosley for preliminary examination. Perkins employed J. Proctor Knott, the famous orator, to defend him, and Peters's folks employed "Bob" Hardin, afterward Chief Justice of Kentucky, to assist the county attorney, who was a great numskull, in the prosecution. There, in that little dingy office of a justice of the peace, those two distinguished lawyers wrestled with each other for two or three days.

I played hooky from school to watch that trial, for, though only thirteen years old, I had determined to be a lawyer, and most assuredly I received my first lesson in the law from past-masters in the profession.

The first law-book I ever saw was in the hands of J. Proctor Knott. It was a volume of Ben Monroe's reports.

I shall never forget the evidence of Dr. Frank Polin, a famous surgeon of Springfield. He was called as a witness to testify as to the nature of Tom's wound, whether he would die of it, etc., in order to fix the amount of bail. In answer to a question of counsel, Polin answered: "He will get well, apparently, will become fat as a butter-ball, and will die in less than three years from that bullet wound, turning green as grass before he dies, because he was shot through the liver!" That was my first information touching the fact that a man had a liver. I was not well up in anatomy. So I watched Tom Peters like a hawk watches a chicken to see if Dr. Frank Polin was correct in his prognostication and diagnosis. Tom ap-

parently did get well; he became fat as a butter-ball; he started overland to California with a drove of cattle and died in the Rocky Mountains in less than three years. I have often wondered whether he turned green before he died.

Another reason why I observed Tom so closely was that when first shot by Perkins and when he thought death was staring him in the face he joined the Church of the Disciples; but when he recovered he declined to be baptized, on the principle enunciated in the old couplet:

> When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

When I was fourteen years old I clerked for three or four months in a country store owned principally by a preacher in the Christian Church, William T. Corn, a very handsome man, without very much education, but a splendid preacher and with the saving grace of humor. That was toward the end of the war, and the country was greatly infested with thieves and robbers. One time the proprietors of the store went away and left me alone. They directed me to hide the money that I took in. It so happened that we had a good run of trade that day and I carefully wrapped up the money, all paper, and stowed it away where I did not think any thief could find it. When they returned, I went with some pride to get the money to show to them, and, very much to my disgust, I discovered that not thieves, but mice, had found the money and had bitten it into pieces so small that it was impossible to tell the denomination of a single bill. Corn was a poor man, but he exercised his Christian charity by not hauling me over the coals. Nevertheless, that incident so disgusted me that my career as a merchant came to a sudden conclusion.

I began teaching school before I was fifteen, in the

neighborhood where I was reared and where I knew every man, woman, and child. Of course, I was too young, but it was the only way I had to earn money enough to go to college on, and, while I had a rocky road to travel, I hung on. Breaking up schools and running out the teachers was not uncommon in those lawless days, but they did not break up any of mine and they did not run me out. My chief qualification as a teacher was my physical size and strength, which stood me in good stead.

The period of my first four or five schools was just after the close of the Civil War. A great many young men came to school to me who had seen service in the army and who were therefore much older than I was. They had enlisted during the last days of the war and their education was somewhat belated. Indeed, soldiers from both armies came to school to me. One man who had served four years in Harlan's Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, and his daughter, were both pupils of mine at the same time. When I taught school at Camden, in Anderson County, Kentucky, in 1871–72, a veteran teacher sixty-four years old came to school to me to learn to read Greek so that he could read the New Testament in Greek, as he had made up his mind to investigate certain theological points in his own way. He made me a proposition that if I would teach him Greek one hour each day he would hear lessons for me three hours each day. As he was a tiptop teacher, it was a very good arrangement for me as well as for the pupils and their parents. The papers have had a good deal to say about the fact that a certain man and his son were classmates at the University of Missouri recently, but I am rather inclined to think that that is no more remarkable than that one of Harlan's soldiers and his daughter came to school to me at the same time, and that a man sixty-four years old came to me to learn Greek. One thing is certain—if I had known as little Greek in 1871–72 as I

know now, my aged pupil would not have learned to read the Greek Testament very soon. I have wondered time and again why a man forgets his Greek so much sooner than he forgets his Latin.

I once asked Dr. William Everett, while he was a Member of Congress, of the why of that fact. At first he denied flatly that such was the case; but when I insisted that I knew by experience and from talking with others that it was a fact, he gave this amazing reply: "Well, perhaps my own case is not to be relied on, for my father [Edward Everett] put me to sleep when I was a child by singing songs to me in the original Greek!" No wonder he never forgot his Greek! It is safe to say that no other American boy ever had a similar experience with an American father. Greek was Doctor Everett's "mother tongue," or, more properly, his "father tongue," if I may be permitted to coin such a phrase, and I see no reason why I cannot do so.

While teaching country schools I organized debating societies of the grown-up boys and such of the patrons as I could induce to participate. We debated such thrilling and important questions as:

"There is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession."

"Which is the more useful animal, the horse or the cow?"

"Which was the greater man, Washington or Napoleon?"

"Which is mightier, the pen or the sword?"

"Which is the more useful, water or fire?"

"Is there financial profit in being educated?"

Occasionally we tackled the really important problem, "Should capital punishment be abolished?" That question is causing much debate and much legislation even now.

It was dull, crude debating, but to me, perhaps to others, it was useful, because in that way I learned to

think and talk at the same time on my feet. I am decidedly in favor of school and college debating societies.

One peculiar feature of these debates was that the debaters stipulated that I should not use biographical or historical information, for even at that early period of my life I had read all the histories and biographies I could lay my hands on. The amusing feature of the situation was that if I did not agree to be thus circumscribed I was excluded from participating in the debate in my own debating society.

That reminds me of a thing that happened in the olden time in Lincoln County—one of the finest counties in the district which I have so long represented. Almost every one knows that the best mules in the world are raised in Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It is said that when President Wilson sent our army and navy to Vera Cruz to awe General Huerta into saluting our flag, the thing which most surprised the Mexicans was the enormous size of the Missouri mules as compared with the jack-rabbit-like Mexican mules. In the early days, one of the favorite sports in Lincoln was running mule-races. There was a man named Bilbro who owned a mule which was so fast that no other mule had a ghost of a show of winning. Bilbro's mule was so uniformly victor that other mule-owners declined to enter into competition. Consequently, that particular and primitive sport was dying out. Finally an ingenious citizen hit upon this happy plan of reviving it by publishing a notice which ran in this wise: "Great Mule-race! All Mules free to enter!! Bilbro's Mule barred!!!"

There has been much over-praise of "the good old days," and much idiotic condemnation of them, but sometimes it seems to me that the pioneers managed to extract about as much pleasure out of life as we do out of our up-to-date surroundings. At any rate, they were not kill-joys by any manner of means. Perhaps not one out of

fifty who reads this book knows that a pacing or fox-trotting mule is a most pleasant saddler, but it is true, nevertheless. I know it because I have ridden them.

I have one abiding consolation in looking back over my career as a teacher—all my pupils, male and female, wherever they may be by land or sea and whatever their occupation, are my sworn friends to this day without regard to religion or politics. Some of them have been of great assistance to me in politics. For example, Col. Edward A. Glenn, of Louisiana, Missouri, has been chairman of the Pike County Committee and the Congressional Committee—managing several of my campaigns, and in the presidential campaign of 1912 was one of my most active and successful managers. He possesses a positive genius for organization. While I was Speaker I appointed him clerk of the House. Later he resigned to be one of the Mississippi River Commissioners, which appointment he obtained with my assistance. To aid him in securing a good place was to me a labor of love—particularly as he is thoroughly qualified. Colonel Glenn is a very successful business man—owns and works three or four of the finest farms in Missouri and Illinois. He has worked so much and so hard for me, without money and without price, in the political field that I have a paternal affection for him.

CHAPTER IV

First really great man I ever saw—Played "hooky" to hear political speeches —Governor Bramlett's pince-nez spectacles—My "first appearance on the stage"—Chaplain shouted, "Boys, give them hell"—Civil War and reign of terror—I heard battle of Perryville and saw battle of Mackville—General Duke's thrilling escape—Two great steers, "Buck" and "Darby" —Little girl witnessed murder of grandmother—Triple lynching followed.

THE first really great man I ever saw was Col. John Marshall Harlan, later Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, one of the most eminent of all the justices of that high tribunal.

In 1863, when in the flower of his years and the prime of his splendid powers, he was candidate for Attorney-General of Kentucky, to which office he was elected. He was as magnificent a specimen of a physical man as one would have found in a month's journey—standing six feet three in his stockings, weighing two hundred avoirdupois without an ounce of surplus flesh, red-headed, blond as any lily, graceful as a panther, he was the typical Kentuckian in his best estate.

His mental and educational equipment was superb. On a glorious day in October, at a great picnic in Henry Isham's sugar-grove, in the outskirts of Mackville, Colonel Harlan and Col. Thomas E. Bramlett, candidate for Governor, spoke to a great concourse of people. I played hooky to hear them speak. Governor Bramlett was a large, handsome man and made a good speech, but Harlan easily overtopped him mentally, physically, and oratorically. Mere chunk of a boy as I was, I could see that Harlan was the greater man, and I thought that

therefore he ought to have been running for the greater office—the correct theory, surely. That night I poured out my thoughts to my father, whereupon he kindly gave me my first lesson in practical politics, explaining "the availability" of men and other things unnecessary to mention. He exploded my theory of the biggest man being entitled to the biggest office, but I mourn for that theory yet. I regret that I was disillusioned.

Colonel Bramlett had a large Roman nose and he carried the first pair of pince-nez spectacles I ever saw. He was a widower, and when he began his speech he clapped his pince-nez on his prominent proboscis, looked the audience over with a quizzical smile, and remarked: "I hope the ladies will not think my heart is as old as my eyes are!"—a skilful and delicate hint which pleased his female auditors immensely, and which is all that I recollect of his speech. Had female suffrage been then in vogue, the chances are that his delicate mot would have made him votes.

In that same sugar-grove, on an improvised platform, in September, 1863, I made my first appearance "in public on the stage." Call told me I could go to the picnic in the afternoon, *provided* I would cut and put up eleven shocks of corn, sixteen hills square, before noon, which was a good day's work for a grown man. I was only thirteen, but I accomplished the heavy task. I was in such a hurry that I accidentally chopped a piece of bone out of my left shin with a corn-knife. I tied a rag saturated with Mexican mustang liniment around my wounded leg and after dinner went to the picnic. The folks set me up on the platform and I declaimed Webster's glowing peroration in the Reply to Hayne. It was a memorable day in my life.

One company of Harlan's regiment, the Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, was raised in the community where I lived. I knew almost every man in it. When the

soldiers came home from the war they had divers tales to tell of their beloved colonel. Among other things they said he could outrun, outjump, and outwrestle any man in the regiment. They told with much glee how, before they were ever in battle, the colonel would make them speeches about how bravely they should perform under fire, and how, after their first engagement—the battle of Mill Springs—the colonel told them frankly that if any of them felt like running he did not blame them, for all that prevented him from fleeing was his shoulder-straps.

They told another story which I quoted every time I caught Mr. Justice Harlan in congenial company when anecdotes were in order. His men said that he had a very bellicose chaplain, a Baptist preacher of local renown. At the battle of Chickamauga, so they claimed, when the Union forces were hard pressed, the chaplain, instead of being in the rear, administering the comforts of religion to the dying and aiding the wounded, was in front, rushing up and down the lines, encouraging the soldiers, and, believing that some swearing was necessary, and not being willing to swear himself, he would yell, "Boys, give them hell, as Colonel Harlan says!"

As Mr. Justice Harlan was a staid and rigid old-school Presbyterian elder, that excerpt from his martial history always plagued him a little, but it tickled his friends.

He was a delightful traveling companion, was fond of telling anecdotes and reminiscences, and was the only man I ever knew who habitually bought all the papers he could find in order to read the editorials rather than the news.

One of the strangest events in his long and distinguished career was that in the last years of his life he sat side by side with Mr. Justice Lurton, an ex-Confederate Tennessee soldier, on the bench of the Supreme Court. These two grave and reverend seigniors had fought face to face on several bloody fields. That is one of the innumerable

evidences of the generosity of the American people. Not only was Mr. Justice Lurton a Confederate soldier, but Mr. Chief-Justice White, whom all men delight to honor, fought four years under the Stars and Bars. Their patriotism is no more questioned than is that of Mr. Justice Holmes, who fought four years under the Stars and Stripes and who bears honorable scars as testimonials to his valor.

Though he could have retired on full pay some years before he died, Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field determined to remain on the bench until he exceeded Chief-Justice Marshall in length of service—which he did. When Mr. Justice Harlan could have retired on full pay he started in to beat Field's record for length of service, but he failed to do so, death claiming him while he was still strong and apparently good for several years of lusty life.

He was the first man whom I ever voted against for Governor. It was when he was defeated by Preston H. Leslie in 1871. Leslie was not only elected Governor of Kentucky, but was subsequently appointed Governor of the Territory of Montana. It is a most unusual thing for a man to be chief magistrate of two magnificent commonwealths.

While the Union and Confederate Kentuckians fought each other with conspicuous gallantry in the field, they did each other many kindnesses when not engaged in battle. Gen. Basil W. Duke, second in command in Gen. John H. Morgan's Confederate cavalry, in his intensely interesting *Book of Reminiscences* gives a very pleasant account of how Col. John M. Harlan saved his life and the life of a friend, Captain Kennett. They were both in the Confederate service in Missouri during the early months of the war. As their wives were in Lexington, Kentucky, they desired to reach that city. So, dressed in citizens' clothes, they had proceeded as far as Elizabethtown, when a brigade of Union soldiers suddenly

appeared on the scene. They started on foot toward Lexington. General Duke says:

"We then concluded that we would walk along the railroad track until we reached some point where we might catch a train. Quite a number of the troops were bivouacked on both sides of the road, and we were compelled to pass through them. I cautioned Kennett not to call me by name or do anything which might especially attract attention. I had learned that there were several Kentucky regiments in this force—many of them men from central Kentucky, where I was born—and among these it was extremely probable that there would be some who knew me. We got through safely, and, although occasionally 'guyed,' no one halted us. I believed that the danger was past, but reckoned a little too hastily. Just as we drew near the entrance to the tunnel at Muldraugh's Hill, two miles north of Elizabethtown, a hand-car with several Federal officers on it overtook us. We stepped aside to let it pass, and I pulled my hat-brim over my face to avoid possible recognition. But Kennett, moved by an impulse of pure mischief, called out: 'Won't you let us ride with you, gentlemen? We are very foot-sore and tired.' I forgot my caution, threw back my hat, and looked up just as the car came alongside, and realized that I was face to face with three or four men with whom I was well, and had previously been quite pleasantly, acquainted. Among them were Col. George Jouett, afterward killed at Perryville, and Colonel, subsequently Gen. John M. Harlan, since one of the most distinguished of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. I was immediately recognized, and my name was called by two or three of them, accompanied with expressions of surprise at my presence in that locality. They also imperatively ordered me to surrender. I tried to seem astonished and look as if it was a case of mistaken identity, but was very much

puzzled about what I should do. Greatly to my wonder and relief, however, the car, instead of being stopped, rolled on into the tunnel. When I saw this I hurriedly bade Kennett good-by, sprang up the side of the cut, which was neither steep nor very high at the point where I happened to be, and made off at a full speed through a field of standing corn. By the time that the hand-car with its occupants had returned to the spot, I had so rapidly evacuated that I was beyond immediate pursuit.

"It was not until after the close of the war that I learned how and by whom my escape had been aided. I related this incident to a gentleman in Lexington and noticed that he listened with some amusement, as well as interest. When I had finished my story he informed me that he had heard it before. 'John Harlan told me of it,' he said, 'just after it happened, and it is to him that you are indebted for your good fortune in getting off as well as you did.' When Judge Harlan recognized me it at once occurred to him that I was trying to make my way to Lexington to see my wife; but he also realized that if captured I would be in great peril of being tried and punished as a spy. I was dressed in citizen's clothes and within the Federal lines on no ostensible military business. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken me without hesitation, but was unwilling that I should be put to death for an offense of which he believed me innocent. So he quietly placed his foot under the brake, and the efforts of his companions failed to stop the car. Judge Harlan's foot, like everything in his make-up, mental, moral, and physical, was constructed on a liberal, indeed a grand scale, and might affect the motion of a passenger-coach, not to mention a hand-car. It was an exceedingly generous and kindly act, and I, of course, can never forget how deeply I am indebted to him."

I was within hearing of the battle of Perryville—one

of the bloodiest of the war. General Buell was the Union commander and General Bragg the Confederate.

The night before the battle, Rousseau's division of McCook's corps of Buell's army camped on Call's farm where I was working, eight miles from Perryville. Mrs. Call and her colored woman cooked all night for the soldiers and I carried water for them. Next morning at break of day I heard the cannon's opening roar—first one gun, then more and more, and finally the rattle of small arms. About sunrise a staff-officer, his horse foam-covered and panting like a lizard, dashed up to General Rousseau's headquarters with orders from General McCook directing him to double-quick his men toward Perryville till he struck the Confederates.

As at the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond to Wellington and his officers on the eve of Waterloo:

> Then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> . . . . . .
> And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

Rousseau's soldiers left so suddenly that they threw away much of their impedimenta. After they quit their camps I picked up several brand-new blouses and pairs of trousers which had never been worn, and one new pair of sewed shoes, the first foot-gear of that sort I ever wore. I was only twelve years old, but large for my age, and managed to wear the clothes. Good Mrs. Call insisted on dyeing them with the juice of the black walnut and cutting off the brass buttons before she would let me wear them, fearing that otherwise somebody would shoot me.

The soldiers did no harm to Call's property except that

they burned some of his rails and ate up all the fruit on the place, including walnuts and hickory nuts.

Call had a pair of the largest, tallest, and most rapid traveling steers—Buck and Darby—ever put under yoke. I plowed them many a day and kept up with a good horse-team. The day after the battle he told me to take the oxen and wagon and haul some rails down on the gravel road where the soldiers had burned his fence, which I proceeded to do. Just as I began to throw off the load of rails, on top of which I was standing beside the gravel road, a brass band came along. Buck and Darby looked at the musicians in amazement, bawled, stuck their tongues out, ran like mad through a thick beech forest, scattered me and the rails along miscellaneously, and smashed that wagon into kindling-wood. Probably no such time was ever made before or since by any two bovines, not even by Solon Chase's famous campaign oxen. If there had been a world's ring for race-steers I would have entered Buck and Darby, confident of winning the blue ribbon. Luckily, after describing a parabola through space, I landed in a mud-hole, from which a straggling soldier pulled me out unhurt, but, like David Copperfield, according to Mr. Dick, very much in need of a bath. I was delighted to escape from that hazardous wagon-ride alive and with a whole hide. It is not so famous a ride as Mazeppa's, John Gilpin's, or Paul Revere's, but to me it was fully as dangerous and thrilling.

One amazing fact about the battle of Perryville was that, while at a distance of six or seven miles, I could hear it from beginning to end, General Buell and his staff, who were not half so far away, did not hear it until it had been raging five or six hours. Perhaps the topography of the country and the direction of the wind were the reasons. Buell's failure to hear was one of the facts which caused him to be relieved of his command.

The reign of terror which prevailed in Kentucky from

1865 to 1868 was precipitated by a murder which occurred on the Perryville battle-field just at the close of the war. Part of that bloody field was a small hilly farm owned by old widow Bottom. On her farm was a big limestone spring which ran a stream several inches in diameter. The battle was fought about the middle of October, at the end of a drought of considerable length and intensity. The two armies fought like tigers for possession of that spring, and around it dead men, some in blue and some in gray, were piled up in great windrows.

In 1865 two men robbed old Mrs. Bottom. She claimed to recognize them as two of her neighbors named Taylor. There were so many Taylors in that community that some of them were nicknamed, and one of the accused was generally called "Splitfoot" Taylor, by reason of a bad accidental ax-wound which he had inflicted on himself. They were both indicted for robbery. A few days before the opening of the court at which they were to be tried the two Taylors concluded that, as she was the sole witness against them, the surest way out for them was to murder her, which they proceeded to do. She lived alone in a log cabin with a loose board-loft, so common in that day among the poorer folks. It seemed easy, but

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley.

So it was in this case. It so happened that on the night of the murder her little granddaughter, some eight or nine years old, was visiting her and was sleeping in the loft. She was awakened by the noise, and, looking down through the cracks betwixt the boards, saw them murder her grandmother, and recognized them. As soon as they left, she ran home and related the horrible story. A hue and cry were immediately raised. The whole countryside was aroused and the Taylors were soon caught and

identified by the little girl. They were placed in the calaboose at Perryville to await their preliminary trial before a justice of the peace. Before the preliminary trial could be had, the neighbors counseled together, and the best citizens of that community, without regard to religious or political affiliations, concluded to lynch the murderers. They took from the calaboose the two Taylors and a colored preacher, awaiting his preliminary trial for being too free with his neighbors' porkers, to a thick beech woods and swung all three of them to the limbs of trees. Now be it remembered by those not acquainted with beech-trees that they make a shade as dense almost as that of a cypress swamp. "Splitfoot's" rope broke, and in the darkness he made his escape. He will reappear in a surprising manner in this story. The lynching of these men was the spark which exploded the powder-magazine and which, in turn, destroyed the lives of three or four scores of what Colonel Roosevelt denominated "undesirable citizens"; and, by the way, in his account of his life in Dakota, he looked with lenient if not approving eye on the summary process of lynch law, particularly where the crime is horse-stealing in a nascent pioneer community.

The chief reason why these good and pious people around Perryville—and there were and are none better anywhere—took the law into their own hands and pulled off the lynching-bee aforesaid was this: Col. Thomas E. Bramlett, a Union colonel, was Governor. He was a brave, generous, big-hearted, high-souled man. Kentucky is perhaps the only state in the Union whose constitution authorizes the Governor to pardon a person accused of crime, before conviction; but in that well-beloved commonwealth the Governor can pardon a person from the moment of accusation till the sheriff makes his return on the death-warrant.

Governor Bramlett took the position—an entirely rea-

sonable one—that in the excitement of Civil War days many citizens transgressed the laws who would not have done so in times of peace. Consequently, if a man had been in the army—either army—for, to his credit be it said, he treated the Confederates as well as he treated the Union soldiers—he would pardon him, either before or after conviction. I remember that about a year after this Perryville episode six men were at one term of court sent to the penitentiary, and that all six, having been soldiers—some in one army and some in t'other—he pardoned the whole group, and they all got home ahead of the sheriff, who had conveyed them to state's prison. That night the enraged citizens lynched five of them and would have lynched the sixth if they could have caught him.

So the good citizens about Perryville, fearing to take chances, worked off their own criminals in short order and *sans cérémonie*. The lynching idea spread like wildfire.

It was not long until companies of regulators, vigilantes, or lynchers, were operating in most of the counties in Kentucky. At a low estimate, they hanged fifty to seventy-five men—most of whom richly deserved it—cowhided two or three hundred more, and ordered that many out of the state. They went at once and did not stand on the order of their going.

It is a historic fact that several Representatives in Congress went to see the first battle of Bull Run. One of them landed in Libby Prison and was never again enthusiastic about witnessing battles. Among these visiting statesmen was Representative John A. Logan, of Illinois—subsequently Major-Gen. John A. Logan—"Black Jack" as his men fondly named him. He had been a captain in the Mexican War, and when the Union Army began to retreat his martial spirit rose and, grabbing a gun, he began to shoot. A demoralized soldier,

running to the rear as fast as his legs could carry him, rushed past Logan, who bellowed at him: "What the devil are you running for?" Without slowing up in his gait, the soldier answered, "Because I can't fly!" For the same reason these enforced Kentucky refugees didn't go any faster. They went horseback, footback, and in wagons. They were a good riddance and Kentucky knew them no more.

Without exaggeration or bad taste, they could have appropriated as their own a witty couplet originated by the convicts of Botany Bay:

> True patriots all; for be it understood
> We left our country for our country's good!

So many men were lynched in Kentucky in two or three years that a person traveling through the woods instinctively would pick out an eligible limb on which to hang somebody. I have done that scores of times.

For a long time I had some twigs from a black-jack sapling on which four of my acquaintances were hanged.

What was the effect of these summary proceedings? Criminals were so thoroughly cowed that a person could have left his pocketbook lying in the middle of the big road and nobody would have picked it up, while thousands of loafers and thieves who had been living by their wits or by the strong arm went to work.

The chief danger about lynching is that it is as contagious as the smallpox or the bubonic plague. Another trouble is that three or four men can hang a man as easily as three or four hundred can do it. While the first lynchings, as in the Perryville case, were done by whole communities acting in concert to administer rude justice on persons clearly guilty of abominable crimes, later men were hanged on doubtful evidence or mere suspicion, and still later a very few men would hang a man for private revenge

for some small personal injury. The exposure of a gross case of that kind so aroused the people, who were growing weary of the extra-judicial executions, that they arose in their might and put an end to the whole business.

The case which stopped it was this: A wild, rollicking young fellow named Sam Lambert, tall, slender, handsome, with a fine shock of long, black curly hair, went to the village of Cornishville one night. He and four denizens of that town, full of fighting whisky, engaged in a game of seven-up for high stakes. They got into a combat in which Lambert was killed with pistol bullets. The quartet, in a vain endeavor to prevent suspicion falling on them, threw his body across a horse and took it to the black-jack aforesaid, about two or three miles from town, and hanged it in due form. He was the fourth and last man to swing from that sapling. One close observer in the crowd which went out to view the corpse next day pointed out to his neighbors the suggestive fact that Lambert's long, black curly hair was stiff with blood and standing straight up. This led to an investigation, which developed the fact that the body had been riddled with bullets and that he was dead before he was hanged. By piecing things together, a case was made in court against the quartet of seven-up players and they were convicted of manslaughter—and thus ended the reign of "Judge Lynch" in Kentucky. The regularly constituted courts resumed their sway and the Governor ceased to pardon except in cases clearly meritorious.

About two years before the Lambert killing, when lynching was in flower, I was teaching school some two miles from the sapling. I was only fifteen years old. A wild, harum-scarum chap, named John Gibson, two or three years older than I, was one of my pupils. He was as bright as a new silver dollar and treated me well, learned fast, and obeyed all the rules; but sometimes

when school closed for the day he would go home, get his supper, strap on his revolver, mount his horse, and disturb the peace of the neighborhood. I cautioned him more than once that the lynchers would nab him if he didn't watch out, but he scouted the idea of such a thing happening. When I returned from Kentucky University in the summer of 1868, one night I stayed with friends who lived about a quarter of a mile from the home of the Gibson family. Just about sunup I heard heart-rending screams issuing from the Gibson place, jumped on a bare-backed horse hitched at the gate, and galloped over to Gibson's to ascertain the trouble. They told me that John and his uncle Bill had been hanged by the lynchers on the black-jack sapling about two miles distant—the same black-jack on which old Nate Lawson had been strung up a year previously, and on which Sam Lambert's dead, bullet-riddled corpse was to be hanged a year subsequently. I went over there as hard as I could clatter. I shall never forget the gruesome scene. There was not drop enough to break the necks of Bill and John. They had choked to death. Bill was lightly built. His face was so much distorted, his eyes so bulging out, that I knew at a glance that he was past all medical help. John was heavily set; a perfect blond. His eyes were closed as though he were asleep, and the tip of his tongue was protruding about a quarter of an inch between his teeth. The skin on his neck, next to the rope, was marked by a deep-blue line. He looked so natural that I did not believe he was dead. It was a very hot morning in August. I felt his hands and face, which were warm, as in life. I cut him down, removed the rope from his neck, and began rubbing him. At first I worked alone. Neighbors dropped in and we tried for half an hour to restore the vital spark, without success. Next day I helped bury the twain. The ground for some distance about the sapling gallows showed that the two doomed

men had made a tremendous fight for their lives, for the Gibsons, whatever their faults, were brave even unto rashness.

High authority in all Kentucky matters avers to this day that Governor Bramlett's liberal policy as to pardons, which precipitated the riot of lynch law, was wise, not because it led to the habit of lynching, but because it prevented innumerable and lasting feuds in Kentucky growing out of the Civil War.

I said that "Splitfoot" Taylor would appear again, and here he is.

He escaped from the lynchers by the accident of the rope breaking in that beech woods near Perryville, Kentucky, in 1865 or 1866, and fled to parts unknown. Some twenty years later I picked up *The St. Louis Republic* one morning, and in it was a column interview with him. He was en route to Kentucky in the hands of the sheriff of Boyle County. He had been arrested while working in the lead-mines of Joplin, Missouri. In his interview he gave an account of his wanderings. He said that he first went to Galena, Illinois, and worked in the lead-mines; thence to Oregon, where he worked as a lumber-jack; thence to Hawaii, where he worked in the sugar-fields; thence to Australia, where he herded sheep. Thence to New Zealand he went, where he did odd jobs. Then he turned his face toward his old Kentucky home, feeling that some invisible chain was drawing him to "the Dark and Bloody Ground," and, strangest of all, that he felt a positive sense of relief when the sheriff clapped him on the shoulder and told him he was his prisoner!

Last scene of all for "Splitfoot," so far as concerns us, was as follows: The white-headed old man appeared at the bar of justice, was tried for murder, and, though defended by Col. Phil B. Thompson, Sr., one of the ablest of all Kentucky criminal lawyers, was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life, where he died. Colonel

Thompson wanted to appeal the case, but "Splitfoot" would not permit him so to do, having a lively and unpleasant recollection of how the drawing of that noose in the beech woods felt.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman once said, "War is hell!" Those who lived in "the border states" during the Civil War and who are old enough to remember the tragic events of that bloody but heroic epoch in our annals will with one accord indorse his idea, if not his sulphurous language.

It was easy to be a Union man in Massachusetts. It was hazardous to be anything else. It was easy to be a Confederate in South Carolina. It was not safe to be anything else. But in Kentucky, Missouri, and the other border states it was perilous to be the one thing or the other. Indeed, it was dangerous to be neither and to sit on the fence.

I was a child when Sumter was fired on, living in Washington County, Kentucky. I remember an old fellow from whom the Union raiders took one horse and the Confederate raiders another. So when a third party of soldiers met him in the road and inquired whether he were a Union man or a Confederate, being dubious as to their army affiliations, he answered, diplomatically, "I am neither one nor the other, and very little of that," and thereby lost his third and last horse to Confederates disguised in blue uniforms.

The Kentuckians are a peculiar people. They are the most hospitable, the most emotional, the kindest-hearted under the sun, but they are born warriors. A genuine son of "the Dark and Bloody Ground" is in his normal condition only when fighting. It seems to me that somebody must have sowed that rich land with dragons' teeth in the early days. To use a sentence indigenous to the soil, "A Kentuckian will fight at the drop of a hat, and drop it himself." So the war was his golden oppor-

tunity. He went to death as to a festival. Nearly every able-bodied man in the state—and a great many not able-bodied—not only of military age, but of any age, young enough or old enough to squeeze in, took up arms on one side or the other, and sometimes on both.

Neighbor against neighbor, father against son, brother against brother, slave against master, and frequently wife against husband, the fierce contention entered even into theology, rent congregations in twain, severed the ties of blood, and blotted out the friendships of a lifetime.

Men who were born and reared on adjoining farms, who had attended the same schools, played the same games, courted the same girls, danced in the same sets, belonged to the same lodges, and worshiped in the same churches, suddenly went gunning for one another as remorselessly as red Indians, only they had a clearer vision and a surer aim. From the mouth of the Big Sandy to the mouth of the Tennessee there was not a square mile in which some awful act of violence did not take place.

Kentucky has always been celebrated for and cursed by its bloody feuds—feuds which cause the Italian vendetta to appear like a holiday performance in comparison. Of course the war was the evening-up time, and many a man became a violent Unionist because the ancient enemies of his house were Southern sympathizers, and *vice versa*. Some of them could have given pointers to Fra Diavolo himself.

As all the evil passions of men were aroused, and all restraints of propriety as well as all fear of law were removed, every latent tendency toward crime was warmed into life. The land swarmed with cutthroats, robbers, thieves, firebugs, and malefactors of every degree and kind, who preyed upon the old, the infirm, the helpless, and committed thousands of brutal and heinous crimes in the name of the Union or the Southern Confederacy.

Missouri, prior to the war, was more a Kentucky colony than anything else, with the Kentucky characteristics, feuds and all, reproduced in stronger and larger form in her amazingly fertile soil. So all that goes before applies to Missouri as well as to Kentucky.

From the first, Missouri has been the stormy petrel of American politics. The richest, the most imperial commonwealth in the Union, her geographical location always placed her in the thick of the fight. She was a slave peninsula jutting out into a free-soil sea.

The first serious trouble on the slavery question came with her admission into the Union, and the second over the admission of California, a Missouri colony. Most people date hostilities from Sumter, April, 1861. As a matter of fact, Missouri and Kansas had been carrying on a civil war on their own hook for five or six years before the first gun was fired in Charleston Harbor.

If Sir Walter Scott had lived in that day, he could have found enough material for fifty novels descriptive of border warfare in the forays and exploits of the Missourians and Kansans before the first soldier was legally mustered into the service of either army.

Out on a Kansas prairie stands a monument to old John Brown, reciting the fact, among other things, that he commanded "at the battle of Ossawatomie on the 30th day of August, 1856!"

Whether the opposing commander has a monument I do not know.

I witnessed only one battle during the Civil War. A line in Gen. Basil W. Duke's entertaining book, *Morgan and His Men*, is all that is vouchsafed to it in the literature of the war; but surely it was the most astounding martial caper ever cut since war was thought of, and it fully illustrates the Kentuckian's inherent and ineradicable love of fighting.

I saw seven homeguards charge the whole of Morgan's

cavalry, the very flower of Kentucky chivalry. I was working as a farm-hand for John Call, who was the proud owner of several fine horses of the famous "copper-bottom" breed.

Morgan had, perhaps, as good an eye for a "saddler" as was ever set in a human head, and during those troublous days his mind was sadly mixed on the *meum* and *tuum* when it came to equines—a remark applicable to many others besides Morgan, on both sides at that.

Call, hearing that Morgan was coming, and knowing his penchant for the noblest of quadrupeds, ordered me to mount "in hot haste" and "take the horses to the woods."

Just as I had climbed upon a magnificent chestnut sorrel, fit for a king's charger, and was rounding up the others, I looked up, and in the level rays of the setting summer sun saw Morgan's cavalry in "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" riding up the broad gravel road on the backbone of a long, high ridge, half a mile to the south. Fascinated by the glittering array, boylike, I forgot Call and the peril of his horses, and watched the gay cavalcade.

Suddenly I saw seven horsemen emerge from the little village of Mackville and ride furiously down the turnpike to within easy pistol-range of the Confederates, and open fire. I could hear the crack of the revolvers and see the flash and smoke, and when Morgan's advance-guard fell back on the main body I observed that one riderless horse went back with them and that only six homeguards rode back to Mackville in lieu of the seven who had ridden forth to battle.

Morgan's command halted, deployed in battle-line, and rode slowly up the hill, while I rode a great deal faster to the woods.

The homeguards had shot one man out of his saddle and captured him, and Morgan had captured one of

them. Next morning the homeguards, from their forest fastness, sent in a flag of truce and regularly negotiated an exchange of prisoners according to the rules in such cases.

Of course, Morgan would have paid no attention to the seven men, but he supposed that even his own native Kentucky never nurtured seven daredevils so reckless as to do a thing like that unless they had an army back of them.

I have often thought of that matchless deed of daring, and can say, in the language of the French General Canrobert, who witnessed the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but not war."

Years afterward, one of the seven was sending his children to school to me. After I became well acquainted with him, one day I said to him: "Gibson, I have always wanted to know what made you seven fellows charge Morgan." "Oh," he replied, "we were all full of fighting whisky"—an explanation which explained not only that fight, but thousands more.

If that splendid feat of arms had been performed in New England by New-Englanders, the world could scarcely contain the books which would have been written about it. It would have been chronicled in history and chanted in song as an inexhaustible theme.

It is generally assumed by the wiseacres who write the histories that in the border states the old, wealthy, prominent slaveholding families all adhered to the Confederacy, and that only the poor, the obscure natives, and the immigrants from the North stood by the old flag. This is a serious mistake. The great historic dominant family connections divided, thereby making confusion worse confounded. Prominent people wore the Confederate gray. Others just as prominent wore the Union blue.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, the great theologian, with a decided and incurable bias for politics, who presided

over the Union national convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, was a stanch Union man. Two of his sons achieved high rank in the Confederate armies and two others in the Union armies.

His illustrious kinsman, John C. Breckenridge, resigned his seat in the United States Senate to become a lieutenant-general in the Southern army, while James S. Jackson, Representative from the Green River district, resigned his seat in the House to become a brigadier in the Union Army and died a hero's death, leading his division on the hard-fought field of Perryville.

Roger Hanson, the eloquent, became a Confederate general and fell on the field of glory at Stone River, while his brother won distinction on the other side as commander of brigade.

John J. Crittenden, the best beloved of Kentucky statesmen, unflinchingly stood by the Union, while one of his sons wore the double stars of a Union major-general, another achieving similar rank in the Confederate Army.

The Henry Clay branch of the great Clay family espoused the Confederate cause, while the Cassius M. Clay branch fought with the traditional courage of their race for the solidarity of the Union.

John Marshall Harlan, late Mr. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, with a pedigree running back to the Cavaliers of Jamestown, won renown on many a bloody field, fighting under "Old Pap" Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga."

In the same army were Lovell H. Rousseau, the ideal soldier and princely gentleman, and Benjamin H. Bristow, who missed the Presidency only by a scratch and through lack of organization of his forces.

I had two schoolmates, older than myself, named Dickinson, beardless boys, and brothers, one of whom enlisted with Morgan as a private and the other in the

same capacity in brave old Frank Wolford's famous First Kentucky Union Cavalry. The strange fortunes of civil war brought these brothers face to face in the great Indiana-Ohio raid—the greatest ride ever taken since horses were first broken to bit and rein—and when Morgan was captured the Confederate Dickinson surrendered to his Union brother.

In Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton, "the great Senator," a North-Carolinian by birth and a Tennesseean by training, lost his curule chair in 1851 on the slavery question, and so long as he lived his vast influence was for the Union. It was his political pupil, Frank P. Blair, a Kentuckian and a slaveholder, who more than any other man helped to hold Missouri to the Union, while his cousin, Gen. Jo Shelby, was the *beau sabreur* of the trans-Mississippi Confederates.

To the same class as Blair belonged James O. Broadhead, John B. Henderson, Edward Bates, Hamilton R. Gamble, Willard P. Hall, John D. Stevenson, Thomas C. Fletcher, Thomas T. Crittenden, Samuel T. Glover, John F. Phillips, B. Gratz Brown, John D. S. Dryden, James S. Rollins, the most brilliant orator and one of the largest slave-owners in the state, together with a large minority, if not a positive majority, of the leading Unionists of Missouri.

So far as I know only one Virginian of the first rank fought for the Union—Gen. George H. Thomas—but he was a host within himself. He was the greatest soldier on the Federal side, and that will be the verdict of posterity after the sleight-of-hand performers have done juggling the facts of history for political effect.

Indeed, it is safe to say that had none of the aristocratic families—wrongfully so called—none of the great families, none of the slaveholders, stood for the Union, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland would have seceded, and if they had gone with the South unanimously the Confederacy

would have achieved its independence; but if those states had been solidly for the Union, if the house had not been hopelessly divided against itself in all that region, the war would not have lasted half so long and William H. Seward's optimistic prophecy of a "ninety days' picnic" would have been fulfilled.

This brings me to the central idea of this chapter, the main fact of which I never think without anger and resentment, for I believe that justice should be done, even in writing history.

Let me say that, population considered, Kentucky and Missouri sent more soldiers to the Civil War than any other state and received less credit for it.

They were splendid soldiers, too. Theodore Roosevelt said that by actual measurement the Kentucky Union soldiers were the finest specimens of physical manhood in the Federal armies; and when Jefferson Davis, himself a renowned soldier, reviewed the army at Corinth, he declared Cockrell's Missouri brigade to be the most magnificent soldiers his trained military eye had ever gazed upon.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to induce extreme Southerners to admit that the Kentucky and Missouri Confederates were good Confederates, though the Kentuckians and Missourians made a four years' war possible. It is even more difficult to induce extreme Northerners, whose skins and homes and property were all safe during the war, to admit that the Unionists of Kentucky and Missouri deserve any credit, when as a matter of fact they prevented secession from succeeding.

If Lovell H. Rousseau had never recruited his Louisville Legion, if old Frank Wolford and Thomas E. Bramlett had never established Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky would have seceded and the Ohio River would have been an impassable barrier to the invading armies.

If Frank Blair had never captured Camp Jackson—

for it was Blair who conceived and carried out that great strategic movement, and not Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, of New England, as the Northern war-books say—Missouri would have joined the Confederacy under the lead of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson and Gen. Sterling Price, the peerless soldier, and with her vast resources to command, Lee's soldiers would not have been starved and frozen into a surrender.

If the government built monuments to soldiers in proportion to what they really accomplished for the Union cause, Frank Blair's would tower proudly among the loftiest. Camp Jackson is slurred over with an occasional paragraph in the history-books, but it was the turning-point in the war west of the Mississippi, and it was the work of Frank Blair, the Kentuckian, the Missourian, the slave-owner, the patrician, the leonine soldier, the patriotic statesman.

Some day a Tacitus, a Sismondi, or a Macaulay will write a truthful history of our Civil War—one of the bloodiest chapters in the book of time—and when it is written, the Kentucky and Missouri heroes, both Union and Confederate, will be enrobed in immortal glory.

It is said that figures do not lie. To the Union armies Missouri contributed 109,111 soldiers; Kentucky, 75,760; Maryland, 46,638; Tennessee, 31,092, and West Virginia, 32,068—making a grand total of 294,669.

Now, take an example. Suppose that as the sun was setting on the gory field of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston was killed, all the Kentuckians, Missourians, and Tennesseeans had been suddenly subtracted from the Union Army and transferred to the Confederate side. Can any sane man doubt what would have happened? As certain as Fate, Ulysses Simpson Grant and the remnants of his army would have been captured or driven into the Tennessee, and Beauregard would have fattened his famished soldiers on the fertile prairies of Illinois and

Indiana. All the Buells and Nelsons in Christendom could not have saved the silent soldier had it not been for the Kentuckians, Missourians, and Tennesseeans fighting for their country there; and with all Grant's bulldog tenacity, the history of Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, and Appomattox never would have been written, for the all-sufficient reason that there would not have been any to write.

Take another example. Suppose that George H. Thomas had gone with his state, as all his brothers in arms from Virginia did, and that when Pickett made his spectacular charge at Gettysburg, Thomas had in the nick of time reinforced him with the 294,669 veteran Kentuckians, Missourians, Marylanders, West Virginians, and Tennesseeans then fighting in the Union armies, can any human being fail to understand what would have been the result? Meade's grand army would have been ground to powder, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Washington, New York, would have been taken, the nations of Europe would have run races with one another to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, and more aid than he needed would have been freely tendered Jefferson Davis to enable him to realize the aspirations of the South for a separate government.

In taking a retrospect of the conduct of the border states during the war and of how the slaveholders therein fought valiantly for their own undoing, I am forced to the conclusion that when Abraham Lincoln said in his first inaugural address: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so," he did more for the preservation of the Union than was done by all the speeches, great and small, delivered since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel; for that one declaration held

hundreds of thousands in the border states faithful to the Union who otherwise and naturally would have gone with the South. The Kentuckians and Missourians belong to that class who, having put their hands to the plow, do not look back, and they fought on after the Emancipation Proclamation as bravely and doggedly as before.

It may be that the fact that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were both Kentuckians, born within a few miles of each other, added fuel to the flames throughout Kentucky and Missouri and wherever the Kentuckians had settled in large numbers. The accident of their birth in the same vicinity contributed to the awful tragedy the element of feud, inherent in the Kentucky character.

At any rate, Lincoln understood the Kentuckians and Missourians better than any other Republican President, and to the day of his death they had a warm place in his sympathetic heart.

More than this, the border-state men fought, whatever their rank.

The only instance on record during the entire war of one field officer killing another in battle was at Mill Springs, when Gen. Speed Smith Fry, of Kentucky, a Union soldier, shot and killed General Zollicoffer, commanding a brigade of Tennessee Confederates. The only parallel to this sanguinary performance in all military annals was the killing of Tecumseh, at the battle of the river Thames, by Col. Richard M. Johnson, another Kentuckian, popularly called "Old Dick."

Ed Porter Thompson, of Kentucky, a Confederate captain, hobbled into the battle of Murfreesboro on his crutches, and for two days fought side by side with those possessing the soundest and most stalwart legs, thereby rivaling the far-resounding feats of Charles Twelfth of Sweden at Pultowa, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler at Santiago, who was carried into battle on a stretcher.

One of my own constituents, Capt. P. Wells, is the only soldier, living or dead, so far as history tells, that ever had a wooden leg shot off in battle, for the reason, perhaps, that he is the only soldier that ever went into battle with a wooden leg. He survived his wound to become a wealthy and enthusiastic Populist.

In Missouri and Kentucky the war was waged with unspeakable bitterness, sometimes with inhuman cruelty. It was fought by men in single combat, in squads, in companies, in regiments, in great armies, in the open, in fortified towns, and in ambush, under the Stars and Stripes, under the Stars and Bars, and under the black flag. The arch-fiend himself seems to have been on the field in person, inspiring, directing, commanding. Up in northern Missouri, Gen. John McNeil took twelve innocent men out and shot them in cold blood, because it was supposed that some bushwhacker had killed a Union man. That is known in local history as "the Palmyra massacre," and has "damned" John McNeil "to everlasting fame." It turned out afterward that the Union man was still alive, and so the twelve men had died in vain, even according to the hard rule of *lex talionis*.

At Centralia one day a Wabash train containing more than thirty Union soldiers was captured by Bill Anderson, a guerrilla chief, who had sustained some grievous personal injury at the hands of the Unionists, and whose blood some subtle mental alchemy had converted into gall. He deliberately took them out and shot them, every one, as though they had been so many wolves.

Having completed that gory job, he marched out to a skirt of timber, about a mile from town, and camped at the foot of a long, gentle prairie slope. Shortly after a certain Colonel Johnson, with a body of Union cavalry, followed him and took position on the ridge of the prairie. The sight of them made Anderson wild with delight and whetted his appetite for blood; so he mounted his eighty

men, the most superb horsemen in the world, who with bridle reins between their teeth and a navy revolver in each hand, rode up on Johnson's 160 men, who were foolishly dismounted, and, firing to right and left, killed 143 of them, and would have killed the other 17 if they could have been caught. Only one man was taken alive, and he badly wounded, the legend in the neighborhood being that he saved himself by giving the Masonic sign of distress.

Such are samples of the Civil War in Missouri and Kentucky.

The survivors of those cruel days, Union and Confederate, are now living side by side, cultivating assiduously the arts of peace in the commonwealths of Missouri and Kentucky, the most delectable places for human habitation beneath the stars.

One thing that contributed largely to the general confusion and bitterness was the great variety of opinion. There were Union men without any qualifying addendum, Conditional Union men, Secessionists, and States' Rights men. Those who most effectually tied the hands of the Secessionists and who unwittingly but most largely played into the hands of the Unionists were the advocates of "armed neutrality," certainly the most preposterous theory ever hatched in the brain of man. Who was its father cannot now be definitely ascertained, as nobody is anxious to claim the dubious honor of its paternity. What it really meant may be shown by an incident that happened in the great historic county of Pike, where I now reside—a county which furnished one brigadier-general and five colonels to the Union army and three colonels to the Confederate, with a full complement of officers and men.

Early in 1861 a great "neutrality meeting" was held at Bowling Green, the county-seat. Hon. William L. Gatewood, a prominent lawyer, a Virginian by birth, an

ardent Southern sympathizer, subsequently a state senator, was elected chairman. The Pike County orators were out in full force, but chief among them was Hon. George W. Anderson, also a prominent lawyer, an East Tennesseean by nativity, afterward a colonel in the Union Army, state senator, and for four years a Member of Congress. Eloquence was on tap and flowed freely. Men of all shades of opinion fraternized; they passed strong and ringing resolutions in favor of "armed neutrality," and "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Chairman Gatewood was somewhat mystified and not altogether satisfied by the harmonious proceedings; so, after adjournment *sine die*, he took Anderson out under a convenient tree and in his shrill tenor nervously inquired, "George, what does 'armed neutrality' mean, anyhow?" Anderson, in his deep bass, growled, "It means guns for the Union men and none for the rebels!" —the truth and wisdom of which remark are now perfectly apparent. So it was, verily. Anderson had hit the bull's-eye, and no mistake. If he had orated for an entire month he could not have stated the case more luminously or more comprehensively. He had exhausted the subject. Before the moon had waxed and waned again the leaders of that "neutrality" love-feast were hurrying to and fro, beating up for volunteers in every nook and corner of the county, some for service in the Union, others for service in the Confederate Army.

But it is proverbial that "hindsight is better than foresight." Men must be judged by their own knowledge at the time they acted, not by ours; by the circumstances with which they were surrounded, and not by those which environ us. What may appear unfathomable problems to the wise men of one generation may be clear as crystal to even the dullest of the succeeding generation. However ridiculous "armed neutrality," judged by the hard logic of events, may appear in the retrospect, how-

ever untenable we now know it to have been, the fact remains, nevertheless, that it was honestly believed in and enthusiastically advocated by thousands of capable, brave, and honest men all over Kentucky and Missouri, many of whom afterward won laurels on the battle-field and laid down their lives in one army or the other in defense of what they deemed the right.

CHAPTER V

Kansas—Grasshoppers—I locate in Missouri—Teach school—Edit a paper—Practise law—Prosecuting attorney—Lawsuits—Officeholding—Transylvania—Shooting-scrape—Attend theater to hear "Faust"—Teach singing in public school—Raise Sunday-school class—Pleasant recollections of letting off young first offenders with fines or jail sentences—Unwittingly carry a challenge—Preside at religious debate—Two humble and noble servants of God.

IN the autumn of 1867 I went to Lexington, Kentucky, and entered what was then called "Kentucky University." It was the first great institution of learning west of the Alleghanies. In the earlier days it was denominated Transylvania University, a beautiful name which has been restored to it in these later times. I lived in a ramshackle old building on the campus known as "The Barracks," because the soldiers built it during the war. It was made of wide planks, set up on end and stripped with narrower planks. It was rented to poor students at five dollars per head per annum, four students to the room. The apartments were neither spacious nor handsome, but they sufficed for our simple wants. A capacious brick dormitory now occupies the site of "The Barracks." Students therein are better housed than we were, but they do not learn any more than we did.

At that time Robert Graham, one of nature's noblemen, was president of the university. Dr. John H. Neville, the third handsomest man I ever saw, was professor of Greek. He divided the whole world into Greeks and barbarians, those who could not read Greek being the barbarians. A student who was dull in Greek was

to him *persona non grata*, but he was all kindness and enthusiasm for those who were bright in Greek. They had semiannual examinations, and at the first one in Greek William H. Graham, son of President Robert Graham; Dr. William Benjamin Smith, now professor emeritus of astronomy at Tulane University, and on the Carnegie Foundation, one of the profoundest living scholars; Rev. Worth Yancy, now deceased, and myself were graded a hundred on a scale of 100. That was one of the happiest days of my life—happier than when I was elected to my first office, happier than when I was first elected to Congress or elected Speaker, happier than on any other days of my life except the day I was married and the days on which my children were born. Achieving that grade in Greek was my first victory among strangers and it filled me with courage and hope. Yancy was my friend as long as he lived. His son, Hogan Yancy, a successful lawyer of Lexington, Kentucky, is my friend now.

Young Yancy was among the first Kentuckians who declared openly for me for President, and he rendered me yeoman service because of the warm friendship between his father and myself.

Prof. William H. Graham, late of California, now deceased, was one of my most enthusiastic supporters in the Golden State. Not long since his children came to see me in the Speaker's room at the Capitol. Nobody has received a warmer welcome than the children of my old classmate, the grandchildren of my well-beloved friend and mentor, President Robert Graham, whose influence has rested upon me like a benediction all my life. Dr. William B. Smith, the distinguished author and astronomer, and I are still close friends and write each other occasionally.

My grade in Greek also made a lifelong friend of handsome, haughty Professor Neville. When I returned to

the university in the fall of 1868, he walked half-way across the campus to welcome me back. It is pleasant to recall these occurrences after the lapse of so many years.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise.

I attended Transylvania University three years and two months, teaching school during the summer vacations to make what money I could. My father, from his small earnings, gave me all he could spare, and my sister Elizabeth (wife of Rev. J. J. Haley, of Lodi, California) let me have such sums as she could from her salary as a teacher. The truth is that she and I helped each other along as much as possible. We stood up for each other loyally; but all three of us together could scrape up only about two dollars per week for my necessities at the university. It is superfluous to state that I did not live in luxury, but I stood at the head of my class.

After attending the university for three years and two months I was, in October, 1870, expelled for shooting at a fellow-student named Webb, from Ohio. I would not mention it save for the fact that it was greatly magnified in the presidential campaign of 1912, very much to my detriment. We fell out in an argument over the supper-hour in our barracks mess. Webb and I were both of unusual strength. He was my senior by some three or four years, and had been a sailor on the Great Lakes, while I had lived and labored on a farm—the best school for physical training in the world. One night he came into our room and began a conversation about the hour for supper. He wanted it at six because he clerked in a shoe-store in the afternoon, while the rest wanted it at half past five. The conversation, warm from the first,

developed into a quarrel. He called me a liar, whereupon I cracked him over the head with a small piece of plank and we clinched. Nothing more serious would have grown out of it, most probably, than blackened eyes and bloody noses had not one of my room-mates, a young giant named Thomson, grabbed me backholts and pinned both my arms to my body. Webb squared off and hit me a hard jolt between the eyes and another on my mouth. I kept telling Thomson either to let me loose or to knock Webb down. He was so excited that he did neither. Wild with rage, I finally threw him off, Webb still pounding me. Under the head of the bed I had an old revolver, whose cylinder would not revolve except by hand manipulation, for which I had swapped a German grammar and a French grammar. I got that and fired at Webb. Thomson knocked my pistol hand up and the bullet went about an inch above Webb's head and lodged in the door-casing. That ended the fight. The strange part of the story is, not that two hot-blooded, high-strung young men should get into a personal encounter, when and where personal encounters were frequent, but that the gigantic Thomson, who was my friend and who disliked Webb, should in his excitement hold me while Webb was free to pound me. That was unwise, but in knocking my pistol hand up he acted with great wisdom. He thought, as I struck the first blow, by holding me he would end the fight. When two men are fighting it is always dangerous to hold one and not both. I knew a man to be stabbed to death while a friend was holding him.

I went immediately to see the president of the university (President White, who had succeeded Graham), and stated the case to him precisely as it was, hoping that my high standing as a student would save me from any severer penalty than a public reprimand or a short suspension. He said, however, that there had been so much fighting, carousing, and violation of the rules among

the students that the patience of the faculty was exhausted, and that an example would have to be made of me in order to scare the rest. The result was that I was expelled. I went home and taught school for two years, when the faculty gave me a written invitation to return. I declined to do so, and went to Bethany College, West Virginia, instead.

I declined to return to Transylvania, largely for the reason that the Board of Curators had precipitated a theological quarrel, which had reduced the number of students from nearly eight hundred to fifty.

My expulsion influenced the lives not only of myself, but of at least three others. Class honors at Transylvania University were decided strictly by grades. Everybody knew that the first honors of the class to graduate in 1871 lay between John O. Hopkins (subsequently professor of Greek in Butler University) and myself.

When Transylvania opened in September, 1870, which was about two months prior to the shooting-affray, Hopkins came to me for the purpose of figuring out our average grades, stating frankly that, as he was going to be a college professor and having a professorship promised him, he was very anxious for the class honors, as it would promote his career, and that if my average grade excelled his he would drop back into the next class, where he could easily win. We figured out the averages and mine was about one per cent. above his. So he dropped back into the Class of 1872, taking only about half the Senior year's studies, devoting much of his time to general reading. That left me without serious opposition for the class honors. But I was expelled, and Hopkins dropped out. The first honors, therefore, went to James Lane Allen, the novelist, and the second honors to Henry W. White, son of President White, whereas neither Allen nor White would have received class honors had Hopkins and I continued in the Class of 1871.

My expulsion really sent me to Bethany College, where I graduated with the highest honors in 1873, which fact more than all else made me president of Marshall College, West Virginia, at twenty-three—the youngest college president in America.

What of my friend Webb? One night, some twenty-five or thirty years after the above-described fight, I lectured in a small city in northern Ohio. Next morning a bright young man named Webb came to see me and said that his father, who had been a student at Kentucky University in 1870, when he learned that I was to lecture there, told him to call upon me and find out if I were the James B. Clark who attended that university that year. I answered in the affirmative and then discovered that his father was *my* Webb. I asked him where his father was. He said he was teaching school about twenty miles out in the country and would have called in person except for the distance. I inquired kindly after his father and sent him my greetings.

A year or two after that my fellow-student, Webb, wrote me about his brother's disputed homestead claim in Oklahoma, asking me to help straighten it out, and I complied to the best of my ability.

While a student at Transylvania University at Lexington I attended a theater for the first time. Edwin Forrest, then in his old age and making his last tour of the country, was playing "Richelieu." I have witnessed many theatrical performances since then, but none—no, not one—that so thrilled me as did that. I ran the risk of being expelled in order to see and hear the great tragedian, for I guessed correctly that he was making his farewell tour, and the penalty inflicted by that somewhat strait-laced institution of learning upon pupils for attending theatricals was expulsion; but when I arrived at the theater, scanned the audience, and found two-thirds of the professors and hundreds of my fellow-

students present, I did not bother my head about the aftermath.

I had the good luck to sit immediately behind Gen. John C. Breckenridge, and to listen to his comments on the actor and the play.

From Lexington, Forrest journeyed to Louisville. Next day *The Courier-Journal* contained a scathing editorial entitled, "Is Edwin Forrest a Great Actor or an Unmitigated Old Bellower?" which seemed to me then, and seems to me now, a gross and cruel outrage upon one of the ablest actors that ever trod the boards in America.

It is surprising to me that so little attention is paid to vocal music in our common schools. To be able to sing is a fine accomplishment as well as the source of much pleasure. I am not talking about singing after the manner of Jenny Lind, or Patti, or Caruso, but singing in a fairly competent way religious songs, patriotic songs, and love songs. Lord Byron said that Tom Moore singing his own melodies was the perfection of poetry.

It is an easy matter to teach children to sing tolerably well, and it does not subtract much time from their studies. I know that by experience. When I took charge of the public school at Camden, a small village in a remote part of Anderson County, in December, 1870, I was informed that the teacher of the public school in that community was expected to be also the superintendent of the Sunday-school, which astounded me. I had never attended Sunday-school a day in my life. In fact, I had no chance, as there were no Sunday-schools in the neighborhood; but at it I went. I found that they had no literature; no Sunday-school song-books; nothing to interest children. The sober-sided grown-ups ran the whole thing in a way not pleasing to children, but after the manner of a convocation of ruling elders; I soon determined that if I had to be superintendent of a Sunday-school I would have a sure-enough, live, up-to-date

Sunday-school to superintend. So one Sunday morning I made a short speech to that effect, stating, among other things, that in order to have a Sunday-school worth while money was necessary to buy supplies, and that, unless the people who desired the Sunday-school to continue "came down with the dust," I would resign. I then took a slip of paper out of my pocket and read out the amount that each man and woman should contribute. I think it surprised them, but not a soul objected to my arbitrary assessment, and in ten minutes I had the necessary funds. It goes without saying that that was a high-handed proceeding—in the nature of a forced loan; but it worked.

I understood music somewhat and was a fair bass singer at that time, before much open-air speaking to large crowds had strained my vocal cords to such an extent as to ruin my voice for singing purposes. I took the Sunday-school books to the public school and for twenty or thirty minutes every day taught the songs to the children, who entered into the practice heartily and joyously. Soon they became tiptop singers. Then I had them sing in Sunday-school, which gave pleasure to the adults. The Sunday-school began to grow; so did the audiences, to hear the children sing, until my Sunday-school became the pride of the neighborhood and the talk of the countryside.

Once in a while I gave a short talk to my Sunday-school about various matters, including the duties of citizenship. One Sunday, when we reached the house of Uncle Billie Stephens, with whom I was boarding, he said: "You know so well how to tell other folks what they should do, I will return the compliment and tell you what you should do—you ought to preach! If you will agree to be a preacher in the Christian Church I will pay for your education in any college or university in America or Europe."

He, first and last, repeated that offer half a dozen times. Finally, he increased it by saying that in addition to footing my bills at any college or university in America or Europe he would will me half his property, amounting to twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. As he had no children, it would have been no sin on my part to accept his generous offer, but my judgment was against so doing. It was a great temptation to a youth without a dollar, but I had no inclination or desire to be a preacher, having made up my mind to be a lawyer and, when opportunity served, to enter politics. I was afraid that if I accepted his proposition I might grow weary of ministerial work and abandon it, as General Garfield, Edward Everett, "Parson" Brownlow, Bishop Gen. Leonidas Polk, Senator James Harlan, and some smaller preachers had done. So I concluded to worry along and earn money enough by my own labor to finish my college course—which I did.

I had another experience with Sunday-schools to which I look back with pleasure. One Sunday I observed that very few young men attended the Bowling Green Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples. Consequently, during the ensuing week I put in what time I could spare from my law business toward recruiting a class of young men who were attending no Sunday-school. The next Sunday I appeared at the head of a class of twenty-six full-grown young men and taught them regularly until I became too busy running for Congress. Some members of my class are very active and influential in Sunday-school and church work even to this day.

Once in June my father sent me five dollars with which to come home. I spent the money for half-dollar paper-covered editions of the poets, took my old oil-cloth satchel on my back, and walked home, fifty miles, in two days, resting occasionally under the shade of the trees to read Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," the finest long poem in our vernacular. I finally committed most of it to memory,

very much to my advantage, and can repeat much of it to this day. I was a lusty young fellow and the long tramp did me no harm except to make my leg muscles sore for a day or two. I set this incident down here not because it is important, but because so many different versions of it have been set afloat by various friends in the newspapers.

At Camden, in Anderson County, I had many friends, three of whom rendered me most timely financial assistance when I needed it most. They were Uncle Billie Stephens, a well-to-do farmer; Dr. Thomas H. Hudson, now a prominent physician at Kansas City; and Dr. E. E. Hume, who recently died, after being for years the leading physician at Frankfort, Kentucky. Hume and I boarded and roomed together at the hospitable home of Uncle Billie, who was a remarkable personage. I never knew a man of higher character or of more common sense than Uncle Billie, but for some strange reason he had never learned to read or write, though he was an elder in the Christian Church, a good business man, and an influential citizen. He was eager for information and made me and others read to him by the hour. When anybody was reading to him, nothing short of an earthquake would distract his attention from the reading; consequently, when an article was finished, he practically knew it by heart. He knew thousands of Bible quotations, and in his arguments on religious subjects, of which he was exceedingly fond, he would give verse and book with astonishing accuracy. Many and many an hour did I spend reading to him *Lard's Quarterly*, *McGarvey's Commentaries*, and books of that character. He had a fatherly love for me, which I returned with filial affection.

Uncle Billie's wonderful power of mental concentration has always reminded me of the fine story told of Archimedes, the famous mathematician.

Dr. Tom Hudson, always delicate in health, has devoted

his life largely to helping others. He and I became acquainted while attending a Christmas holiday singing-school, taught by my father in 1866–67, and have been bosom friends ever since, though we haven't seen each other a dozen times in thirty-five years. He and I roomed together at Kentucky University till his health gave out and he was compelled to go home. He helped me out of a hole repeatedly by lending me small sums at the psychological moment. He is a great singer, and his voice has retained its sweetness to an extraordinary degree. Recently he and his son were our guests in Washington for a week, and we enjoyed their visit intensely.

Dr. Enoch Edgar Hume also aided me financially at various times when I was hard up. He was a large, robust, handsome man, who turned no one sick or afflicted away. He attended all, white or black, rich or poor, pay or no pay. He rode for miles around, in all sorts of weather, to attend his patients. He was the first physician to treat Gov. William Goebel when he was assassinated. By rooming with him for two years I learned the hardships, inconveniences, and sacrifices of a country doctor's life. From that day to this I have had a high opinion of and deep sympathy with country doctors. This began with the love and admiration I had for Doctor Hume. He was a splendid physician, and no nobler man ever breathed. God bless him in his grave! His only son, Edgar, is now a surgeon in the army, making a splendid record and with a magnificent prospect.

There was an old preacher in the Christian Church, Elder Levan Merritt, a most pious man, an old bachelor, who sometimes loaned my father small sums to help me through college, which I paid back with interest to his estate after he was dead.

My classmate, Rev. Worth Yancy, who picked up

several coins of the realm by preaching Sundays in country churches near Lexington, also loaned me small sums of money.

There was one man at Mackville from whom I could borrow money in small sums when absolutely necessary. That was Doctor McGhee, one of my old teachers, who was a splendid but excessively modest Christian gentleman. I remember that while at Transylvania University, a fellow-student had a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for sale at ten dollars. I hankered after that dictionary. I wrote Doctor McGhee for the ten, telling him what I wanted it for, and he sent it, very much to my delight. I did not pay it back for a year, but I have that book yet. It is dog-eared and greasy, but I keep it in memory of my good friend, though I have two or three of later date. The man from whom I bought that dictionary was an emotional young Irishman named Ed Kinnefick, who finally went crazy because he could not convert the world fast enough. Of him more anon.

So far as I can remember, the persons named are all that ever lent me or my father money to help me through college. I will cherish their names fondly forever.

Kinnefick lived at Centralia, Missouri, near the scene of the astounding victory of Bill Anderson, the guerrilla chieftain. Kinnefick was a boy of some fifteen or sixteen, working as a hostler in a livery-stable. Anderson's men that day were wearing blue uniforms and were pretty full of whisky. They were chasing down Union men, shooting some and maltreating others. Kinnefick, judging from the color of their clothes, erroneously concluded that they were Federals, so when a group of them rode up to the livery-stable and catechized him as to his politics, he said, "I am a poor Union boy!" It's a wonder they did not shoot him, but they happened to be in a good humor. They took buggy-whips, and Kinnefick declared they must have hit him a thousand lashes.

The way I happened to be elected president of Marshall College when I was only twenty-three was this: I was at Bethany College only one collegiate year, but I spent the summer there prior to the opening of the term. Several students were there and told me who were certain of the first and second honors the next year. They remarked, further, that I would be lucky to graduate at all in one year. I thought so, too, and, knowing that college standing depends somewhat on teachers and pupils understanding the mental habits and idiosyncrasies of one another, I never dreamed of taking the honors; but I buckled down to my studies, nevertheless. The first month of that college session was one of the lonesomest and bluest of my life. Nobody knew me and I knew nobody. The other students were jolly among themselves as "Old King Cole." They had a royal time, while I devoted my days and nights to my books. At Bethany they gave out grades at the end of each month. At the end of the first month I was ahead of all my classmates in everything. The effect was electrical. It acted like a bombshell, showing me that I had a chance for first honors and astounding my competitors by the same fact—there being no law or rule against it. The students, the professors, and even the villagers divided into Clark and anti-Clark factions, as in politics. The war raged with utmost fury till in June, 1873, when the faculty gave me the highest honors, dividing the second honors between the two men who, I had been told upon entrance, were destined to receive the first and second honors. One of them appealed from the decision of the faculty to the Board of Regents, who sustained the faculty and wisely changed the law making two years' attendance a condition precedent to competing for honors.

The row got into the newspapers and attracted much attention. One day Col. Alexander Campbell, president of the Board of Regents, son of the great philosopher and

theologian, Alexander Campbell, Sr., asked me what I was going to do. I told him I wanted to teach a year and then study law. He replied: "There is going to be a vacancy in the presidency of the West Liberty Normal School at twelve hundred per annum. I am one of the regents. Give me your application and perhaps I can get it for you."

I wrote out an application, stating my name and age, including these words, "I am a native of Kentucky, over six feet in height, weigh one hundred and seventy-four pounds, have just graduated at Bethany College with highest honors, am a Democrat in politics, a Campbellite in religion, and a Master Mason." Of course I had no idea of obtaining the place, otherwise I would not have written such an application; but to my amazement and delight I was elected president of Marshall College at thirteen hundred a year instead of West Liberty Normal School at twelve hundred. Colonel Campbell did it.

Subsequently, when in Congress, I endeavored to repay his kindness by urging President Cleveland to appoint him consul-general to Melbourne, but the President appointed another.

After finishing my year as president of Marshall College and declining re-election, I entered the Cincinnati Law-school in the fall of 1874, graduating April 22, 1875, at the head of my class.

I read law in Cincinnati with Bradstreet and Biddle. My law professors were George Hoadly, afterward Governor; General Force, Alexander Morrell, and Clement C. Bates. The law lectures were at night. It was at the time when they had the double-headed Legislature in Louisiana and political prejudice was at its worst. After the lectures were over we would resolve the class into a political debating society, and the debate was fast and furious. The Republicans outnumbered the Democrats

two to one, but, nevertheless, we held up our end of the argument. I did my full share of debating.

Political excitement ran high in the city. One night there was a vast mass-meeting in the Grand Opera House to denounce proceedings at New Orleans. After several minor orators had spoken, George H. Pendleton, popularly called "Gentleman George," once candidate for President and later a United States senator, then in the prime of his manly beauty and splendid powers, was introduced. He received a tremendous ovation. I shall never forget the first sentence in his speech—"The sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man is the applause of the people"—one of the finest epigrams ever uttered.

Among the Democrats in that class were Thomas J. Hudson, of Fredonia, Kansas, with whom I served in the Fifty-third Congress, and James Bryan, who afterward became Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky. Hudson was considerably older than I was. He had been a member of the Legislature and prosecuting attorney of his county. He proposed to me that if I would go to Kansas with him he would give me a third of his practice the first two years, and half after that, saying it was worth two thousand five hundred dollars a year and could easily be made worth a good deal more. That was an unusually good offer for a young man just admitted to the bar, so I started to Fredonia, Kansas, where Hudson then lived and still lives.

When I reached Emporia, Kansas, I stopped off to see an old Kentucky University classmate named John W. Lynn, who was in full practice there and who was ten or twelve years my senior. He persuaded me that Fredonia was not a very good location, but that Wichita was the coming town. He said it was the center of the Texas cattle trade; Spanish milled dollars rolling around loose and Mexican greasers running amuck; a great many

cutting and shooting scrapes; and that if I would go down there I would get rich.

Wichita is a splendid city now, one of the best built towns of its size in America, but it was as dead as a door-nail then. The Texas cattle trade had moved up to Great Bend; the Mexican greasers had disappeared over the horizon; Spanish milled dollars were conspicuous by their absence, and business in Wichita was at the lowest ebb. In addition to that, everybody was scared half to death about the grasshoppers which had eaten the state up the year before. Wichita is built where the two Arkansas rivers come together. On the banks were an abundance of cottonwood-trees, the bloom from which gathered in great quantities high up in the air, and everybody mistook the bloom for grasshoppers. I made up my mind that there was no sense in staying there, as there was no law business to amount to anything, and if the grasshoppers came every year the country would be no good. So I concluded to get away, but I did not have money enough to do so, and perhaps would be there yet if it had not been that a man sent me twenty-five dollars for writing him a graduating speech at an Eastern college. I thought that was good luck then, but I have no sort of doubt if he had not sent me that check I would have been compelled to remain in Wichita, and if I had remained there that I would have been comparatively wealthy by this time, as Wichita is built in one of the richest agricultural sections and has developed into a great business and trade center.

I knew Victor Murdock there when he was wearing kilts, which may account for some things that have happened in Congress. His father, Col. Marsh Murdock, who was state senator, was then running a small weekly paper called *The Wichita Eagle*, which has grown with the town and the country round about until it has become a great and influential daily. He treated me kindly, and

when Vic came to Congress I gave him all the information that I knew of as to how to get on, but Victor did not need much advice and got on famously.

As a matter of fact, the grasshoppers traveled only as far south as Topeka that year, and so far as I know there has never been one in the state since. That was the year the grasshoppers got into northwest Missouri. Governor Hardin set aside a day of humiliation and prayer to rid the state of the grasshopper plague. That night there came one of the heaviest rains ever known in Missouri, and washed the grasshoppers into the Mississippi River. There haven't been any in the state since. Pious Missourians who believe in special providences contend to this day that Governor Hardin saved them from the grasshoppers.

There was an amusing sequel to that grasshopper visitation many years thereafter. Going home from New York in the summer of 1893, just after making my Tammany Hall Fourth-of-July speech, the weather in Indiana and Ohio was exceedingly hot. I went into the smoking-room of the sleeper to see if there was any one I knew. It had only one occupant—a good-looking, clean-shaved, well-dressed man, wearing, among other things, a white lawn tie. I thought he was a preacher, but I had a pocketful of cigars and offered him one, which he accepted. I inquired where he lived. He replied, "Hutchinson, Kansas." I asked him about the salt-wells and several other things in the Sunflower State.

He said, "You seem to be well acquainted in Kansas."

I said: "I lived in Wichita nine weeks in the spring and summer of 1875. The grasshoppers drove me out of the state and I do not believe that there has been one in the state since."

He looked at the floor a moment, and then, with an amazing burst of profanity, which convinced me instanter that he was not a preacher, he bellowed, "No! we haven't

had any grasshoppers since, but we have something a d—d sight worse!"

"In Heaven's name," I exclaimed, "what is it?"

To my unspeakable surprise and amusement he said, "It's Jerry Simpson!"

Then for ten minutes he roasted Jerry—a performance much safer in Jerry's absence than in his presence. Once when Jerry and I had a tilt in the House and he became too frisky, I told that tale on him, greatly to the merriment of the members.

Some of the friendships which I formed in Kansas in that early day are very dear to me, and some of those old friends used my residence of a few weeks in Kansas as a potent argument in having the Kansas delegation instructed for me at the Baltimore convention, where, I firmly believe, James W. Orr betrayed both Kansas and myself. He is now holding a fat position at Washington, but in 1916 he was beaten out of his boots for National Committeeman by the outraged Kansas Democrats.

While in Kansas I slept on a sofa in the office of Lawyer Ruggles and Doctor Fabrique. A big-hearted German, now dead, named Fritz Schnitzler, credited me for meals. I feel under obligations to those people yet. There is also out there now Kosciuszko Kossuth Harris, but he cut it down to Kos. He is a stanch Democrat, as well as his father, Judge Harris, was before him. He went with me to the depot the night that I left Wichita, begged me to stay there, saying that he and I were the only Democratic lawyers in town, that it was bound to be a great city, that the Republican lawyers were always fooling away their time with politics, and that there were so few Democrats around that he and I would have no temptation to play with politics, but could devote ourselves exclusively to the law and get rich. Kos is a great philosopher. His theory was entirely correct.

While in Wichita, and being dead broke, a man offered

me a dollar and a half to hoe out his garden, which I did. I blistered my hands, but I spent that dollar and a half like a thoroughbred. I got shaved, took a young lady to the theater, then to an ice-cream parlor, and retired to my sofa-bed with as little money as when I started in to hoe the garden in the morning. About the 1st or 2d of July a prominent farmer living down on the Cowskin River, about twenty miles southwest of Wichita, came into town and wanted somebody to go down and make a Fourth-of-July speech. He asked all the lawyers, including Ruggles, but none of them would go. Ruggles suggested that I might be induced to accept. The man said that if I would go he would give me five dollars to pay my expenses. So, bright and early on the morning of the Fourth of July I mounted an Indian pony, rode down to the Cowskin, made a speech in a fine grove, ate a most excellent dinner of fried chicken with the usual accompaniments, and then rode back toward Wichita. Dark came on and I was lost. After wandering around awhile I saw a sky-rocket go up. I knew that was Wichita, and rode straight to the sky-rockets. When I arrived I found the twenty-five-dollar draft before referred to.

In a day or two I paid Schnitzler my board bill, and pulled out for Missouri. As I was starting, Col. William Mathewson paid me ten dollars as a fee in a suit which I had instituted for him, and which suit, with his consent, I turned over to Ruggles. That was the first money I ever received as a lawyer. I did not know more than half a dozen people in Missouri and I did not know where they were.

There was an old man at Wichita who had lived close to Moberly, Missouri, and he was always telling me what a fine place that was, so I headed for Moberly, the "Magic City." I arrived there with fifty cents in my pocket. I inquired for a school to teach, but most of

the places had been taken. I heard of a vacancy at a little place called Renick. I went down there, applied for the school, showed them my diplomas, certificates, and so forth, explained to them that I would not have the school if I was not hard up, and induced them to raise the salary from fifty dollars a month to fifty-five, notwithstanding that I had received a salary of thirteen hundred dollars per annum as president of Marshall College, West Virginia. They very generously put in a clause that if I could get a better school they would let me off.

The next day I went to the superintendent of the schools of Randolph County, a lawyer named Rutherford, who now lives in Stockton, California, to get a certificate. I explained the circumstances to him, showed him my diplomas and certificates of having been president of Marshall College in order to avoid the work of an examination. It happened that he was born and reared in Pike County, Missouri, so when he examined my credentials he advised me not to accept the Renick school at fifty-five dollars a month, as Judge Orr was up the day before from Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri, and had told him that Professor Osborn had resigned an eighteen-hundred-dollar position in the public school at Louisiana to be president of the Warrensburg Normal School. He said if I would go down there and apply for the place I would probably get it.

I studied the matter over, but did not have money enough to pay my car fare. I asked the old lady with whom I was boarding what lawyer's office was closest to her house. She said there was a young man by the name of Sam Priest, city attorney, whose office was a few blocks away. I walked into his office, told him who I was and what I desired to do, and that I wanted to borrow ten dollars on my face. He said that he didn't have very much money, but that he would let me have it, which he

did. He is one of the best lawyers in St. Louis or anywhere else now, with a princely income. He is the first man—but by no means the last man—that I ever borrowed a dollar from west of the Mississippi. I went to Louisiana, applied for the superintendency of the city school, and there was a dead tie for three days between me and Prof. J. M. White, who had been second under Professor Osborn. At last they compromised the matter by giving him the superintendency and me the place which he had held, cutting three hundred dollars off his salary and giving it to me, which raised mine to one hundred dollars a month. I taught school a year and then started to practise law.

Pike County is one of the largest, richest, and most beautiful counties in the world, and if I had searched the country over to find a county which had a surplus of good lawyers—some of them great lawyers—and where it would have been most difficult for a young lawyer to get a start, I could not possibly have struck one that exceeded Pike County. It had a population of about twenty-eight thousand people, and at that time there were sixty-seven licensed lawyers in the county—about forty of them trying to make a living practising law. Among them were one ex-judge of the Supreme Court, two ex-Congressmen, two ex-circuit judges, a man who was afterward circuit judge, another who was afterward judge of the Court of Appeals, another who was afterward state senator, another who became both state senator and lieutenant-governor, and one who was United States district attorney and is now a Federal judge. In addition to these were several splendid lawyers who never held any political office. It was very hard sledding for me, so much so that I got out of money entirely and bought a newspaper on credit, ran it for one year, made twenty-two hundred dollars, and then sold it to the man I bought it from for seven hundred dollars more than I gave for it.

I regard the experiences of that year as among the most valuable in my life. I was elected city attorney and re-elected. I grew weary of that office and resigned it. I lived in Louisiana, which is the largest town in the county and situated on the Mississippi, five years. Then in 1880 I moved to the county-seat, Bowling Green, where I live now.

I am not certain that I ever would have got a start practising law in Pike County if it had not been for an accident. One man killed another and the two opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney volunteered to defend him, which, of course, disqualified the one who was elected from prosecuting in the Circuit Court, and the circuit judge appointed me to prosecute. I had nothing else to do, so I studied that case as thoroughly as I ever studied any case in my life, and did what a lawyer very rarely can do—that is, wrote my closing speech and committed it to memory. The accused had been out on three hundred dollars' bail. To the surprise of everybody, I secured a verdict to hang him. The Supreme Court set aside the verdict because the Circuit Court permitted the jury to separate. Then the lawyers for the defense proposed that he should plead guilty to murder in the second degree and take a twenty-five years' sentence, and the presiding judge persuaded me to agree to it. He went to the penitentiary and died there.

That case laid the foundation of my fortunes as a lawyer. One of the annoying features of it, however, was that it took me nearly twenty years to make anybody believe that I ever made as good a speech in that old court-house as I did in that particular case.

I was city attorney for Bowling Green. I resigned that office also. So I have two resignations to my credit, notwithstanding Jefferson's famous dictum. Then I was assistant county attorney four years, county attorney four years, presidential elector on the Hancock and English ticket, and was elected to the Legislature in 1888.

In addition, I was author of the Missouri Australian-ballot law, and of Missouri's anti-trust statute, which has been attacked in every court, and finally sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. By enforcing my statute two attorneys-general of Missouri built up reputations enough to lift themselves into the gubernatorial chair. Under my statute more than a million dollars in fines have been paid into the treasury of Missouri, and several trusts have been driven from the state.

I was chairman of a legislative committee to investigate the University of Missouri, which made of that institution a university in fact as well as in name, placing it in the front rank.

My experience as a lawyer has been the ordinary experience of an active country lawyer practising both civil and criminal law, with a strong penchant for politics. I stumped the county and the surrounding counties, later the state, and finally the country generally during every campaign, whether I was a candidate or not. Some of the hardest fights I ever made inside of a court-house were made without fee or hope of reward to save from the penitentiary or the gallows some poor wretch who could not pay a cent, or to help some poor man or woman secure their rights in civil suits.

In Missouri, while the trial court has a right to appoint a lawyer to defend somebody, it has no power to have the lawyer paid anything; so a sensible, right-thinking judge distributes what may be called charity cases among the lawyers, especially the young lawyers. I never refused in my life to defend anybody charged with crime when I was appointed to do so.

One of the most peculiar and interesting civil cases I was ever engaged in involved twelve hundred acres of land, worth about sixty-five thousand dollars then; worth twice that amount now. There is no richer land under the sun than in Pike County, Missouri. Like Zion

of old, it is beautiful for situation. Thomas F. Marshall, the most brilliant of all Kentucky orators—which is saying a great deal—once denominated Woodford County, Kentucky, "the asparagus-bed of the garden spot of the world"; but it is not more fertile or lovely than Pike County, Missouri.

In territorial days a young Kentuckian named Uriel Griffith settled in Pike, and was soon elected constable. He also taught school. From his two occupations he accumulated some ready money. When all the government land in northeast Missouri was by some strange hocus-pocus sold for twelve and one-half cents per acre as swamp-lands, Griffith bought sixteen hundred acres—as fine soil as a crow ever flew over—all heavily wooded, not an acre of which was swamp-land, though so classified as such by Federal government experts. Griffith had four children—one daughter and three sons—in age about two years apart. When we tried the case in issue the daughter was sixty-five and the sons sixty-three, sixty-one, and fifty-nine, respectively.

Uriel Griffith was a hard-headed business man, honest and full of prejudice.

When his daughter was fifteen she married a man named Clifford, whom Griffith liked. Consequently, he gave his daughter four hundred acres of that rich land, worth about five dollars per acre at the time of her marriage.

In Missouri an "advancement" bears no interest—a fact which caused the lawsuit.

The land was worth five dollars per acre on her wedding-day. She still owned it when we tried the case, but it was then worth at least fifty dollars per acre. It is now worth from one hundred dollars to one hundred and fifty. As his sons became of age, distrusting their business capacity, Griffith did not give them farms, but said to each of them, "Son, you go and clear up such and such

Photo by Brown Bros.

TWO VIEWS OF CHAMP CLARK'S BIRTHPLACE IN KENTUCKY

a four-hundred-acre tract, and when you show that you have sense enough to attend to your own business I will deed it to you." So the sons cleared off the heavy timber, converted the forest-land into splendid farms, built comfortable houses and reared families—some having grandchildren.

From time to time Griffith gave his daughter and sons each about the same quantity of personal property.

So things ran along till 1883, when he had attained the great age of ninety-three years. He called in three of his most prominent neighbors, and had them divide what was left of his personal property equally among his four children, each receiving about twenty-five thousand dollars. Then he deeded the three farms of four hundred acres each to his three sons—the farms which they had carved out of the virgin forest, and on which they had lived for twoscore years. The land which the sons received was the same quantity for each, and of the same quality as that which their sister had received a half-century before, but it was worth fifty dollars per acre when they got their deeds.

Uriel Griffith reserved to himself only a pony, boasting, after the division of the property and the delivery of the deeds, that he had fixed it so that "neither the Probate Court nor the damned lawyers would get any of my money"—in which remark Uncle Uriel made the mistake of his life.

Having disposed of his earthly estate, he turned his attention to the saving of his soul. A preacher in the Church of the Disciples, or the Christian Church, or the Campbellite Church, as it is sometimes vulgarly called, waited on the feeble old man, persuaded him to join his church, and set a day when the brethren and sisters would bring a bathtub and immerse him.

A Cumberland Presbyterian brother, Rev. Taylor Bernard, desiring to save such a prominent citizen, visited

him, explained to him that baptism by sprinkling was just as efficacious as immersion, and, what was more, that if he were dipped, in his weak physical condition, it might kill him. So the ancient penitent, who in his long life had paid much more attention to piling up the ducats than he had to theological points, consented to be sprinkled.

By one of those strange and irritating coincidences which puzzle even the philosophers, when a large company of Disciples, male and female, approached the Griffith residence with their bathtub to immerse that aged convert, they met Brother Taylor Bernard with his company of Presbyterians, male and female, departing in joyous frame of mind, having just snatched the nonogenarian as a brand from the burning, by sprinkling him!

When the triumphant Presbyterians gleefully communicated that fact to my brethren and sisters of the Disciples' Church, the latter were astonished—even dumfounded. The first to recover power of speech was my cousin, J. W. Beauchamp, a prominent Disciple, as smart as a whip, whose daughter had married Mrs. Clifford's son—therefore Uriel Griffith's grandson. Swearing being prohibited to Disciples, my cousin Beauchamp contented himself with saying, loud enough for both Disciples and Presbyterians to hear, "Old Griffith is as crazy as a bedbug!"—not very chaste language or classical, but exceedingly and sufficiently plain—destined to bear much fruit and sadly to disappoint Uncle Griffith's jubilant prediction that the lawyers would get none of his money.

Of course, these unusual transactions created a great hubbub in that splendid rural community. For many moons they were the resounding theme of every tongue for miles around.

In about two years Uncle Uriel Griffith departed this life, dying in the Presbyterian faith, Brother Taylor Bernard delivering the funeral sermon.

Shortly after his obsequies, his daughter, Mrs. Clifford, then by a second marriage Mrs. Bryant, brought suit against her three brothers to set aside the deeds to their fine farms on the ground that when their father, also her father, executed those instruments he was *non compos mentis*. The battle was on, and it was hot enough to please the most fastidious.

At the trial, one hundred and fifty-two of the best men and women in the community testified. All who believed in baptism by immersion swore that Griffith was crazy, and all who believed in baptism by sprinkling or pouring swore that his mind was clear as a bell. All swore honestly. The jury stood eleven for the defendants—one for the plaintiff.

At the next term of the court we tried the case again with the same cast of characters—the same judge, the same lawyers, the same witnesses, the same instructions, and the same speeches as nearly as we could reproduce them from memory. Nothing had changed except the religious persuasion of the jurors. They stood five for the plaintiff, seven for the defendants.

Six months later we tried the case a third time under precisely the same conditions. The opinions of the jury as to sprinkling and dipping had changed still more and the jurors stood eleven for the plaintiff and one for the defendants—the proportion of jurors in the first and third trials being precisely reversed.

The accumulating costs were growing burdensome to both sides, and we compromised the case.

Nothing, in my judgment, influenced the jurors except their belief in the various modes of baptism.

I have always contended that anything that will produce a quarrel may cause a fight, or even a killing. A quarrel about a penny dropping on the floor may lead to a murder.

Down in the southern end of Pike County, Missouri,

there lived a family by the name of Show. They were pioneers, well connected, and fairly well educated. Old man Show was dead. His widow had three grown sons —James, Marshall, and Parran—living with her, together with one unmarried daughter. Her oldest son, Morgan Show, lived about half a mile from her house. He had been a captain in the regiment of Col. Bill Anderson—the celebrated guerrilla chief. He had proved his courage in many a hot battle. He rented an eighty-acre prairie field to plant in corn. He sublet forty acres to the three brothers Show. Then they fell out about where the division-line between the two forty acres was. The strip in dispute was about wide enough for four corn rows. For two or three weeks they plowed and harrowed with rifles and double-barreled shotguns strapped to their backs, all inside that eighty-acre field.

One morning, shortly after daylight, Captain Show shot his nineteen-year-old brother, Parran, in the back with his squirrel-rifle, killing him instantly. Hon. Nat C. Dryden, one of the most prominent criminal lawyers in the state, and myself were employed as special prosecutors in the case to assist the county attorneys. After a week's preliminary trial before the justice of the peace, we bound him over to the Circuit Court without bond, for murder in the first degree. The grand jury indicted him promptly. He took a change of venue from Bowling Green, the county-seat of Pike County, to Hannibal. The day before Judge Porter's term as circuit judge expired he turned Captain Show loose—that is, he bailed Captain Show in a writ of *habeas corpus* proceedings. The prosecuting attorney, David A. Ball, afterward state senator and lieutenant-governor, stated to Judge Porter that the feeling among the Shows was such that, while he undoubtedly had the legal power to bail Show, it would end in another killing. Who was killed would depend on who got the drop. While in jail Captain Show

had stated repeatedly to witnesses about whose veracity there was no question that all he wanted to get out of jail for was to kill his mother and the three brothers.

His case at Hannibal was set for Monday, the ninth day of January, 1882. On the second day of January I received a telegram from Jim Show stating that Marshall Show had killed Capt. Morgan Show and wanted me to defend him. It turned out that during the mean time Capt. Morgan Show had joined the Holiness Church and was very fond of arguing the correctness of the tenets of that church. He had also moved from Pike County up to Audrain County. On Sunday, January 1st, he was down in the neighborhood of his old home in Pike County, summoning witnesses. A man by the name of Weatherford, who had married one of his sisters, lived on the south side of the big road which was the county line between Pike and Lincoln. It happened, by one of those curious coincidences that confound even the prophets, that along about two or three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon Capt. Morgan Show stopped at Weatherford's home, with the intention of staying all night. While he was there, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Weatherford looked out at the window and saw Marshall Show riding up. It was afterward proved beyond all question that Marshall Show did not know that Capt. Morgan Show was anywhere in Pike County or Lincoln. Weatherford did not want blood shed in his house, so he went out to the yard fence, met Marshall Show, explained to him that Captain Morgan was in the house, and that, while ordinarily he would be glad to welcome him to his home, he did not want him to come in. Marshall Show said that he did not want any trouble with Captain Morgan, and turned his horse and started to ride off. Before he got out of ear-shot, however, Mrs. Weatherford, the sister to both of them, went out and called to him, and told him that his brother and her brother, Captain Show,

wanted to see him to have a friendly conversation. Before she finished talking to him Captain Show himself came out and began to discourse to Marshall in the strain used by the Holiness people, to the effect that they had listened to the evil spirits long enough, that it was time they listened to the good ones, and invited him to get down and come into the house and have a friendly conversation.

They started into the house in the following order: Weatherford in front, Mrs. Weatherford and her two little girls following; next came Captain Show, and Marshall brought up the rear. Weatherford walked on through the house to the wood-pile to get some wood. Mrs. Weatherford and the little girls started through a partition door into another room, leaving the two brothers together in the front room.

Up to this point there was absolutely no controversy as to what happened. What happened in the house, at least part of it, was that Capt. Morgan Show was shot in three places. One bullet went in a little back of the median line on the left side between the fourth and fifth ribs, counting up, and came out under his left nipple, lodging between his two shirts. Another bullet struck him in the right side, a little back of the median line, between the fifth and sixth ribs, counting up, and came out under his left nipple, lodging between his two shirts. The third went into the side of his head and is there yet.

Mrs. Weatherford swore that just as she went through the partition door, and just before she closed it, she heard Captain Show say that they might as well settle it then as any other time. The door closed and she heard no more. She afterward claimed that she was compelled to swear that, and that as a matter of fact Captain Show stooped over to pick up a chair, and that Marshall shot him twice, as described above. Then Captain Show tried to pull her between him and Marshall, and tore her dress off in the tussle. He then fell out the back door on his

face, his feet resting on the door-step, and Marshall came out and shot the captain in the head, but, before doing so, taunted him about how he had murdered their younger brother. What the truth was I do not know. I do know that she swore the way I have stated in the first instance; that we proved the threats he made in jail; that we set up his general bad character as a fighter and cleared Marshall Show at the preliminary trial before two justices of the peace, at Olney, in Lincoln County. Of course, considering his character and his threats, what Marshall Show or Jim would have been perfectly justifiable in doing would have been to shoot him in a public place with abundant witnesses.

Capt. Morgan Show had a small piece cut out of his right eye-socket. While it did not injure his vision, it gave him a bad squint in that eye. I always supposed the bullet that cut that piece of bone out went from the direction of his nose outward. However, I never inquired about it.

In 1890, when I was making my first race for the nomination for Congress, in a primary election in Audrain County, which was the key to the situation, I spoke in school-houses at night and ranged out in the neighborhood during the day to see voters individually.

One night I spoke at a place called Naler's Schoolhouse. There was present a man named Capt. John F. Harrison, whom I had never seen, but who took a great shine to me by reason of my speech. After I had concluded he came up to me and said that I was going to speak in a school-house in his district about four miles distant the next night, and that if I would go home with him he would make me acquainted and introduce me to everybody. He owned a fine farm and had twelve children living at home. I always liked to visit him to see those twelve children with mother and father eating at one table.

Next morning we started out in a buggy and he asked me how I electioneered. I said: "I know very few people in Audrain County, so when I am traveling by myself, if I meet a man I stop him, or if he is working in his field I go over to see him, tell him who I am, ask him what his name is, and if he is a Democrat. If he is a Democrat I go to work on him.

"By the way," I continued, "day before yesterday, up north of Thompson, I ran across a man plowing in his field, asked him what his name was, and he said 'Crosswite.' I asked him if he was a Democrat. He said that he served under Bill Anderson during the war."

Then I said to Harrison, "I was employed to prosecute one of Bill Anderson's captains for murdering his brother."

Harrison held his right hand up and said, "You see that plug out of my little finger?"

"Yes," I replied.

He said, "The man that you were prosecuting for murder is the man that shot that plug out of my finger."

I knew then that I had found the man who had shot that piece of bone out of Captain Show's eye-socket. I asked him to tell me about it, and here is the story he told.

He said that he and Captain Show served together four years in the Confederate Army, served under Bill Anderson as long as he lived, that Show was a captain and he (Harrison) was first lieutenant, and they were good friends. After the war closed he and Show settled on adjoining prairie farms. Harrison had a big wheat-field, Show had a big flock of turkeys. The turkeys kept eating up the wheat. Harrison told Show that if he did not keep the turkeys out of his field he was going to kill them. One day he had on a long-tail frock-coat. Under it he had his army-navy. In his hand he had a hatchet. He went down to his wheat-field and found Show's turkeys

eating the wheat. He chopped a big gobbler across the back and cut his backbone in two. The gobbler flopped over; Harrison wrung his head off and threw him into the big road. He then went up to his home, which was on the same big road, and began nailing planks on a fence, still having on his long-tail coat.

Shortly after, Captain Show came along, saw the dead gobbler, and inquired of a man who was plowing in a field near by if he saw John Harrison down there. The man said that he did. Show asked him if he had a pistol. The man said that he did not see any pistol, but that he had a hatchet instead. Show replied: "Yes, damn him, that is what he killed that gobbler with! He cut him across the back with his hatchet." So Harrison said that he looked up after a while and saw Show coming, sitting sideways on his mare, with his coat across his lap and his right hand under the coat, and that he had no doubt what he had in that right hand. The fact that Harrison was engaged in nailing planks on the fence, using his hatchet, confirmed the statement the man who was plowing made—that he did not see a pistol, but a hatchet.

Show rode up, and said, "John, I have come up to settle that turkey question."

Harrison said, "It is as good a time to settle it now as any," threw down his hatchet, and pulled his army-navy.

Show rolled off his mare on the far side, pulled her across the road, and made breastworks of her. Harrison shot at him four times. Show returned the fire and finally hit Harrison in the finger.

Harrison had only two bullets left. He made up his mind very suddenly that unless he got that mare out of the way Show would kill him, so the next time he shot he killed the mare. It left Harrison and Show standing twenty feet apart in the big road face to face, each with an army-navy revolver in his hand. They fired simul-

taneously. Show missed and fell over in the road flat on his back, apparently dead as a door-nail. Harrison said he did not know whether Show was "playing 'possum" or whether he was dead, and, not proposing to take any chances on it, walked off, leaving him lying there. The doctors were called and patched up Captain Show. The neighbors, not wanting a feud in the neighborhood, got them to agree that there should be no prosecution, no apologies, no explanations, and that they should resume their friendly relations where they had left off. Both agreed to it. Harrison would meet Show, speak to him, and Show would grunt. The bullet which hit Captain Show, instead of going across his nose and clipping the piece out of his eye-socket, had come from the other direction and clipped the piece of bone out, going into his head. The strange part of it is that a navy-pistol bullet, as large as the first joint of a man's thumb, could go in between the eyeball and the eye-socket without injuring his vision. This is the reason that Captain Show died with two bullets in his head—one being John F. Harrison's and the other being his own brother Marshall's.

We cleared Marshall Show in January, 1882. I had never seen him more than two or three times in my life and I never saw him again until the fourth day of July, 1899, at Lexington, Kentucky. Congressman Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and myself made Fourth-of-July speeches there that day. As I had attended the university there for more than three years and taught school for four or five years in three different counties within a radius of fifty miles of Lexington, a great many people who had known me in my earlier days came up to shake hands with me after the speech was over.

Finally a smooth-faced, sober-countenanced, clean-shaven man, with a white necktie, came up and shook hands with me. He asked me about two or three dozen

people who lived in my part of the country. I kept telling him about them.

Finally he said, "I don't believe you know me."

"No, I do not," I answered.

He said, "I paid you two hundred dollars in silver once for defending me before a justice of the peace in Lincoln County for killing my own brother."

I asked, "What are you doing here?"

He replied, "I am attending Bible College in Kentucky University."

It surprised me so that I blurted out, "What the devil are you attending the Bible College for?"

He took my breath away when he said, "To prepare myself for the ministry!"

Of course I knew that it was Marshall Show, as he was the only man at that time whom I had ever helped acquit for killing his own brother. He pursued his studies and began as a minister of the gospel in the Church of the Disciples, or the Campbellite Church. He was a very successful preacher. About two years ago he died in the odor of sanctity. Two ministers preached his funeral sermon and four acted as pall-bearers. I hope he has gone to heaven.

Here is another lawsuit out of the ordinary in which I was one of something like a dozen lawyers for the defense—that is, there were that many in the beginning, but they gradually fell off until there were only two or three of us in at the finish.

When Grover Cleveland was elected the first time the Democrats all over the land, to use a Western expression, "put the big pot in the little one," and celebrated in every conceivable way—with speeches, banners, processions, bonfires, music, instrumental and vocal, with Roman candles, sky-rockets, cannon, and explosives of every sort. At Mexico, Missouri—a fine, ambitious little city, the capital of the strongly Democratic county of Audrain

—they had a tremendous demonstration. The faithful were there by the thousands, enthusiastic, noisy, jubilant. Organized companies converged on Mexico from every town, village, and hamlet in the county—in buggies, carriages, spring-wagons, and jolt-wagons, horseback, on bicycles, and on foot. The Democrats, after wandering in the wilderness for a quarter of a century, had come into their own again. So "let joy be unconfined."

In Mexico, as in most prairie cities and towns, the court-house is in a "public square" around which cluster the business houses. In and about the public square the celebration was held. The Ringo Hotel, a fine old hostelry, stood across the street and opposite the southeast corner of the public square. The fireworks committee, consisting of four prominent citizens and, of course, Democrats, occupied the second-story east veranda of the Ringo. They placed their combustibles next to a window in an adjoining room, leaving the window open. They had a small bunch of sky-rockets on the veranda outside of and just under the window. While the jollification was at its height, in some way never clearly explained the small bunch of rockets, etc., on the veranda accidentally exploded, communicating the fire to the larger quantity inside the window, so that for a minute or two the air was full of exploding sky-rockets, Roman candles, and other contraptions of a similar kind. It was a remarkable and terrifying display of pyrotechnics, as the streets for blocks were crowded with men, women, and children.

A rocket containing a pound and a quarter of explosives went clear across and beyond the public square, and hit a splendid young Democrat named Dowell in the face, and not only destroyed the sight of one eye, but broke in the bony socket. It was a horrible wound, and cast a damper on the jubilating crowd. Everybody deeply sympathized with Dowell, as he was popular and widely known.

He sued the fireworks committee for twenty thousand dollars' damages, alleging negligence. The case was taken to Bowling Green, my home town, on change of venue, and I was asked to join the numerous Mexico lawyers for the defense, which I did.

Among other things, the defense set out that Dowell was a part of the celebration, being captain of the Benton City contingent and therefore could not recover.

The case was fought stubbornly, inch by inch, with a resulting "hung jury." All through the trial we admitted that the sum of twenty thousand dollars was not excessive if the plaintiff had cause of action.

As soon as that jury was discharged Dowell filed an amended petition, raising his claim for damages to fifty thousand dollars.

Before the next term of the court the Legislature enacted a law authorizing either party to a lawsuit to submit as many interrogatories to a jury as the court deemed proper and pertinent. The plaintiff, at the second trial, submitted several such interrogatories, and the jury reported back all these interrogatories, answered precisely as the plaintiff desired and as everybody expected, but reported also that they could not agree on a verdict. The court sent them back to their room. The jury in a short time came in with a verdict for the defendants! The verdict was precisely contrary to the answers to the interrogatories.

The plaintiff promptly appealed to the Supreme Court, alleging that, as the answers to the interrogatories led inevitably to a verdict for the plaintiff, he was entitled to a judgment, and that as the defendants had admitted that the claim for fifty thousand dollars was not excessive, he was entitled to a judgment for fifty thousand dollars—all of which seemed logical. To confess the truth, I thought that that was precisely what would happen; but it did not. The Supreme Court affirmed the verdict for the defendants.

Then the good people of Audrain did their best to recompense Mr. Dowell for his injuries by electing him collector of revenue for two terms—the best-paying office within their gift—a handsome and generous performance.

Rev. Father E. A. Casey was pastor of the Catholic church at Montgomery City. One of his parishioners, a Mr. Donovan, was a big business man in St. Louis, who had a fine stock-farm near Montgomery, where he bred and trained trotting-horses for both pleasure and profit.

Father Casey was a big-hearted, big-bodied Irishman, jolly as Old King Cole, very human, also a trotting-horse enthusiast. He owned a three-year-old blue roan which he named "Mark Twain" in honor of the great humorist and philosopher, and which colt Father Casey deemed a world-beater. Every trotting- and running-horse owner hopes that his horse will be a world-beater. That's the reason why so many horse-fanciers go broke. So Father Casey was not peculiar in his aspirations as to his "Mark Twain."

His parishioner, Donovan, had his expert train "Mark Twain." Father Casey went to Ireland to visit his folks, having agreed with Donovan that the latter's men should take "Mark Twain" on the circuit with Donovan's horses to get him used to the hurly-burly, but should not put him into a race until they reached Mexico, Missouri, a great horse center, where he hoped to sell "Mark" at a fancy figure. There was no dispute as to the agreement above stated.

After Father Casey reached Ireland, Donovan cabled: "My horses start on circuit to-morrow. Must 'Mark Twain' go?" Father Casey, with the prior conditions and agreements in mind, answered, "Yes." So the Donovan horses and "Mark Twain" started on the circuit. Contrary to the agreement, Donovan's manager entered "Mark Twain" in a race at Alton, where he was defeated.

On the track of the fair-grounds at Louisiana, Missouri,

the driver was jogging "Mark Twain" around the track to warm him up when they met a sulky drawn by "Fire Fly," and driven by a man who was drunk and who took the wrong side of the track, causing a collision in which "Mark Twain" was killed.

Father Casey sued Donovan, laying his damages at thirty-five hundred dollars, alleging that Donovan had not lived up to the agreement made before the trip to Ireland; while Donovan, admitting the original agreement and conditions, claimed that the cable correspondence made a new agreement. Father Casey contended that his answer to Donovan's cable harked back to the old agreement.

I was one of his lawyers. There were six trials before juries, three of which failed to agree. Twice we secured a verdict for fifteen hundred dollars and twice the Court of Appeals reversed it and remanded it for a new trial. An old saying hath it that the "third time is charm." In this case it was the sixth. We secured a judgment for five hundred dollars, which the Court of Appeals affirmed. Eleven of the jury were for giving us a verdict for fifteen hundred dollars, but one man said a priest or preacher had no business with a trotting-horse, and so they compromised on a smaller amount. In the mean time the costs had become the principal bone of contention.

Though Father Casey gained his case, it most effectually and forever cured him of the trotting-horse fever, though till the day of his untimely death he mourned for "Mark Twain."

"Pride goeth before a fall" is an ancient saying. Cardinal Wolsey who, though he delivered some far-resounding remarks on that subject, is by no means the only person to have had sad experiences by way of illustration in his own life of the truth of that proverb. For some years after I began practice I had such a run of luck in road cases that I concluded that I was invincible in that

line of lawsuits; but I was destined to a rude awakening on that subject. Road cases in Missouri are tried before the County Court, composed of three judges without a jury. One day I represented the petitioners for a road which a plain, unlettered farmer named Thomas Murphy was fighting, because in order to build the road a small strip of his farm would be condemned for public use. He elected to try his own case to save lawyer's fees. As he was not of the legal profession, I did not attempt to have the rules of evidence enforced against him strictly, and the first thing I knew I was out of court. I have always believed that the court decided in his favor as a joke. I know it was a jolt. I did not hear the last of it for a long time, particularly from the lawyers whom I had before beaten in road cases. John Farrell, a witty Irishman, who was both lawyer and editor, wrote up the case in a racy manner and nominated Murphy for attorney-general on the strength of his victory over me. Subsequently, if a layman undertook to try his own case, wherein I was on the other side, I insisted on the rules of evidence being enforced on the principle that "a burnt child dreads the fire."

Here is a case which would have irritated a wooden Indian or a graven image. During my incumbency in the office of prosecuting attorney a justice of the peace at the little city of Frankford notified me that he had had a man named Prokoff arrested for arson, and asking that I come up at once to conduct the preliminary examination. Arriving, I found Frankford in a great uproar, because on the previous night almost every business house in town was burned. It was alleged that Prokoff, who had owned a small shoe-store, had, in order to collect insurance money, set fire to his own shop, and the fire spread, thereby destroying many houses and much property. Feeling ran strong against the prisoner, and, after hearing the evidence—only the state's side, the defendant

offering none—the justice held him for the grand jury, fixing bail at fifteen hundred dollars, which Prokoff could not give, being a new-comer and a comparative stranger in the community. So to jail he went. Shortly he procured an attorney who applied to the Probate Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the amount of the bail bond was excessive, but I swung onto him and the court denied the writ, declaring that the evidence was strong enough to warrant such action, and that, considering the gravity of the offense charged, the bail was not excessive. All this was in the natural order of things.

Prokoff's lawyer, Judge James H. Orr, now a prominent railroad attorney at Kansas City, was very shrewd. After the rage against Prokoff had subsided somewhat the judge, taking advantage of the fact that two of the richest and most prominent citizens of the town were backing the prosecution, got up a bail bond signed by men easily worth two or three hundred thousand dollars. A few of them knew what they were signing, but many of them believed it was a petition to have Prokoff released. Of course on such a bond he was let out on bail. When he returned to Frankford this same lawyer met him at the depot with a brass band and a crowd of curious folks out for a lark, who gave him a serenade.

These proceedings so changed public sentiment in Frankford that when the grand jury convened most of the witnesses had forgotten essential and incriminating facts which they had glibly sworn to at the preliminary trial; the grand jury failed to indict Prokoff and he went scot-free.

I always insisted that that brass band thumped Prokoff's case out of court.

"Matches are made in heaven" is an ancient proverb originating in some fantastic mind and, like most other proverbs, saws, and epigrams, contains about equal proportions of truth and error. Marriages to a large extent

result from propinquity. So do the friendships and connections which most influence our lives.

Shortly after I quit teaching school in Louisiana I hung out my shingle as a lawyer in that delectable little city in July, 1876. There lived there a young lawyer named David Alexander Ball, who was city attorney. It so happened that by accident he and I stumped the county together, traveling in the same buggy in the Tilden-Hayes campaign. On our trip we agreed to form a partnership. He had little professional business and I had none, but he divided his crust with me, which enabled me to remain in Pike County, where there was a superabundance of lawyers, big, little, and medium. We remained in partnership only fourteen months, but practised both law and politics in pairs for years, very successfully. We dissolved the partnership because he was a candidate for prosecuting attorney, while I was a candidate for the Legislature. He had already been city attorney and became prosecuting attorney, state senator, president of the state senate, lieutenant-governor, delegate to two national conventions, and came within a few votes of the nomination for governor. Indeed, he and some of his close friends claim to this day that he was nominated. He also came to be one of the best trial lawyers in Missouri. He is now probate judge. I became city attorney of both the cities of Louisiana and Bowling Green, presidential elector, member of the Legislature, permanent chairman of the St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904, Representative in Congress, Speaker of the House, and led on twenty-nine ballots at the Democratic National Convention of 1912 for President, on eight of which I received a majority and was clearly entitled to the nomination as a matter of justice, fair dealing, and precedent. I was finally defeated through the instrumentality of the two-thirds majority rule invented by the pro-slavery Democrats, a part of

their machinery for controlling presidential nominations, and should certainly have been repealed when slavery was no more. When first elected to Congress I had a fine law practice, and Governor Ball still has a large business.

He is a capital stump speaker, and when on his first legs was the best hand-shaker I ever saw—qualifications which are of prime importance in politics—especially in country politics.

Ball broke into the lawyers' big league—to borrow a baseball phrase—unexpectedly as to both time and manner. One day while city attorney he was standing on the street corner in conversation with Reuben C. Pew, high-sheriff of the county, and William Parker, mayor of the city of Louisiana, discussing the weather, crop prospects, and other such thrilling topics. A humble, ignorant corn-field colored man approached and inquired what he should do to another colored man who had robbed him of his wife. No three men betwixt the two oceans were more liberal with advice than the trio just mentioned. The negro had gone to the right place for a quick and certain solution of his difficulties. Mayor Parker, senior member of the group, rendered this fateful decision, "Shoot a hole in him that a dog can jump through!" Ball and Pew concurred in the bloody opinion of his honor, the mayor. The negro departed, while they pursued their conversation. They most probably would never have given another thought to the negro but for the aftermath, which was sensational and astounding.

About an hour after the foregoing conversation Ball, sitting with heels cocked upon the table in his office, reading a law-book, was interrupted by the colored man, who, with hat in hand, humbly remarked in a matter-of-fact way, "Marse Dave, I done tuck yo' advice an' killed dat man!"

Ball jumped about five feet into the air as though he had been touched by an electric wire. As soon as he recovered power of speech he swore at that poor colored man in a way that utterly dumfounded him and then summoned Sheriff Pew and Mayor Parker to a consultation as to what had better be done.

The negro told his tale, whereupon Sheriff Pew, who had been about the court-house long enough to pick up some law phrases, said: "Dave, aren't we accessories before the fact in this murder?"

Ball replied, "Yes," with a doleful countenance and accent.

Mayor Parker said, "How are we going to escape?"

Ball, who had never tried a case in the Circuit Court, answered, "I will defend him!"

Sheriff Pew snorted: "Oh hell! If you defend him they'll hang him high as Haman, sure as a gun is made of iron, and send you and Parker and me to the pen!"

But defend him Ball did—and what is more, acquitted him—thereby laying the foundation of his fortunes as a lawyer. When the jury first reported they stood eleven for murder in the first degree and one for acquittal. The judge sent them back to their room for further consideration. After hours of wrangling the one stubborn juryman persuaded the eleven to join him in a verdict of acquittal! It is safe to say that Ball, Parker, and Pew never gave another curbstone opinion in a murder case.

It will be remembered that Othello demanded "ocular proof" before he would believe Iago in his charges against Desdemona.

I once saw Ball win a slander case which I was helping try by introducing "ocular proof" of an important fact. A large man with an aldermanic abdomen, named Boothe, a well-to-do farmer, had a small, lean tie-chopper, Sam Barnes by name, who weighed only some ninety-odd pounds, arrested for stealing his meat.

Barnes was acquitted and promptly sued Boothe for false imprisonment and slander. While Boothe was on the witness-stand Ball asked, "Why did you conclude that Barnes stole your meat?"

Boothe replied, "Because he was the only man in the neighborhood small enough to get through the hole through which the thief entered."

"How big was that hole?" inquired Ball.

"Sixteen inches by eight inches," responded Boothe.

"Is that the only reason why you suspected Barnes?" asked Ball.

"Yes," said Boothe.

Truth to tell, it seemed to those listening that Barnes was the only man in the court-room who could squeeze through a hole of the dimensions stated, and Boothe's evidence had a visibly favorable effect.

Just at that juncture, however, there sat within the bar, goggling about, a carpenter named Ike Newton, who liked to associate with lawyers and to watch court proceedings. He whispered to Ball, "Any man in this room can get through that hole."

"How do you know?" Ball whispered back.

"Oh!" said Ike, "I have been building houses all my life and know all about measuring things."

"How can I prove it?" Ball anxiously inquired.

Newton said, "Keep Boothe on the witness-stand ten minutes and I will show you."

So Ball kept on spinning out his cross-examination of Boothe until Newton returned with a frame sixteen by eight inches under his coat. Handing it to Ball, he said to him *sotto voce:*

"Make Boothe stand up and slip this frame over him."

So Ball asked Boothe, who tipped the scales at two hundred and twenty-five pounds, to stand up. Neither Boothe nor the court nor the jury nor the bystanders knew what Ball was up to. So Boothe stood up and

quick as a flash Ball slipped the frame over his head and pressed it clear down to the floor. When it struck Boothe's capon-lined, protruding paunch it had to be pushed somewhat, but down it went—to the chagrin of Boothe and the merriment of all others present. Then Ball asked the foreman of the jury, Judge Marion Rhea, who stood six feet two to stand up and put the frame over his head, and it descended to the floor easily.

Boothe's cake was dough, and Ball secured a verdict against him for a substantial sum.

When I began to practise law Judge Gilchrist Porter was the presiding judge. He was a Virginia gentleman of the old school—a handsome, portly man of courtly manners and of profound legal learning, particularly well grounded in the common law. He had been circuit attorney, member of the Legislature, and for two terms a Representative in Congress. He was an enormous eater and author of a widely quoted saying that "a turkey is too much for one man, but not enough for two." He was particularly kind to young lawyers. Shortly after George W. Anderson, a man of great parts, who was a colonel in the Union Army, and who finally achieved a seat in Congress, entered upon the practice, he was about to be put out of court on the pleadings.

Judge Porter endeavored to help him by saying: "Mr. Anderson, are you 'taken by surprise'?" which is a technical phrase; but he, not being up in the technicalities, and thinking that the court used it in the popular sense, exclaimed with much fervor: "Good God, your Honor, I am not only surprised, I am utterly astounded!" and so was the court.

In the very nature of things and from the necessities of the case, a lawyer in general practice is brought into contact with much human misery. My judgment is that if all lawyers would endeavor to reconcile disgruntled husbands and wives, even when consulted about divorce

proceedings, within a decade our monstrous national divorce scandal would be reduced by one-half. Nisi prius judges, if so inclined, could also do much to reduce it.

I love to recall the conduct of one such trial judge, Theodore Brace—may his tribe increase!—for six years on the Circuit bench and for twenty years a member of the Supreme Court of Missouri. He looked on divorce cases with an unfriendly eye. So one day in the Ralls Circuit Court a buxom young matron presented herself for the purpose of procuring a divorce, while a fat widower waited in the recorder's office near by to secure a license to marry her as soon as she was free.

Nobody else was defending the suit, her husband presumably being glad to be well rid of her, but Judge Brace took a notion to defend the case himself from the bench. He cross-examined her until he discovered that her claim for divorce rested entirely on the fact that she and her husband quarreled occasionally. When he was through he said, in kindly accents:

"My dear woman, my dear, good wife and I also quarrel sometimes, but we kiss and make up again. I advise you and your husband to do the same. Your petition for divorce cannot be allowed, and is therefore dismissed."

The buxom young matron and the fat old widower departed sorrowfully!

It goes without saying that there are cases where nothing but a divorce will suffice. For instance, I had the unique experience of obtaining the fourth divorce which one of my female clients secured from the same man, and between their first and fourth marriages he had wedded three other women. When one of them would die he would return to his first wife and persuade her to marry him again. She was a good woman and he was a thrifty, industrious farmer, and a good husband when sober; but unfortunately he belonged to what brilliant, eloquent

Tom Marshall denominated "the spreeing gentry," and when under the influence of *spiritus frumenti* he acted in such cruel manner toward her as, in the language of the statute, "to render her condition intolerable."

The most bitter enemy I have on earth is he whom I forced to live with his wife three years.

In the large cities the law practice is divided to a large extent into specialties—maritime business, commercial paper, real estate, criminal cases, etc.—but a country lawyer is of necessity a sort of "jack of all trades"—or, more correctly speaking, of all branches of the practice.

The best office to which a young country lawyer can be elected is that of prosecuting attorney, and it is of great importance not only to him but to the county. It forces him into the public eye as a lawyer, and if he discharges his duties well lays the foundation for a good practice.

In due course I was elected for a term of two years prosecuting attorney of Pike County. That was in 1884, and I was re-elected in 1886.

The general run of cases which the prosecuting attorney has to do with in his official capacity is much the same one year as another, but occasionally he must deal with one out of the usual order.

Like the poor, we have with us always the prohibition, local option, and temperance questions, in some phase or other. On the subject of local option I had, as prosecuting attorney, an unusually interesting experience. In 1885 the Missouri Legislature passed an exceedingly stringent statute, known as "the Wood local option law." In September, 1887, when my second term was about one-half gone, the question was submitted to the voters of Pike County, and local option was adopted by a rousing majority—seventeen hundred, as I remember it. It was a most stringent law and the severity of the penalty—a fine of three hundred dollars being the minimum, and one

year in jail and a fine of five hundred dollars the maximum — made it difficult to enforce. My immediate predecessor, Edward T. Smith, who was one of the best all-round lawyers I ever knew, and I had enforced with vigor the Downing dramshop law, with a minimum penalty of forty dollars, and had thereby killed off the blind tigers, blind pigs, and speak-easies in the county.

For once I agreed with Senator Marcus A. Hanna's famous slogan, "Let well enough alone."

But the people, thinking otherwise, voted for the severer law with great enthusiasm. It was easy for them to vote for it, but rendered it harder for me to enforce it.

The next day, however, I published a proclamation that I would enforce it, just as I would on my oath of office enforce any other criminal statute, and warned all persons whatsoever to stand from under.

The law applied to all of Pike County except the city of Louisiana, which had more than twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and was, therefore, entitled to a separate election. Incidentally it may be stated that that city remained "wet" until national prohibition came into vogue, but in the rest of the county the saloons were wiped out completely.

It is generally asserted and widely believed that druggists will not obey prohibition or local option laws. One of two things is true, however: first, either this unfavorable judgment on druggists is erroneous or, second, the druggists in Pike County in 1887 were exceptionally law-abiding. They joined in a petition to me to give them an opinion, in writing, as to what they could do and could not do under the local option law, pledging themselves to abide by my decision until the Circuit Court convened the first Monday of the ensuing March, when the instructions of the judge would rank my opinion, and to their credit be it said they lived up loyally to their pledge.

After studying all the Missouri statutes and decisions

on the subject of selling intoxicants, for a week, I published an opinion to the effect that under the local option law they could sell no intoxicants except the alcohol of commerce, and then for only three specific purposes: art, mechanical, and medicinal, and then only on the prescription of a regularly licensed physician. I added that if a patent medicine contained more than 3 per cent. of alcohol it was barred. I put that in because, at that time, keg beer contained 3 per cent. of alcohol, bock beer 5, and whisky 21¼. The percentages have been changed somewhat since, but they stood at those figures then. As a war measure, President Wilson reduced the alcohol in beer to 2¾ per cent.

The druggists refused to buy proprietary medicines until the agents submitted their formulas to me.

One man sent me a bottle of some brand of malt extract to pass on. I had no means of analyzing it, so I drank it and marked the effect. I wrote him that it was barred, as it contained at least as much alcohol as bock beer. Another sent me a bottle of "Blue Dick" cider, which I would not drink, as, by observing its effects on others, I knew it was not only an intoxicant, but poisonous. So I ruled it out without any ceremony about it.

One day I had been out in the country fifteen or twenty miles on official business and got back to town about sundown. As I was going up the street toward home a veteran druggist hailed me and said, "There was a drummer here to-day and I ordered three cases of rock and rye. What about it?"

I answered, "Doctor, you have drunk a great deal of whisky in your time, and I have drunk more than was good for me. If you were put on the witness-stand and sworn as an expert, what sort of a tipple would you swear that rock and rye is?"

With a broad grin he replied, "I would swear that it is a blamed good tipple!"

I said, "Three hundred dollars a bottle. Telegraph that order off," which he did.

I never had any more trouble with the druggists until the Circuit judge at the March term so modified my opinion that "a coach and four could be driven through" the local option law—to borrow a sentence from Daniel O'Connell.

As that large county was "dry" outside the city of Louisiana, which is on the extreme edge of the county, on the Mississippi River, it was inevitable that bootleggers would endeavor to ply their clandestine trade. I caught one and sent him to jail for twelve months, with a fine of three hundred dollars. Another I sent to jail for six months, and that was the end of bootlegging in my bailiwick while I was prosecuting attorney. If all the rattlesnakes in the county had had hold of a man in the public square during the last year and a half of my term of office, he could not have bought a drop of whisky in the town. He might have borrowed one from the private jug of some Good Samaritan.

A week or two after the first offender was jailed for twelve months and fined three hundred dollars I learned that two eminent Kansas City lawyers, Colonel Gage and Col. Alexander Graves, ex-Representative in Congress, had visited the jail and held converse with the prisoner. I knew them both and they never even called upon me. I knew what their visit meant and who was back of them, furnishing the sinews of war. I knew that they were not consulting the culprit for their health or happiness. Their failure to call upon me made me angry, and I made up my mind that if they took the prisoner away from me it would be only after a hard fight. If it had been a lawyer from Pike or the surrounding counties endeavoring to rescue the prisoner, I would not have cared very much, but I did not intend, if I could help it, that these celebrated and high-priced lawyers from Kansas City, two

hundred miles away, should interfere with the administration of justice in Pike County. I concluded at once that they were employed to test the local option law some way.

So in a few days the thing which I expected happened. I received notice that on a certain day they would apply to the Supreme Court of Missouri for a writ of habeas corpus to test the constitutionality of the penalty of the law on three grounds: first, that it violated this clause of section one of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States—"No state shall make or enforce any law that denies to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Their contention was that on one side of an imaginary line in the city of Louisiana, the minimum penalty for selling intoxicants was a fine of forty dollars, while on the other side of the imaginary line the minimum penalty was three hundred dollars—all in the same county. Second, they contended the local option law contravened the Seventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which is in these words, "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

Third, that it violated a similar provision of the constitution of Missouri.

The Supreme Court set a day for the hearing, about two weeks off. I had a set of Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States for which I had never had much use in my country practice and which I had read chiefly for the political decisions of that august tribunal, for many of its opinions are of far-reaching and enduring political effect. On this occasion, however, I dug into them most diligently to hold up my side of the case at bar. I never worked so hard on any case in my life, and prepared a brief nearly as big as the First Reader. My blood was up because of the gross discourtesy shown by

my two eminent and brilliant brethren from Kansas City in their failure to call upon me.

When the day for the hearing arrived both sides wanted to submit the case on briefs, but the court would not have it so. The judges declared that it was a case of first impression, in Missouri, and, so far as they were advised, in the country. Consequently they wanted to hear our arguments. They gave us an hour on each side. Colonel Graves opened in half an hour and Colonel Gage closed in the same time. I had an hour in between.

Judge Thomas A. Sherwood, who sat on the Supreme bench of Missouri for three decades and who was one of the ablest judges ever members of that high court, was still on the bench, still in full possession of his splendid powers. He and I were close friends. I greatly admired him, but he indulged in a habit exceedingly disconcerting to a young lawyer, unless they were in agreement as to the case. If he agreed with the lawyer's argument he would, from the bench, ask him helpful questions, but if he was against the lawyer's contention he would interrogate him in such manner as to bother him and weaken his argument.

Knowing his trend of thought by reading many of his opinions, I had reason to believe and to fear that he would be against me in this particular case, and the event justified and verified my surmise. I had not been speaking long until he interrupted me with this question: "Mr. Clark, do you not think that to uphold this local option law would work confusion worse confounded in the laws of this state on the subject of regulating the sale of intoxicants?"

I replied, "If your Honor please, it would not work confusion. On the contrary, it would cure the confusion now existing. With due respect to the court, I do not believe that your Honors are aware that there are already seven laws on this subject in the statute-books of Missouri.

But such is the fact, which I did not know until I studied this case thoroughly. This local option law will wipe them all out and take their place."

I then cited the seven statutes. I saw a broad smile spread over the faces of the four other judges and concluded that they were friendly to my contention, which they were; for the decision was four to one in my favor.

It is the case of the State *vs.* Flem Swann, decided in 1888, and remains to this day the leading case on that subject.

That night I went to bid the judges, including Judge Sherwood, good-by. He taught me a valuable lesson as to arguing cases in the Supreme Court. When I entered his room, I said: "Judge, I know you are against me in this local option case, but I thought I would call to say good-by, anyway. I did not want to argue it, as it seems to me that arguing cases in the Supreme Court is a superfluous, if not an impertinent, performance, because the judges are elected for the reason that they know all the law."

He replied: "You are mistaken. The entire body of the law may be compared to the ocean, while a particular case may be likened to a particular route across the ocean, and while the court may know more law than any lawyer appearing before it, the lawyer knows more than the court about his own particular case. My advice to you is to argue orally your cases, especially if you feel reasonably certain that you are right in your contentions."

It was capital advice and I have a very kindly feeling for Judge Sherwood, who died only recently in the delightful city of Long Beach, California.

The upshot of the case was that Flem Swann served seventeen months in jail.

One of the most pleasant memories of my life, which will abide with me always, is the fact that while prosecuting attorney I let off with fines or jail sentences for

their first offenses twenty-five young men whom I could have sent to the penitentiary. Twenty-three of them made good, honest, useful citizens, have married and reared families, and have in every way deported themselves as patriotic Americans should do.

A few years since a close friend to me was standing on the street corner talking to one of those whom I saved from state's prison. I spoke to them as I passed by. When I was out of ear-shot the young man pointed to me and said: "That man made a man out of me!"—a eulogy well worth treasuring.

At that time there was not a word in the criminal code of Missouri looking toward the reformation of criminals, but I felt that I had the confidence of the people and that they would back me up in any reasonable conduct. So I concluded to reform those boys without any law authorizing it—a somewhat hazardous performance. Then Ohio was the only state in the Union that had a parole law. Missouri has one now, and it works well, so the trial judges tell me.

Among the twenty-five, however, were two incorrigible thieves, who finally were sent to the penitentiary. One of them, a very handsome lad with as good a mother as ever lived, got to stealing from his stepfather. That he had committed a felony—grand larceny—was clear; but I let his mother and his lawyer, Governor Ball, cry me into letting him off with a jail sentence and a lecture. He tearfully promised to be good, but in a short time he lapsed from the pathway of honesty, stole his stepfather's fine gold watch and chain, and pawned them for nearly their full value. The old man was wild with rage. He had evidence in abundance to send the lad to state's prison. Again I was soft-hearted and permitted Ball and the boy's mother to weep me into letting him off a second time with a jail sentence; but I explained to him with an emphasis which he did not disregard that if he

committed any other crime while I was prosecuting attorney I would be compelled to send him over the road, for public opinion would not stand for more leniency to him. He took me at my word. My term expired and I was elected to the Legislature. While I was at Jefferson City helping to legislate, somebody broke into Ball's house and stole a lot of things, among them a suit of his clothes. After my service in the Legislature, one afternoon about dusk, I was in Ball's law-office at Louisiana. We were consulting about a case in which we were both employed when a heavily veiled woman came in and asked to speak with him in his private office. When they came out he asked me to remain in his office while he went to the calaboose for a few moments, after which we would go to his house for supper, where we could finish our conversation touching our case.

When he came back and we started to his house he said, "Did you recognize that woman?"

I replied: "No, she was heavily veiled and it was too dark. Who was she?"

He gave the name of the mother of the boy previously referred to.

"What's he been up to now?" I inquired. He replied:

"He burglarized a freight-car and stole a lot of things at a distant town, and is locked up in the calaboose, waiting for the sheriff to come for him. When I went down to the calaboose to see him I called him up to the window as it was growing dark. He was slow about coming to the window and had to be invited two or three times. When he did come I happened to look at his legs, and I'll be hanged if he did not have on a pair of my trousers, which he stole out of my house while you were in the Legislature!"

That was almost as sad a case as where a counterfeiter was acquitted of counterfeiting by a certain lawyer, and paid the lawyer his fee in counterfeit money.

Washington correspondents declare they can pick out the ex-judges in Congress from their judicial style of speaking. I am reasonably certain that I can name the ex-prosecuting attorneys from the savage manner in which they marshal their facts—as if for a conviction. It is a habit which is sometimes as strong as nature.

The best illustration, and the most amusing as to force of habit, is a story told of old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of the Dictionary and of *The Story of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.* It is said that the doctor, the Ursa Major of English literature, went to see a certain widow every night for several years. A friend asked him why he did not marry her, thereby saving himself the trouble of constantly calling upon her, whereupon the gruff old doctor roared:

"Why, my dear sir, if I married her where would I go to spend my evenings?"

The office of prosecuting attorney is an ideal position in which to make enemies, and to make them by doing right. When I was going out of that office I was nominated for the Legislature with little opposition, and at the general election ran considerably behind the ticket on account of having discharged my sworn duty without fear or favor. Indeed, I was in Congress several years before I ceased entirely to lose votes for that reason. Finally it dwindled down to two Democrats who would not vote for me, while lots of Republicans did support me. One of the two would scratch my name off the primary ticket, though running without opposition, and he would vote for my Republican opponent at the general election. The other would scratch my name off the primary ticket, but at the general election declined to vote for Congressman at all, being too stanch a Democrat to vote for my Republican opponent. He simply hated me so much that he would not vote for me. As they have ceased to cut their fantastic capers I conclude they are dead.

If at the close of a long service as prosecuting attorney a man will sit down and try to number o'er the enemies he has accumulated, he will discover that as many of them hate him because he had refused to permit them to make a criminal prosecution the vehicle for the gratification of private revenge as because he had convicted them or their kinsfolks or friends.

While I was prosecuting attorney one fact was impressed upon my mind with such emphasis that I will never forget it; and that is that a criminal statute cannot be successfully enforced unless it is indorsed by a considerable preponderance of public opinion in its favor—a fact which legislators would do well to remember. Another lesson I learned is that the best way to get rid of an undesirable statute is to enforce it strictly.

Having prosecuted and defended divers persons accused of crime, I have necessarily seen much of the seamy side of life, but it did not cause me to grow either hard-hearted or pessimistic. On the contrary, I have a better and kindlier feeling for the human race than I had when in the morning of my life. There is much in the criminal classes to excite compassion, for it should never be forgotten that the criminal tendency is a disease. There are thousands of men and women in jails and penitentiaries who should be in hospitals for persons with diseased minds.

The most cruel thing about criminals is the cruel and senseless manner in which ex-convicts are cold-shouldered or even persecuted by the world generally. I thank God that their situation is growing better, even if slowly. I rejoice in every reformatory feature introduced into our laws—parole laws, reform schools, etc.

The old saying, "Once a criminal, always a criminal," is generally but not always true. Of course, society must be protected against crime, but up to this time our penitentiaries have been to a large extent schools for crime,

by herding young first offenders with hardened criminals. We are more and more trying now to help the youthful offenders to better lives.

> I held it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

It has always seemed to me that the wisest and most human prayer ever preferred at the Throne of Grace is: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

In the early days dueling was much the vogue in Missouri. One of the first things Col. Thomas Hart Benton did after locating in that magnificent territory was to kill in a duel on "Bloody Island" young Charles Lucas, United States District Attorney. Congressman Pettis and Major Biddle killed each other in a duel, and many other prominent men carried their quarrels to "the field of honor," among them Gov. B. Gratz Brown, Gov. Thomas C. Reynolds, Gov. John S. Marmaduke, Judge Abiel Leonard.

Soon after Missouri was admitted to the Union, however, she enacted the most stringent laws possible against dueling. She made it a capital felony to kill a man in a duel within her borders, and made it a penitentiary offense to fight a duel even wherein nobody was hurt—such as they indulge in in France. Likewise it is a penitentiary offense to carry a challenge, to act as a second, or to promote a duel in any manner whatsoever. It is a penitentiary offense to agree in Missouri to go out of Missouri to fight a duel. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, there were a few old-timers who liked the code.

While I have always endeavored to be a law-abiding citizen, and never had any desire to be mixed up in a duel, I unwittingly carried a challenge once. In the

city of Louisiana, when I first settled there, lived two editors, Capt. J. C. Jameson and Major J. F. Downy. Jameson was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived, but had a hot temper; he was an Argonaut in 1849, a filibusterer with General Walker in Nicaragua, a captain in the Confederate Army, and adjutant-general of both Missouri and Oklahoma. He and Major Downy had been conducting a bitter quarrel in their papers. I was on friendly terms with both, especially with Jameson. One day Captain Jameson asked me to deliver a sealed package to Major Downy, I never dreaming that it contained a challenge to mortal combat—which it did. I was innocent as a child in the matter. Downy opened it and became madder than a wet hen. He swore that it was against the law, and that he had a notion to send both Captain Jameson and myself to the penitentiary—which was not a cheerful prospect. I grabbed the challenge out of his hand, tore it to pieces, and then persuaded Captain Jameson to let the matter drop. From that day to this I have been somewhat careful about carrying sealed packages from one person to another unless I have some inkling of the contents, particularly where one of the men concerned was so belligerent as Captain Jameson.

First look at that picture and then on this:

One of the most unique experiences of my Kentucky life was presiding, when about twenty-one years old, as a sort of moderator in a theological debate betwixt Dr. D. B. Ray, a militant Baptist, editor of *The Baptist Battleflag*, and Elder Green Anderson Perkins, a popular preacher in the Church of the Disciples. The reason I was chosen to preside was that I was the only person for miles around who could read Greek except the debaters themselves. The question discussed was not the mode of baptism—for they were thoroughly agreed that immersion was the only proper method—but upon the purpose

and effect of immersion. On these points they were wide apart.

It was an outdoor performance for the all-sufficient reason that there was not a house in the county which would have held one-half of the vast concourse of curious folks who had gathered to listen to their champions. It was a delightful day in October, in a fine grove of ash, hickory, oak, poplar, sugar-maple, and dogwood, whose foilage an early frost had glorified in as many colors as were in Joseph's famous coat. The debate began at 10 A.M. and ended at 5 P.M., with an intermission of one hour for a basket dinner, and such a dinner! Chicken, fried and baked, ham, boiled and broiled, eggs, salt-rising bread, fish, quail, coffee, cake, and two or three dozen sorts of pies and preserves. It makes my mouth water even yet to think of that spread.

For six mortal hours those two able preachers cut and thrust and parried and mauled each other in a terrific manner, verbally. Time and again I was compelled to call their excited and enthusiastic partizans to order. It was difficult to keep the peace, but somehow I managed to do it by drowning them out with the noise I made pounding a strong poplar table with a hickory club as a gavel—and with which I could have brained an ox or a mastodon. It was a "no-decision" contest. I would not consent to act as chairman until that point was agreed to, for I would as lief render a decision at a baby show as in a theological combat. At sundown the great crowd dispersed, never to meet again till that tremendous day—*dies iræ*—when metaphysical disquisitions on fine controverted points of theology will be barred, I fervently hope. As usual, each side claimed that its man won!

At that time debating on religion was in flower. Alexander Campbell debated with Archbishop Purcell, Robert Dale Owen, and Dr. Nathan L. Rice. John S. Sweeney and L. B. Wilkes wrestled with Doctor Ditzler. These

men, to use ring parlance, were the theological top-notchers of that era. In addition to these great heavy-weight champions, the land was full of smaller preachers —middle-weights, light-weights, welter-weights, feather-weights—belaboring one another in debates which too frequently degenerated into unseemly verbal slugging-matches. How the laymen and laywomen worked themselves into passions about delicate points of theology, every neighborhood being divided into hostile religious camps! If, in my boyhood, I heard one acrimonious dispute as to whether Christ went down into the river Jordan and was immersed, or whether John the Baptist took him to the river's edge and baptized him by sprinkling or pouring, I heard a thousand. Along with a dozen or more others I participated one day in a "corn-cutting" given by one of the neighbors, which developed into a many-voiced jangle about religious tenets to such an extent that the output of corn-shocks was contracted and minimized to what Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson would denominate an "irreducible minimum." Time and again I heard a dear old friend—a very disputatious person—who could neither read nor write our own language or any other, gravely expound the meaning of the Greek preposition *eis* and of the Greek verb *baptizo*.

Debates on religious themes must have had their uses, otherwise they would have been neither indulged in nor tolerated.

I know not how others feel, but so far as I am individually concerned I am glad they have been abolished—glad that controversial religion is past and that practical religion is more and more.

Recalling those years when wrangling, brawling, and sometimes fights about controverted theological dogmas were in fashion, I love to think of two humble preachers; one, David Bruner, a Baptist, the other, Levan Merritt, of the Disciples' Church, who never debated, but, follow-

ing the example of Jesus, "went about doing good," riding the hills and valleys and spreading the glad tidings into the obscurest parts. They were unlettered men, knew nothing of rhetoric, little of logic. The Greek and Hebrew alphabets were sealed mysteries to them, but I never saw two nobler men, and they did a vast deal of good. "Brother Merritt," as everybody, white and black, male and female, old and young, rich and poor, saint and sinner, in three counties affectionately called him, left no data as to the results of his labors in the Lord's vineyard; but some four or five years ago "Brother Davy Bruner," at the great age of nearly a century, was interviewed by a newspaper man at Harrodsburg, and stated among other things that during his long life he had baptized about five thousand people, had performed about five thousand marriage ceremonies, and had preached nearly that many funeral sermons! What a record with which to appear at the Judgment Bar in the Last Day!

Yes, here in the Speaker's rooms of the finest Capitol in the world, it is pleasant to rest for a moment from contemplation of the great to remember these two lowly servants of the Master, at whose feet I sat in boyhood, and to rescue their names from oblivion.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

CHAPTER VI

William P. Taylor, legislator, hanged—I was nominated for the Legislature first by a grand jury.

OF the membership of the Legislature in which I served, three of us, Joseph J. Russell, Robert N. Bodine, and myself, got to Congress; and one, William P. Taylor, was hanged for five beastly murders.

The present Congressman, Russell, was Speaker, and gave me choice of committee chairmanships. I chose the chairmanship on criminal jurisprudence because of much practice in that line. Taylor was the youngest man not only on my committee, but the youngest in the House. He was a good-looking, well-set-up, intelligent, mild-mannered, handsomely dressed, industrious young man; both a lawyer and banker by profession, a graduate from the University of Missouri. He was faithful in attendance both in committee and the House, modest in deportment, and able to hoe his own row. Apparently he had as bright a future as any of the members. Looking over that body for a cold-blooded, fivefold murderer, a physiognomist would have passed him up, for none of us looked the part less than this young man, destined to die on the gibbet. It is fortunate for us poor mortals that "Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate."

When Taylor was hanged, besides the four other indictments for murder and one for attempted murder, there were pending against him indictments for forgery, grand larceny, and arson. Why he, possessing a good wife, nice children, an abundance of property to live

comfortably on, with an assured position at the bar, in society, and in politics, should have proved to be such a monster of iniquity must forever remain a psychological problem to those interested in criminology. When he entered upon his criminal career no man of his age in that part of Missouri stood higher or had brighter prospects in life. To say that the developments in his case utterly astounded all his acquaintances is to put it mildly.

He was pursued by a series of adverse accidents which is amazing, if not unparalleled.

So far as was ever publicly charged, his first infraction of the law was forgery. A well-to-do farmer of the vicinity was very sick. The doctors said he must die in a few days. While upon what was supposed to be his death-bed, the farmer gave a check for two dollars to a hired hand for labor. He presented it to the bank of which Taylor was cashier and Taylor raised it, so it was charged, to two thousand. Wishing to give the farmer time to die, he sent the check by a circuitous route, expecting he would be dead before it would be presented for collection. The check came back to the rival bank on which it was drawn. There was either something suspicious about the appearance of the check itself or the cashier, knowing the farmer's characteristics and habits, deemed the check larger than he would be likely to give. At any rate, he sent it out to the farmer to inquire as to the facts. The farmer, to Taylor's undoing, being on the highroad to recovery, the opinion of his physicians to the contrary notwithstanding, Taylor was promptly indicted for forgery. The farmer's unexpected recovery was accident number one, which led Taylor to the gallows tree.

Taylor owned a farm about midway between Browning, where he lived, and Milan, the county-seat. In a pasture he had a lot of fat steers. Adjoining his pasture, and separated from it only by a barbed-wire fence, was an-

other pasture full of fat steers, both pasture and steers being owned by a citizen of Milan. On Saturday, so it was alleged, Taylor directed a man named Meeks to take a car-load of steers out of his pasture, and also a car-load out of the Milan man's pasture, and ship them to Kansas City. Sunday morning the Milan man went down to his pasture to salt his steers, discovered that a car-load was missing, hopped on the train, went to Kansas City, and found his lost steers in the pen. Accident number two was that, had Taylor shipped the steers any other day than Saturday, they would have been butchered and in the freezing-rooms, which would have prevented the Milan man from identifying his cattle. Taylor and Meeks were indicted jointly for grand larceny.

Taylor owned a small two-story building adjoining a lumber-yard, the upper story being rented to a photographer, house and gallery both fully insured. Taylor, so it was claimed, for reasons of his own, set fire to the house, which fire burned up the lumber-yard belonging to another man—the lumber-yard being what he wanted to burn. House and gallery were estimated as total loss. The photographer had a fine and expensive camera. Though it did not belong to Taylor, he was so greedy that he could not make up his mind to see it burn. Before setting fire to the house he removed the camera, secreted it, and finally shipped it to St. Louis, where he sold it. In due time the photographer went to that city to purchase a second-hand gallery outfit, and found his camera —accident number three for Taylor. He was promptly indicted for arson.

Taylor and Meeks took a change of venue to an adjoining county, on the indictment charging the larceny of the steers. Taylor secured a severance—also a continuance. Then he told Meeks that as matters stood they were both headed for the penitentiary, but that if Meeks would plead guilty and exculpate him he (Taylor)

would see to it that his (Meeks's) punishment would be assessed at the minimum of two years, which by good behavior would be reduced to eighteen months, and that he would support the family of Meeks while he was in prison and reward him handsomely. So the poor devil, being friendless and penniless, accepted the proposition, assumed entire responsibility for stealing the steers, and went to the penitentiary for two years.

A bright, ambitious young lawyer, named Bresnahan, was prosecuting attorney of Sullivan County, in which all these crimes were committed. He studied the Taylor cases till he concluded that Meeks knew about the forgery and arson as well as the larceny of the steers. Consequently, he visited the state's prison and proposed to Meeks that if he would make a clean breast of it and testify in all the cases against Taylor, he would have him pardoned. Meeks agreed, and it was so done.

Now, be it known that Sullivan County is in north Missouri, a comparatively short distance from Illinois. Be it also remembered that a deposition for the prosecution in a criminal case cannot be used in Missouri, the constitutional provision being that "the defendant must be confronted by his accusers face to face"—also that a subpœna or writ of attachment issued by a Missouri court does not apply outside the state. Consequently, Taylor, realizing that if Meeks testified to all he knew, he, Taylor, was certain to be convicted, but that if he could induce Meeks to leave the state and stay out of it he would go scot-free. So, as court was approaching, he made Meeks a proposition that if he would leave Missouri and stay out of the state, he would convey him, his family and belongings, to Illinois, in a good two-horse wagon, drawn by two valuable horses, and at the end of the journey would give him the wagon and team, together with eight hundred dollars in cash. It is said that Meeks's wife and mother both protested vigorously against the

arrangement, but without avail, and Meeks accepted, going blindly to his doom.

One dark night Taylor and his younger brother, George, loaded Meeks, his wife and four children, with their household goods, into the wagon, starting ostensibly for Illinois. When they reached George Taylor's farm they killed with an ax Meeks, his wife and three children, hiding the bodies in an old strawstack. They cut the fourth child, a little girl six years old, in the head with the ax and, thinking she was dead, chucked her with the rest into the strawstack.

Next morning the little girl crawled out of the strawstack with her hair all clotted with blood. She had no idea where she was. In sight of where she stood, at a distance of about two hundred yards, was George Taylor's house. About equidistant in the opposite direction, also in sight, was the house of a widow in no way related to the Taylors. If the child had gone to George Taylor's she would most certainly have been murdered instanter. But, by a most marvelous coincidence, she went to the widow's house and said that her mother, father, brothers, and sister were asleep in the strawstack.

The widow alarmed the neighbors and the hunt began. George Taylor had been seen early that morning harrowing around the strawstack—evidently to obliterate the wagon tracks, which would be a clue that he was mixed up in the murders. As soon as he learned that the little girl had crawled out alive he mounted a fine horse and went to Browning as fast as the horse could run, and informed his brother of what had happened. They armed themselves to the teeth, took what money they wanted from the bank, and left for parts unknown. A mob speedily formed, but could not catch them.

Several days subsequently they stopped in an out-of-the-way hamlet in the mountains of Arkansas to let their horses rest, giving it out that they were land-buyers. It

developed afterward that they were trying to get to Honduras. While staying in the hamlet Capt. Jerry C. South, a young lawyer, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Arkansas, now chief clerk of the House of Representatives, with the talents and instincts of a Vidocq, a Pinkerton, or a Burns, highly developed, happened to ride over to the hamlet which was some miles from his residence. Strangers were scarce in that neighborhood, it being at that time far removed from a railroad. South saw the strangers and observed that they had gold watches, two revolvers each, and rode magnificent horses. Also that they wore Prince Albert coats, with skirts frayed by briers and bushes. In addition, he noted the fact that their beards were of a growth of two or three weeks. While riding home it kept running through his mind that he had somewhere seen the pictures of those men.

Reaching his residence, he dug into a pile of St. Louis papers, found their pictures, and also discovered that there was a reward of five thousand dollars for their apprehension. He determined to capture them, but how? That was the rub. If he went back to the hamlet with his shotgun they might see him first and either kill him or escape. If he undertook to bag them with only a revolver, it was a game of two to one in their favor. Finally he resolved on this plan of action. He rode back to the hamlet armed with revolvers, but he knew that the keeper of the store where they loafed had a fine double-barreled shotgun in the back room. So he entered the store and found the Taylors still there. He asked the storekeeper for some article which was kept in the back room, into which they went. Being in, he told the merchant that he wanted to borrow his gun, to which the storekeeper was agreeable. Captain South threw out the cartridges loaded with bird-shot, slipped in others charged with buck-shot, walked back into the store with both barrels cocked, and made prisoners of the fugitive brothers.

It so happened that the state convention, to which Captain South was a delegate, was to meet at Little Rock that week. He took the Taylors with him most of the way by boat and for two days they sat in the convention with him—unmanacled, and, as far as appearances went, as free as any other men in that city. They never tried to escape; partly, no doubt, because on the boat Captain South gave examples of his marvelous skill of marksmanship with a revolver by shooting the heads off turtles sunning themselves on logs, which gave his prisoners a wholesome respect for him. In due time he delivered them to the Missouri authorities and collected the reward. They were tried before Judge W. W. Rucker, now and for many years past a Representative in Congress, and sentenced to be hanged. A few days before the appointed time they broke jail. George escaped and, so far as the public knows, has never been heard of since. Bill was recaptured before he got out of the jail-yard, and was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

I did not desire to go to the Legislature when I did, and served only one term. I went by reason of one of the queerest capers ever cut in politics. I was first nominated by a grand jury. It happened thus: I was closing my second and last term as prosecuting attorney. When the grand jury had finished its business, Judge John McCune, foreman, one of the best men I ever knew, said: "Clark, you should go to the Legislature. It's an important revising session." I thanked him, but told him I could not afford to go—that after a long and hard scuffle I had gotten a footing at the bar, was building up a good practice, and didn't want to throw away an opportunity which might not return. He put it to the grand jury—which was unanimous, though one was a bitter Republican. They paid my announcement fees and the primary ratified their choice. I spent the primary election day hoeing out my garden.

CHAPTER VII

The Norton and Robinson feud—Colonel Hutton got to Congress by Norton's and Robinson's delegates—The "flip-a-dollar" nomination of Norton—Then came the Clark-and-Norton campaign of six months' incessant struggling, and Clark's nomination.

I DID not go to Congress as soon as I expected I would when I was plowing, worming tobacco, binding wheat, mauling rails, hoeing corn, and breaking rocks with a sledge-hammer, down in Kentucky. It was not a case of "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," for I always believed that I would reach the Congressional goal some time. I had a good, growing law business and was prospering moderately. The chief reason for the delay was that when I went to Missouri I located in a Congressional district where there were more Democrats in the prime of life fit to be Members of Congress—all of them older than I—their ages ranging from thirty to sixty—than in any other rural Congressional district in the United States. Judge A. H. Buckner, long time chairman of the great Committee on Banking and Currency, served twelve years, the longest anybody has served from the district except myself. He and I are the only two men to secure more than two terms from that bailiwick so rich in Congressional timber. He could have easily remained in Congress all his life, for he possessed the unshaken confidence of his constituents, who were proud of the commanding position he had attained in the House; but in 1884 he concluded to run for Governor, which

opened the way for the aspiring youngsters who had long coveted his place, but feared to shy their hats into the ring against the veteran statesman who had led a high public career of more than twoscore years. They deemed him invincible—as he surely was.

When he voluntarily quit the Congressional field the situation was what it always is at the close of a long service—two generations of candidates lapped over on each other. A free-for-all fight of great intensity and ferocity ensued, which, with four other fights of the same sort, kept that district in uproar and turmoil for a decade. When I first reached Congress the district was popularly called "The Bloody Ninth." Now it has the more pleasing sobriquet of "The Peaceful Ninth," every particle of factionalism having "gone where the woodbine twineth."

There were then nine counties in the district. Ten men declared themselves candidates for the Democratic nomination for Congress and about a dozen more of us wanted to declare, but for one reason or another did not —chiefly because we had no political machines. Judge Elijah Robinson, the youngest Circuit judge in the state, and Judge William H. Biggs, subsequently judge of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, both of Pike, settled their contention in a Pike County primary, Robinson winning. Consequently only nine candidates went before the district convention—nine strong, ambitious men, who fought for a seat in the House of Representatives as though it were the crown of the Bourbons. The contest attracted the attention of the state and wrecked many fortunes. They had one of the old-fashioned conventions, where the "favorite son" business was worked for all that it was worth. All the arts of old-time politics were practised to the limit. They met in Montgomery City and balloted twenty-two hundred times without selecting a candidate. They adjourned to meet two weeks later at New London, in Ralls County, where they balloted two

HOME OF CHAMP CLARK AT BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI

thousand-odd times more. Out of these ten candidates the strongest two were Judge Elijah Robinson, of Pike County, now one of the leading lawyers in Kansas City, and Col. Richard H. Norton, of Lincoln County. They were the same age. They were two of the most successful lawyers in the state. They had read law together in the same office when they were lads and fell out while reading law, so that to the ordinary political complications was added that of the personal feud between these two very capable men. What was the original cause of the mutual animosity I do not know, but whatever it was it had much to do with their three races for Congress against each other.

In 1884 Colonel Norton got within one vote of the nomination, but he could not get the one vote needful, so, to thwart his enemy, Robinson, he threw his whole strength to Col. John E. Hutton, who had only ten votes in the convention, and nominated him. Hutton was a doctor, a lawyer, an editor, and had been a colonel of approved courage in the Union Army. In apparel he was a Beau Brummell. He was a man of high character and Chesterfieldian manners. Withal, he was as proud as Lucifer. No man ever expressed his opinions of men and things with more amazing abandon. He called a spade a spade. If he thought a man was a liar, coward, or double-dealer, he said so. Once, just after the close of the Civil War, when it was risky to make a Democratic speech in Missouri, the colonel was making one—a red-hot one at that—standing in the judge's stand in a certain court-house. A lot of fellows well "lighted up" in the rear of the room started toward him, shaking their fists and making loud and angry threats as to what they would do to him; whereupon he stopped his speech, jumped over the judge's stand, drew his revolver, and invited them to "come on"! They stopped suddenly, while he pocketed his gun, returned to the stand, resumed his speech, and concluded it without further interruption.

His nerve was equal to his politeness—which is saying a great deal.

In 1886 we went through the very same performance, except that one candidate had died, one had dropped out, and a new one was added. We had two conventions, with an aggregate of over four thousand ballots. Judge Robinson came within one vote of getting the nomination and could not get it, so, to spite his enemy, Norton, he threw his strength to Colonel Hutton and nominated him again. In this way Colonel Hutton, who had no such following as Robinson or Norton, and who spent no money and little time or energy in campaigning, served two terms in Congress.

In 1888, all of them that were alive ran again, except Colonel Hutton, with one new man added to the list. They had a deadlock convention at Warrenton. Somebody suggested that as Norton and Robinson—the two leading candidates—were cutting each other's throats all the time, others being the beneficiaries of their warfare, both of them could go to Congress if they would flip a dollar for the nomination, the one winning to go the first two terms and the one defeated to go the next two terms. So they flipped the dollar. Colonel Norton won, was nominated and elected by a reduced majority, which was not to his discredit, as the feeling was so intense that any other candidate would have received a reduced majority.

I have never believed that a man has a right to run for office and worry himself and his friends unless he has a fair chance of succeeding, but in 1890 I reasoned it out this way. There was so much bad feeling about the flipping of the dollar and about the three long-drawn-out and bitter contests that I knew some Democrat would oppose Colonel Norton for the nomination. I believed, however, that the force of the practice of giving a man two terms would renominate him, but the man who ran against him and made a good showing in 1890 would

defeat him in 1892, and so it happened. I made the race in 1890 and a change of forty-four votes out of a poll of thirty-three hundred in the primary in Audrain County, which then held the key to the situation absolutely, would have given me the nomination and the election. The truth is I came nearer beating Colonel Norton than either he or I thought I would. I heard that after it was all over the colonel, who was endowed with a keen sense of humor, gave some of his cronies this account of that race: "When Clark began his campaign in Audrain," he is reported to have said, "my friends wrote me that he was shelling the woods in the far reaches of the county, but that I could remain in Washington certain of renomination. In about a week later they wrote me that he was making some progress, and while there was no danger I had best come home a week before the primary and stump the county. In a few days they wired me the situation was critical and that I must come at once, which I did." After he was nominated I supported him loyally, stumping the district for him.

That campaign illustrates forcibly what personal solicitation and a house-to-house campaign will accomplish. I knew very few voters in Audrain—none at all in the western half of the county. All the newspapers in the county except one were for Colonel Norton. So were nearly all the county officials and politicians. He had canvassed the county in three previous races and had the prestige of possession, which, according to an old saying, is nine points of the law. Not one man in ten in the county—even among those supporting me—believed when I began that I had a ghost of a show to carry Audrain. I spoke in the school-houses at night and buttonholed the voters most industriously in the daytime.

To illustrate: Saling township, in Audrain, is a fine, rich body of land with three hundred Democratic voters, and without a town, big or little, and without a railroad.

It lies immediately north of Sturgeon, on the Wabash Railroad, in Boone County, which is not in our Congressional district. The people of Saling, most of them, trade at Sturgeon, receive their mail from there, and to a large extent support the town. I did not know a soul in Saling township, but I proposed to form their acquaintance. So I went to Sturgeon, where I knew only three men. I asked them what my chances were in Saling. They said I had none. I inquired why. They bluntly said that nobody knew anything about me, but they did know that Colonel Norton was in Congress; that the rule was that a man should have a second term, and, what was more, they were weary of the constant and suicidal fighting among Democrats in the district.

I inquired if the good people of Saling could be induced to attend a public speaking. The answer was: "Yes. They are fond of that." One of these men was Doctor Keith, who practised all over the township. The second was Hon. Henry L. Gray, ex-merchant and ex-editor, a politician of high degree. The third was Hon. Thomas S. Carter, a lawyer of large practice, especially among the Saling people. These three men—all dead now, and whose memory I fondly cherish—sympathized with me. They thought I was on a fool's errand and I am sure they felt sorry for me. They laid their heads together, however, arranged for me a string of appointments covering the township—in school-houses—and made me an accurate map, showing the house of every Democratic voter and memoranda giving names and minute biographical data. Then they advised me to employ a liveryman named Joe Palmer, who knew the people and the roads thoroughly, to haul me over the township. Thus equipped and thus chaperoned I sallied forth, spoke every night to fine audiences, and personally interviewed every voter. The upshot was that I carried that township by seventy-five majority.

A change of forty-four votes would have given me the county, the nomination, and the election. I have always believed that had not rain-storms kept the people away on two nights I would have won, for that was the only canvass I ever made in which I knew I made votes every time I spoke.

In 1892 they cleared the decks to let Colonel Norton and me fight it out. Colonel Norton was a man of commanding presence, over six feet, straight as an arrow, smart as a whip, a good mixer, and an effective stump speaker. Moreover, he possessed a substantial bank-account and was not afraid to draw on it. Both of us were right in the prime of life. He was a year and a half older than I. If they had combed the United States over for two young men, strong beyond the average physically, who were determined to go to Congress, they could not have selected two filling the bill better than Colonel Norton and myself. To use a phrase indigenous to Missouri, we were both "strong as mules and tough as whit-leather."

There were other men in the district ambitious for the high honor, but the voters did not encourage their aspirations. They wanted the bitter factionalism in the district settled by a finish fight. This sentiment was so pronounced that the dark horses remained in their stables with such patience as they could muster. They may have champed their bits savagely and pawed the bottom of their stalls ferociously, but they did no audible neighing.

We began the 20th of March. We finished the 31st of August. In all that time there were not forty-eight consecutive hours in which either of us could rest. We both went armed to the teeth, expecting a shooting-match every time we met, but the very fact that we did expect it, I think, prevented it.

March 20th we opened the campaign simultaneously,

but not together, in Audrain, which we had contested stubbornly inch by inch in 1890. That county in the new district was not decisive of the contest, as it had been in the old, but its vote was large and important. The weather was simply execrable. That's the only word that fitly describes it. I know not whether the three witches in Macbeth ever met "again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain," but I do know that Colonel Norton and I began that campaign in "thunder, lightning, and in rain," with snow and sleet in addition. Not only began so, but continued under similar conditions for many days. The rich, black, alluvial mud was, as a rule, knee-deep, sometimes much deeper. We plowed and waded through it resolutely, if not cheerfully. Each of us might have been nicknamed, and not inappropriately, "Rain-in-the-Face," because we braved so many rainstorms and were wet and muddy for a month. Being very susceptible to hoarseness, I carried with me constantly a bottle of horse liniment and about a half-yard of red flannel. Every night I anointed my throat and breast liberally with the liniment, heated the red flannel as hot as possible, clapped it on throat and chest, went to bed, and slept like a top. Otherwise I would have broken down with hoarseness and cold on my lungs. What remedy, if any, he used this deponent sayeth not, because he knoweth not. It would not be much exaggeration to say that we wallowed through that campaign in Audrain.

I swept the county by eight hundred and sixty-eight majority.

Outside of Crawford County in the Ozarks, each of us had thirty-one delegates. The way that happened was this: The custom in constituting a convention was that each county was entitled to one delegate for every two hundred and fifty Democratic votes cast in the last presidential election, or a major fraction thereof. Nobody

dreamed of any other basis until all the counties except Crawford had selected delegates or were certain for the one or the other of us. It must be remembered that the counties voted under the unit rule. On the basis of the last presidential vote I had thirty-five delegates and Colonel Norton thirty-two, outside of Crawford. But suddenly the Congressional Committee, which was friendly to him, convened, issued the call for the convention, fixing the basis for delegates on the off-year vote of 1890, by which I lost four delegates and Colonel Norton one—a net loss of three to me, with the result that outside of Crawford there would be a tie—thus in effect conferring on Crawford, a new and remote county in the district, the honor and power of selecting a Representative in Congress. On the part of my friends a great uproar ensued.

They denounced the action of the committee in language not fit to be mentioned to ears polite; they got up protests numerously signed; they did all that mortal man could do, short of physical violence, but without avail. The Congressional Committee was deaf, dumb, and blind as to their protestations, objurgations, and maledictions. The committee stood by its guns without flinching or wavering. There was nothing to do about it except to grin and bear it—which I did.

In 1894, when the tables were turned and the Congressional Committee, then friendly to me, performed the same strong-arm stunt by basing delegates on the Congressional vote of 1892 instead of on the presidential vote of that year, thereby placing my renomination beyond a peradventure, so that I had no opposition in the convention, Col. John W. Jacks, editor of *The Montgomery Standard*, now my very good friend, then decidedly otherwise, sadly and tersely remarked in his paper: "It would be a blamed good thing if the Congressional Committee could be abolished altogether!" If the colonel's vocabulary had not been restricted by his high standing

in the church, no doubt his statement would have been even more vigorous and somewhat sulphurous, and, to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I would not have criticized him had he sworn after the manner of a Jack Tar or the "Army in Flanders."

The action of the Congressional Committee having narrowed the contest to Crawford, Colonel Norton and I, both utter strangers to her people, proceeded to that county and entered upon the last lap of our Congressional Marathon. It was a fight for blood. No quarter was asked, expected, or given. We worked, talked, and wrote incessantly. We made stump speeches, two daily, sometimes three. We solicited votes personally. We traveled in passenger-cars, on freight-trains and hand-cars; in buggies, on horseback, and occasionally on foot. We had friends and agents by the dozen traversing the county, as old man Harper of Kentucky proudly boasted he ran his horses, "from eend to eend." We never let up for rain, hail, snow, flood, storms, mud, dust, cold, or heat. On March 20th I weighed two hundred and ten. In November I tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty-five. I had worked and sweat off twenty-five pounds and was "hard as nails." Colonel Norton was in the same condition. We were down to our fighting weights —in pink of condition.

In short, we did everything possible that was proper, and, in the retrospect, I am inclined to believe that we did some things which were not strictly proper.

Large in area, hilly, almost mountainous in parts, sparsely populated, cut by mountain streams which suddenly became raging torrents, past fording, at every heavy rain—and it rained almost every day—Crawford was exceedingly difficult to canvass. Nevertheless, there is hardly a quarter-section of land within her wide-extended borders on which Colonel Norton and myself have not both stood, but as a rule not simultaneously.

If any voter escaped being buttonholed by both of us it was because he "saw us first" and was too fleet of foot. It was a six weeks' man-hunt. We both had our wives down there to aid and comfort us. My wife came down first, bringing with her our infant son, Bennett Champ, then a wee toddler two and a half years old, now a strapping big upstanding six-footer. He was a colonel of infantry in our army in Europe. There was only one negro in the county, George, a factotum of the only hotel in the city of Cuba, good-natured, kind-hearted, who frequently looked too long on the wine when it was red in the cup—in his case "mountain dew," or in plain words moonshine whisky. He and Bennett struck up a warm friendship. Mrs. Clark came down first and the Norton adherents made merry, but they soon changed their minds and Colonel Norton sent for his wife. It should be written down here that while these two women entered thoroughly into the spirit of the campaign and worked like beavers in all decent ways for the success of their husbands, they never violated the proprieties in the slightest manner.

I began the canvass in Crawford, wearing heavy winter clothes, including a big chinchilla overcoat and arctic overshoes. June 24th, the day of the double-headed Cuba mass-meeting to select delegates, I wore an alpaca suit, and came near melting with fervent heat. The county was in turmoil and uproar in every nook and corner. Every voter was electioneering with some other voter.

I have already stated that the county abounded in mountain streams which rose to great heights suddenly and unexpectedly. One of these surprising rises came near being the death of me. One evening, through a combined hail- and rain-storm of much violence, I reached a village in the extreme southeast corner of the county, drenched to the skin and mud-bespattered, and spoke at

night in a blacksmith shop. This little corner, with only about a dozen Crawford people living in it, was separated from the rest of the county by the Hussah River. Next morning it was booming. In order to reach my next appointment I had to cross that angry and swollen stream. One of my friends, Frank Wagner, was driving the buggy, pulled by two wiry little Mexican mustang ponies. Wagner, an East-Tennesseean, who had served four years in the Confederate Army, had more nerve than discretion and was thoroughly devoted to me. He weighed little above one hundred pounds and was true as steel, but he came near losing his candidate for Congress by drowning. When we reached the bank of the river I told Wagner that it was dangerous and that we had best not try to cross it. He made fun of my suggestion, but inquired of a man close at hand, building a fence, if the river was fordable. He said he thought it was, but that nobody had forded it that morning. So over my protest Wagner plunged in. As soon as the horses struck the water they began to swim and the buggy to float. Being nearly twice as heavy as Wagner, the buggy began to careen on my side. I told Wagner that if I stayed in the buggy it would turn over and we would both go to Davy Jones's locker together. So I jumped out into the icy water, which came up to my armpits, straightened the buggy up, and loosed the head of one of the ponies, whose bridle was entangled with the end of the buggy tongue. Wagner drove out and I waded out. As I had on a heavy chinchilla overcoat and arctic overshoes, I must have weighed several hundred pounds when I reached terra firma. Neither of us had on a stitch of dry raiment.

On a near-by hillside lived a venerable man, "Old Uncle Neal Brickey." We stopped at his house, stripped ourselves naked as we were born, wrung the water out of our clothes, and hung part of them in front of a roaring log fire which was blazing and crackling in an old-fash-

ioned fireplace about ten feet wide. The rest we hung on the fence in the bright sunshine. Wagner came in, winking in a mysterious manner, and asked me if I ever took a drink. I answered, "Yes, at rare intervals, and if ever a man needed one it is now." So he escorted me out to the kitchen, where Uncle Neal produced a half-gallon bottle of "white whisky," colorless as water. We sampled it liberally, and it proved to be an exhilarating tipple and grateful to the palate.

After drying our clothes somewhat, Wagner and I resumed our journey. When we were out of ear-shot I said: "Frank, where did Uncle Neal get that 'white whisky'?" With an illuminating smile, he replied, "Saint Louis!" "Oh!" I said, "tell that to the marines. That's moonshine—the first I ever tasted." There the conversation dropped. That was in April.

Now for the sequel. A few days after the November election I saw, to my regret, in the St. Louis papers an article with flaring head-lines, giving a long and racy account of the arrest and conviction in the Federal court of my venerable host, Uncle Neal, for moonshining. The reporters had great fun at his expense, stating among other things that he was the most incorrigible moonshiner in the Ozarks. (Exit Uncle Neal.)

I had another unusual experience in the Crawford campaign with watercourses, aggravating then, amusing now, dangerous never. I was to wind up my stumping tour in the county with a daytime speech at Cuba, at which a large audience was expected. The night before I spoke at the Iron School-house, some eight or nine miles west of that city. It was a very dark night, but I was anxious to reach Cuba to get my mail, hear the news, consult my friends, and see my wife and baby. I did not know the route, so I asked several men to ride in with me, offering to pay hotel bills and expenses, but they declined, saying they had on their workday clothes and wanted to dress

up for the Cuba rally next day. Finally one suggested that he would put me in "the Iron Road" which ran through Cuba, and as the Mexican mustang ponies I was driving belonged in Cuba, all I had to do was to give them their heads and they would go straight home. Knowing a good deal about horses in general, and precious little about the vagaries and perversity of Mexican mustang ponies, I thought that a reasonable program. The man put me in "the Iron Road," so called because over it, before the railroad penetrated the Ozarks, vast quantities of iron and iron ore were hauled to boat landings on the Missouri River. I gave the ponies free rein and they went up hill and down dale as fast as they could clatter. At last I could tell that we were approaching a stream. When they got into the water I knew that they were acquainted with the ford, and let them go as they pleased. They splashed along till the limbs of a tree raked my hat. Then I realized that instead of crossing they had turned up the stream. It was black as pitch. I stopped them and looked as best I could to learn the situation. I discovered that I was in a narrow channel, with high, steep banks, with water up to the bed of the buggy. I tried to turn those hammer-headed ponies around, but there was not room enough. Then I endeavored to back them out, when one of the ponies deliberately lay down in the water. I got on the buggy-tongue and lashed him with the whip, and bellowed at him, but without avail. I yelled at the top of my voice for help, but not a human being responded. I got out in the water up to my waist and carefully felt around to see if his feet were caught in the tree-roots, and found they were not. I tried to lift him up, but could not. I kicked him in the ribs, but that had no effect on him. He was enjoying his cool bath, while I was sweating at every pore. I pulled my knife out, cut the harness off of him, made him get up, mounted the other pony, and rode bareback four miles into town,

stripped my wet clothes off, and gave George, the sole man of color in the county, a dollar to sit up all night and dry them out by the kitchen stove. All the Norton men swore I got into that hole of water because I was drunk—a wicked fabrication which I did not hear the last of for many a day. Crawford was detached from my district and put into a new district ten years later, but that fable may be floating around in the Ozarks yet, for all that I know, but I do know that for me it was a most unpleasant night.

All the hairbreadth escapes were not for me. Of course I am not so fully informed as to what happened to Colonel Norton as I am as to what happened to me. However, I heard of one ride that he made, which neither he nor I would have made by night at any time since for a thousand dollars. One Saturday night he was making a speech, about fifteen miles from the nearest depot, Keysville, on the Salem branch of the Frisco Railroad. About ten o'clock a messenger galloped up and handed him a telegram, calling him to meet in St. Louis on Sunday morning a very prominent man of our district on most pressing business touching our campaign. The night was of inky darkness. Colonel Norton and his *fidus Achates*, Hon. Frank H. Farris, since state senator, now and for several years a prominent member of the Legislature, set out for Keysville in a buggy drawn by a pair of Mexican mustang ponies—the meanest of the equine species—over one of the worst and most dangerous roads in America, at a breakneck speed. They reached Keysville a few minutes after the last train on the branch line had left for the junction with the main line at Cuba, and there was no Sunday train on the branch! But Colonels Norton and Farris were too resolute to balk at a little thing like that. So Colonel Norton aroused the section boss and paid him liberally to take them to Cuba—a distance of ten or twelve miles—on a hand-car. Alack! and also

alas! they reached Cuba just in time to see the tail-lights of the St. Louis passenger-train disappearing in the distance! After the fashion of Lord Ullin, on an occasion made famous by the poet Campbell, Colonel Norton was "left lamenting." The tradition in the neighborhood is that for some minutes the atmosphere about the Cuba depot was of a decidedly cerulean hue; but he was not to be balked of meeting the prominent citizen aforesaid in St. Louis, so in four or five hours he boarded a freight-train, and in much discomfort rode ninety-odd miles to the great "City of the Iron Crown."

To everything an end must come, and finally the campaign in Crawford was closed in dramatic fashion.

Colonel Norton controlled the County Committee which selected Cuba, almost on the edge of the big county at the junction of two branches of the Frisco, as the place for the mass-meeting. I wanted it at Steeleville, the county-seat, almost in the center of the county. Norton and I each ran two special trains into Cuba for the use of our supporters, one each from the southern line of the county and one each from the northern line thereof. No matter which of us won, the Frisco Railroad Company was ahead. Hundreds of men rode thirty miles in buggies or farm-wagons and horseback, to participate in that famous mass-meeting, an event from which other events in that vicinage have been dated ever since. Many trudged the weary distance on foot, starting the day before. Scores of women graced the spectacle with their presence. It was a great day for Cuba.

While there were only twelve hundred and fifty Democrats in the county, at least two thousand marched in our processions, with banners waving, fifes shrilling, drums beating, and brass bands braying. Where the extra eight hundred men came from I do not know. They may have been Republicans out for a lark, which is probably the truth—though each side vociferously asseverated that the

other had imported them from outside the county. If I were going to guess I would say that it was about an even break in that regard.

Under a wide-spreading umbrageous oak on the college green, the chairman of the Democratic County Committee, Captain Ferguson, standing in a wagon-bed, called the mass-meeting to order promptly at one o'clock, the hour agreed on, whereupon the county attorney, Hon. John T. Woodruff, only twenty-four years old, now one of the most prominent lawyers in southwest Missouri, nominated five delegates and moved that they be instructed for me, which was done instanter and with a whoop, and the mass-meeting adjourned *sine die*. For some reason not many of Colonel Norton's supporters attended that mass-meeting.

In a few moments his followers arrived, organized another mass-meeting, elected five delegates, and instructed them for him; but as the credentials of my delegates were signed by the venerable chairman of the County Committee, who was also chairman of the mass-meeting which selected them, and were signed also by the county attorney, who was also secretary of both the County Committee and of the mass-meeting, they were considered regular.

Much acrimonious newspaper controversy ensued, growing out of the double-headed Cuba mass-meeting.

This testimony should be borne to the good people of Crawford County. With the town overrun by a crowd too big to be comfortably entertained on a blistering hot day, in the midst of a personal and political contest waged with exceeding fury, not a fight occurred, not even a scrap of fisticuffs. Some angry conversation was had, some loud, tumultuous, offensive, and profane language was hurled through the air; but there were no bloody noses and no broken bones.

Though more than twenty-six years have gone to join

the centuries since that spectacular performance, many of the men who most earnestly and most stoutly opposed me that sweltering day at Cuba have been among my stanchest friends and supporters.

At last came the district convention. The Montgomery court-house was crowded. So were the lobbies, the corridors, and other rooms. A multitude of excited people filled the court-house yard and the near-by streets. Men were there from every nook and corner of the district. Many hot, verbal encounters were had, and at least one bloodless fist fight. Reverend Doctor Hardesty, a Norton enthusiast, now one of my best friends, prayed for peace in tones which Stentor might have envied. He has since been chaplain of the Missouri Senate. Each, as before stated, had a delegation from Crawford County, of five delegates. The Norton delegation was the contesting delegation. I had thirty-six regular delegates. He had thirty-one regulars besides his five Crawford County delegates. The Congressional Committee was for him. They brought in a rule that his five Crawford County men should sit in the convention and vote the same as the other delegates did—even vote on the question of their own seats. Of course this made an absolute deadlock. The Congressional Committee named Henry Clark for chairman. My friends on the committee brought in a minority report, nominating George W. Whitecotton for chairman. They voted on Whitecotton and it was a tie. They voted on Clark and it was a tie. Then a distinguished statesman argued that because Whitecotton failed to get a majority Clark became chairman *ipso facto*. The temporary chairman of the convention did not exactly decide that way, but he did what was equivalent to it—he appointed a committee to escort Clark to the platform to act as chairman. Just as Clark, who was a large, handsome man, reached out to take the gavel, with a broad smile on his face, Whitecotton tapped

him on the arm and said: "When you preside here, I preside." Clark wanted to know what he meant. Whitecotton said that he was elected chairman of the convention by precisely the same vote that Clark was and that if Clark presided he would preside, and if Clark wanted to get along peaceably all well and good, and if he did not, all well and good. Of course pandemonium ensued, and at least thirty pistols clicked in a half minute. Finally somebody suggested that they adjourn until after supper, which they did, and no doubt thereby prevented a general fusillade.

During the recess Clark sent for me and I went to see him, accompanied by two reliable witnesses. He said that he did not want to preside, but that his friends wanted him to preside, and that if I would agree to his presiding he would not cast his vote as chairman even on the question to adjourn, but would vote in his own delegation, where he had a right to vote. I said, "Mr. Clark, some years ago when you were chairman of the Montgomery County Committee you insisted that you had a right to cast your vote as a member of the committee to make a tie and then cast your vote as chairman to untie the tie, and I will have none of that." He replied that that was the one political act of his life that he regretted and that he would keep the faith in this Congressional Convention. I consented, and so did Whitecotton, that when the convention reassembled after supper Whitecotton would withdraw his name and move that Clark be elected by acclamation, and it was so done; but the time was so short that several of Colonel Norton's delegates had not heard of this arrangement and, not knowing what was up, voted against their own chairman when the vote was taken. It should be stated here, and I do so with pleasure, that Mr. Chairman Clark, being an honorable man, did precisely what he said he would do. Clark and Whitecotton are both in their graves; I hope

that "after life's fitful fever they sleep well." We stayed there six days in convention assembled. We could not even adjourn for our meals, or overnight, unless Norton and I both consented to it. Finally we signed an agreement to adjourn for ten days so that we could attend the state convention and log-roll for a State Committeeman, as we both knew that we would finally land in the hands of the State Committee. At the state convention Norton got the State Committeeman by one vote. After this recess agreed upon the convention met again and stayed in session three days. Finally I told my men that I had a majority in the convention and wanted the nomination—wanted it in time to go to St. Louis. So they organized a convention in the convention and nominated me. Three hours later Colonel Norton's delegates nominated him. Finally the State Committee notified us both to appear before them to see if anything could be done to iron out the ugly situation. The State Committee ordered a primary, not a blanket primary, but they rigged up a scheme whereby they hoped to beat me out of the nomination and at the same time satisfy my friends. They ordered that on the same day each county should hold a primary not to vote for Colonel Norton and me, but to vote for Clark delegates and Norton delegates to a new convention to be held at St. Charles on August 31st, which was done. I carried the district, if they had counted the votes under the blanket primary plan, by over three thousand, but they voted by counties, and I carried Montgomery County, which in the new district was the pivotal county, by only eleven votes out of a poll of two thousand. On a recount demanded by Colonel Norton it turned out that I carried it by twelve. I was duly nominated at St. Charles, August 31st.

There never would have been any trouble about it if a reapportionment had not been made between 1890 and 1892. One county was taken out of the old district

and two brand-new counties down in the foot-hills of the Ozarks put in. I carried Audrain County in 1892 by eight hundred and sixty-eight, which was the pivotal county in 1890, when Colonel Norton beat me eighty-seven votes in that county. The placing of the two new counties in the new district and taking out the old one was what made such a long-drawn-out and ugly contest.

The bitterness of these various campaigns, beginning with '84 up to and including '92, was indescribable. So while I had nothing to do particularly with the campaigns of '84, '86, and '88, I inherited the bitterness. Men who had been friends for a lifetime got so angry at each other that they would not speak as they passed by.

Two men who had lived side by side ever since they were boys on adjoining farms, and who had never seen either Colonel Norton or myself, met in the big road, fell to arguing about us, then to quarreling about us, then got down off of their horses and, grabbing fence stakes, nearly killed each other. The upshot of all of this bitterness was that I ran five hundred votes behind the ticket. If Colonel Norton had been the nominee he would have run behind the ticket. As a matter of fact, no Democratic candidate for Congress in the district ever ran up with the ticket from 1882 to 1898. That year I ran up with the ticket and have been running more and more ahead of it ever since. Colonel Norton went back to his law practice and amassed a new fortune. Judge Robinson went to Kansas City and is making fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year practising law, perhaps more.

Thus in brief is stated an eight-year warfare in the district which perhaps has no parallel in any rural district in America.

The day of the double-headed convention at Montgomery City I went to St. Louis. After supper I walked into the editorial rooms of *The St. Louis Republic*, and learned more about metropolitan journalism in a few

minutes than I had learned in forty-two years of tabernacling in the flesh. A big fat man seemed to be the presiding genius. I inquired where Col. Charles H. Jones, editor-in-chief, one of my warm friends, was. "He's in Europe," quoth the obese one. I asked him where Col. Bob Yost, second in command, another of my steadfast friends, was. "At Hot Springs, Arkansas," replied the editorial Falstaff. "Who's running this paper?" I queried. "I am!" he answered, firmly. "Who are you?" I murmured. "I'm the city editor," was his answer. I said, "I am Champ Clark; Col. Dick Norton and I were both nominated for Congress to-day at Montgomery City and I want *The Republic* to give me a square deal to-morrow." He rose from his chair and, while a broad grin spread over his expansive countenance, he replied: "Never fear. I will give you both a square deal. I want to see you both defeated—I'm a Republican!" If the stars had fallen I would not have been more surprised, for in my innocence and ignorance I had always supposed that all the editors and reporters of a Democratic paper were Democrats, and *vice versa*. I was utterly dumfounded. After I recovered my equilibrium somewhat I said: "What! a Republican running a great Democratic organ in the midst of a hot presidential campaign?" He said, "Yes—precisely; and if you will inquire you will find that half the reporters on this paper are Republicans. Then, after you have absorbed that information, go over to *The Globe-Democrat* office, the Republican organ, and you will discover that half of the writing force on that sheet are Democrats. It may add to your amazement that Joe McCullough, the brilliant editor-in-chief of *The Globe-Democrat*, is a mossbacked Democrat and votes the Democratic ticket straight!" By that time I was limp as a dish-rag. I felt very humble, but I collected my wits sufficiently to invite him down-stairs for refreshments, both liquid and solid. He accepted.

Over the coffee and cigars I said: "*The Republic* correspondent at Montgomery City, Col. John W. Jacks, and I are not on speaking terms. He skins me in his paper and I skin him in my speeches. He will put me in bad in his account of that double-headed convention and I want you to see that I get a chance for my white alley." I then gave him my version of the campaign and the convention as best I could. By that time he had become very friendly and sympathetic. When I had finished my story he inquired: "What can I do to help you?" I replied, "I want you to sit up till Jacks's letter arrives and see to it that I get fair treatment," which he did. I have never seen my friend since. I have no doubt that Colonel Norton and Colonel Jacks were somewhat astonished next morning when they saw *The Republic*, whose big black head-lines ran in this wise: "Champ Clark nominated for Congress —Dick Norton bolts!"

I do not mean by the foregoing to convey the idea that Colonel Jacks would have misstated the facts intentionally, but he was so enthusiastic for Norton and so hostile to me that it was inevitable his feelings and point of view might color his description of things. That was what I was afraid of.

Colonel Jacks and I were long since reconciled. For years he has been one of my most loyal and most sensible friends. Our reconciliation came about in an interesting way. During the month which intervened between the extraordinary and regular long session of the Fifty-third Congress, in the autumn of 1893, I traveled over my district, looking into post-office squabbles. One Sunday afternoon I reached Montgomery City and was told that Rev. Noah Dale would preach that night in the Christian Church. I had known him in Kentucky when I was a boy. He had been very kind to my sister when she was a girl and had been instrumental in getting her into the Midway Female College, where she obtained a good edu-

cation. I thought I could not do less than go to hear him preach, recall myself to his memory, and thank him for his kindness to my sister. So with some friends I went to the church before services began. It was a cool evening and a fire was burning in a box-stove about the center of the room. I sat down by the stove and was engaged in conversation, when Colonel Jacks, an elder in that church—as I am an elder in the Bowling Green Christian Church—came in. He walked down to the pulpit platform, where he deposited his overcoat and hat. Then he looked around and saw me. He stood there three or four minutes, pulling his long chin whiskers, which he has since shaved off, walked back to where I was sitting, and offered his hand, which I took gladly—thus ending in happy manner the feud betwixt us twain.

I have often wondered what was passing in the mind of Colonel Jacks while he was pulling his whiskers. My guess is that he was considering what was his Christian duty in the premises. At any rate, he did it. For more than a year he has been journal clerk of the House on my appointment!

There never would have been any deadlock had the Congressional Committee not changed the basis of representation in the Congressional convention.

Even with that change there would have been no deadlock but for an incident, amusing now, but aggravating and almost disastrous to me then.

Gasconade County has only about five hundred Democrats, and is therefore entitled to only two delegates. Colonel Norton and I both were strangers therein. I knew only one man in the county and had seen him only once. He heard me make a speech in another county and liked me and the speech. Consequently, when the mass-meeting convened in Gasconade he was for me. He was a fine man, but an incorrigible joker. So when somebody nominated him for the position of delegate, his humorous

faculty getting the better of him, he arose, declared he did not desire to be elected without opposition, and nominated an opponent to himself, and, unfortunately for me, his opponent, who turned out to be a strong Norton man, received a majority of one vote!

Just why men, usually rated as sensible, will endure all sorts of labors, hardships, and hazards, even to jeopardizing their lives, for an office, the reputation for holding which is as evanescent as "the rainbow's glory" or as "poppies' spread," or as "the snowflake in the river," is an unsolved and insoluble mystery of human nature; but there is something inspiring, fascinating, and exhilarating in a stump campaign for an elective office, particularly when the rivals are anything like equally matched. They are animated by

> The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

While Colonel Norton and I were as determined to go to Congress as any two men that ever lived, I doubt whether either one would have entered the contest if on the 20th of March we could have read the Book of Fate sufficiently to realize the labor, turmoil, and risks we were compelled to endure before August 31st.

I am still in Congress and I am glad to inform the readers hereof that my antagonist and friend prospered greatly in business and the practice of the law. Since the foregoing was written he has died, leaving his family amply provided for. He was one of the foremost citizens of Missouri and his death is a serious loss to the state.

CHAPTER VIII

The Congress.

LORD BACON ranks the founders of states (*conditores imperiorum*, he denominates them) as among the greatest of mankind.

The Constitutional Convention was composed of the wisest men that ever met under one roof. The most sensible thing done by the Fathers of this Republic was the distribution of the powers of the Federal government into three departments; the legislative, the executive, and the judicial.

The fact that a bill must be passed by the House, and also by the Senate, before it is sent to the President for his signature gives time for reflection, discussion, and analysis, not only by Representatives and Senators, but by the public, for in this age of electricity nearly everybody betwixt the two seas knows of any event of considerable importance the same day, or not later than the morning after.

The next wisest thing was to divide the Congress into two branches. Some lady asked George Washington at a great dinner what the Senate was created for and why there were two legislative branches instead of only one. He said that the Senate would perform the same function for legislation that a saucer did for tea; that they would pour the hot tea of the House into the saucer of the Senate to cool off.

Evidently, while General Washington was both a great

soldier and a great statesman, he was not up to date in pink-tea etiquette or he would not have said anything about pouring tea into a saucer. I have sometimes thought that, in these latter days, it is the hot Senate tea that needs cooling off quite as often as the House tea.

In a few matters the legislative and executive powers overlap and coalesce.

For instance, no bill becomes a law unless it is signed by the President, or unless it is passed over his veto by a majority of two-thirds of both the Senate and the House; or by the failure of the President to sign a bill within ten days (Sundays barred) after the bill is presented to him, while the Congress is in session, under which circumstances it becomes a law.

No nomination for office sent by the President to the Senate becomes effective unless confirmed by it. The President negotiates treaties with foreign Powers, but they are of no avail unless ratified by the Senate.

In one instance the legislative and judicial functions mingle. That is when the President is impeached by the House and is on trial in the Senate. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presides, for the manifest and sufficient reason that the Vice-President, who would be the beneficiary of the conviction of the President, should not be permitted to preside.

Of course in such case the Chief Justice cannot vote as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. He simply presides, passing on the admission of evidence, etc. As a matter of fact, the whole impeachment proceeding is quasi-judicial, the House sitting as a grand jury, and the Senate afterward sitting as a petit jury, though it is called the High Court of Impeachment.

One of the most unseemly events in our history was when Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, president *pro tempore* of the Senate, voted on the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson—though he would have been

President in the event of Johnson's conviction—which, happily, did not occur.

Most assuredly the reason which impelled the Fathers to prohibit the Vice-President from presiding in the impeachment trial of a President was the fear that self-interest might warp the decisions of the Vice-President. That alone should also have excluded Senator Wade from voting.

It will be understood that I speak of the Senate and of the House not as two legislative bodies, but as two branches of the Congress—which is correct, notwithstanding popular usage to the contrary.

A few years ago Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, for thirty consecutive years a prominent Senator from Missouri, denominated the United States Senate as "the greatest legislative body in the world," whereupon Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, an eminent constitutional lawyer and considerable of a wit, said: "The Senate is not the greatest legislative body in the world. It is one of the branches of, I think, perhaps the greatest legislative body in the world, and the Senate may be the greatest part of the greatest legislative body in the world. I am not disposed to dispute that. We all admit that ourselves."

The making of the Congress in its present shape was one of the many compromises of the Constitution, without which compromises there would have been no Constitution and no Union. The little states, fearful of being blotted out or absorbed, insisted on equal representation in both Houses, while the big states, reading their future greatness by the eye of faith, demanded that representation in both Houses should be based on population. Consequence, a deadlock.

Finally a philosophic patriot, believing that safety in that matter, as in most others, lay *in medias res*, cut the Gordian knot by suggesting equal representation in the

Senate and representation based on population in the House.

The little states, however, still afraid of being swallowed, insisted that these words be inserted in the Constitution: "No state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate," and it was so done, which was a notable victory for the smaller states.

As it is a thing incredible that any state will ever consent to being deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate, those folks who, impatient of the influence of the smaller states in the Senate and ignorant of that peculiar provision in the Constitution, propose to deprive them of their equal representation in the Senate or to abolish them entirely run up against an insurmountable obstacle.

That is the only part of the Constitution which cannot be amended by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress with the assistance of three-fourths of the states.

Most assuredly the delegates to the Constitutional Convention from the little states were wise in their day and generation. The result is that so long as grass grows and water runs, if the Republic endures, Nevada, though her population never reaches the hundred thousand mark, will continue to have equal voice in the Senate with New York, though her millions of people should go on multiplying *ad infinitum*. New York and other big and populous states chafe at this arrangement, but they cannot escape it, for it is so nominated in the bond.

In the First Congress under the Constitutiont here were fifty-nine Representatives and twenty-two Senators. Until Rhode Island and North Carolina came into the Union, when there were sixty-five Representatives and twenty-six Senators. To-day the Congress has four hundred and thirty-five Representatives and ninety-six Senators.

In the House there sit also two territorial delegates, two commissioners from the Philippines, and one from Porto Rico. The delegates have all the privileges enjoyed

by the Representatives except that of voting and making a motion to reconsider. The commissioners are still further limited in their privileges.

The only portions of our vast possessions, continental or insular, which have no citizen of their own to speak a word for them in the House are the District of Columbia, Guam, the Canal Zone, and the Virgin Islands.

Two days out of every month the House sits as a common council for the half-million citizens of the District of Columbia, who, living under the shadow of the Capitol, have no more voice in their governmental affairs than if they were denizens of the Cannibal Islands.

A man who can think of a sadder commentary on our boasted theory of representative government is possessed of an imagination gorgeous beyond sanity! And yet our fathers precipitated the Revolutionary War for the principle, "No taxation without representation."

Daniel Webster grandiloquently declared that we "went to war on a preamble," but the kernel thereof was, "No taxation without representation."

It will be noted from the foregoing figures that at the opening of the First Congress the voting strength of one Senator equaled that of $2\frac{5}{22}$ Representatives, whereas now it equals the voting strength of $4\frac{51}{96}$ Representatives.

If the membership of the House continues to increase at each decennial period—which is certain to happen so long as the population continues to increase—the voting strength of a Senator as compared with that of a Representative will continue to increase until more new states are admitted, which in all human probability will not occur soon.

The only chance for new states within a generation is that Texas might conclude to divide herself into as many as five states, which she has a right to do under our contract of annexation whenever she gets ready, without

asking the consent of anybody except her own people—a thing which no other state can do. But the partition of Texas is not at all likely. State pride is too strong.

There is, however, a strong feeling in both Congress and the country against further increase in the membership of the House, although we have the smallest membership of all the great nations, population considered, in the more numerous branch of our national legislature. For instance, the British House of Commons has seven hundred and seven members, with not half our population. Under the census of 1850 the Congress actually reduced the membership of the House in numbers, but no serious attempt in that direction has been made since, though there has been talk about it.

It is superfluous to state that we borrowed our framework of government from England, including a legislative body with two branches, substituting an elective Senate, the term of whose members is six years, for a hereditary House of Lords.

If "imitation is the sincerest flattery," as the old proverb runs, we have abundant reason for self-congratulation, for almost every civilized nation on the globe, monarchical as well as republican, has adopted our plan of a two-branched elective legislative body.

In passing it may be remarked—though not particularly pertinent here, that when Bismarck modeled the German Empire, composed of twenty-eight kingdoms, principalities, and states, each with its separate local government, so closely on our dual system of government, he paid us the highest possible compliment.

We boast that our people are the most intelligent on the globe. There is more politics to the square mile in this country than in any other under the sun. Men fight for seats in the House of Representatives as if to gain that greatly coveted goal were a matter of life and death.

From forty to fifty thousand voters in each Congressional

district every two years work themselves into a passion as to whom they will send to Washington to represent them. The momentous first Tuesday after the first Monday in November arrives; four hundred and thirty-five men are elected; the sovereigns discuss the figures for a little while and then go their various ways, forgetting all about it—till the next campaign.

They know in a general sense what Congress does—that is, what laws are placed upon the statute-books—but most of them have only the haziest sort of idea as to the processes by which legislation is hastened, delayed, accomplished, or defeated, or what part members take in the legislation.

One of two things seems to be true: either the great body of the people have implicit faith in their representatives or do not care what they do.

The legislative body in every free country is the most important of the three branches—legislative, judicial, and executive. We come from the people; we represent the people; we reflect the will of the people; and at short intervals we return to the people to render an account of our stewardship. I undertake to say, without fear of successful contradiction, that when the American people make up their minds that they want a thing, the Congress will grant it to them as soon as it finds out that the people desire it. The Congress of the United States is the greatest legislative body in all history, and I take pride in that fact. Yet every evil-disposed person in the land can find some slander to utter about the American Congress. If the House takes time enough to discuss an important measure these slanderers savagely assail it for being too slow. If the House puts in overtime and hurries a bill through these same malignants fiercely denounce it for sending half-baked measures to the Senate. They revel in such foul work. For instance, the House was abused and denounced because we discussed for two days

instead of only one, a bill providing for the issue of seven billion dollars in bonds—far and away the biggest money bill ever authorized up to that time. Think of that—in two days! And then remember that all the property in America—real, personal, and mixed—was estimated at only sixteen billion dollars in 1861, when Sumter was fired on. I hope and pray that these impatient and palpitating superpatriots who belabored us so savagely for consuming two whole days in providing for seven billions of bonds will be equally impatient and anxious to get an opportunity to help pay them when due.

No right-thinking man objects to fair, honest, intelligent criticism. That is wholesome and altogether proper, but abuse, ridicule, and slander are very different things from criticism and do immense damage, because they have a tendency to bring our whole system of representative government into disrepute, thereby sapping its very foundation.

At the very moment when the country was engaged in the most stupendous war in all the bloody annals of mankind, and the Congress was doing its duty—its whole duty—manfully, industriously, and patriotically, to bring the war to a speedy and triumphant conclusion—as all good citizens hoped most fervently that it might be brought—Representatives and Senators were abused like a lot of pickpockets. Representatives and Senators not only voted unheard-of sums of money for the prosecution of the war, but to the limit of their financial ability they contributed to the cause by purchasing bonds to foot the bills, and gave to the Red Cross and similar organizations. Representatives and Senators not only voted other men's sons into the army, but they sent their own sons to fight—perchance to die—for the starry banner of the Republic.

There is not even a shadow of doubt that the Congress voted every man and every dollar needed in the titanic world struggle into which we entered, for in the beginning

we solemnly pledged all the immense and various resources of this puissant nation in that behalf and we faithfully kept that pledge.

To a close observer it is clear that for some years there has been a conspiracy—tacit or expressed—among certain newspapers and magazines to write the legislative department down and the executive department up. The reason is plain—the executive department has a vast patronage to bestow, while the Congress has none. This line of conduct by the portion of the press referred to was not entered upon in President Wilson's administration—it had been pursued for years, but has grown constantly and rapidly worse of late. It is my deliberate opinion that those writers who assail and slander the Congress are enemies of the Republic, for they must know that in so doing they are, so far as in them lies, weakening the people's faith in a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

These base slanderers of the Congress sometimes go to such length as to insinuate that large numbers of Representatives and Senators are financially dishonest—extending their insinuation so as to include all classes of public men—which is as big a lie as has been told on earth since Ananias and Sapphira had that ill-starred land transaction. The fact that a majority of public men quit office poorer than when they entered should be a sufficient answer to the wicked charges of these character-assassins. In very recent days we have seen three of our most prominent officials—Hon. John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations, one of the ablest chairmen that committee ever had; Attorney-General Thomas W. Gregory, and Hon. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, Director-General of Railroads, etc., etc.—resign because they wanted to make some money to take care of their families and to educate properly their children, which they averred

they could not do on their government salaries. Billions of dollars went through their fingers without one cent sticking. These men are absolutely honest, but not one whit more honest than their fellow-officials. I understand that Fitzgerald is making fifty thousand a year—which I hope is true—and I have no doubt that Mr. Secretary McAdoo and Attorney-General Gregory will do as well—perhaps better. Dozens of Representatives refuse to stand for re-election because they find good opportunities to recoup their fortunes in private life.

Another railing accusation, also false, is that Representatives and Senators spend much time guzzling, gambling, and in other manner of riotous living, when as a matter of fact they do little of that sort of thing. The truth is that a vast majority of them are sober, serious, industrious, intelligent, capable, and patriotic men, most of them discharging their religious duties more completely in Washington than at home.

What may surprise those prone to think evil is that the morals of public men are better now than in past generations, and are constantly improving, which should be a matter of pride for the American people.

The constant abuse of public men is a gross and unpardonable outrage. It surely and inevitably has a most deleterious effect upon the rising generation. It makes a young man who has an inclination toward public life think that to succeed therein he must be corrupt—that is, if he believes these foul charges.

What effect must it have on the foreigners who come to our shores—because in foreign lands they have been taught that we have the best government under the sun—to read in the first paper they see, upon landing, or hear from the first person with whom they converse, that all our public men are semi-idiots or rascals? A man does not have to be a Solomon to realize that the effect is wholly bad, frequently demoralizing.

For the good of America—indeed, for the good of the human race—for the perpetuity of the Republic—this wholesale slander of public men should cease at once and forever.

The words "the House" mean "a quorum," which in turn means one more than half of the members elected, sworn and living, and who have not resigned or been expelled. Theoretically no business can be transacted without a quorum being present. As a matter of fact, much business—I think I would be within the limits of truth to say the major portion of the business—is transacted without a quorum. That comes about in this wise: at the beginning of each session the roll is called to ascertain a quorum. If a quorum is developed it is presumed to be present during the rest of the session, unless a roll-call reveals the absence of a quorum or unless some member "raises the point of no quorum," which is the constitutional right. If the roll-call shows the absence of a quorum, and the Speaker cannot eke out a quorum by counting members present and not answering on roll-call, it is his duty to announce the fact. When the point of no quorum is raised it is his duty to count the members present and to announce the number. The formula is this: He states the number, and says "a quorum" or "not a quorum," as the case may be. If in either of the cases stated no quorum is present, then one of two things happens. An adjournment is taken, or a "call of the House" is ordered, which means that the doors are closed, absentees are notified by electric bells, which ring in all the committee-rooms and members' rooms, and the roll is called to see if a quorum responds. If so, somebody moves "to dispense with further proceedings under the call," which motion being agreed to—as it usually is—business is resumed. If not, an adjournment is had, or the arrest of absent members is ordered, and under writs signed by the Speaker and attested by the clerk of

the House and the seal of the House the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies arrest all absentees they can find and bring them into the House until a quorum is secured.

The point of no quorum is raised for various reasons: First, to defeat a bill which some member deems obnoxious—and it is a perfectly legitimate way to defeat a bill; second, because some one is angered by the proponents of a bill; third, because some member believes that no business should be transacted without the presence of a quorum; fourth, because some member who is not opposed to the pending bill wants to kill time so that some other bill to which he is opposed cannot be considered; fifth, because of a desire for revenge for the recent defeat of his own pet measure; sixth, because he desires to annoy somebody else or to show his power; seventh, because he is weary or hungry or has an engagement or thinks the House has sat long enough, and hopes by raising the point of no quorum to force an adjournment.

From the foregoing definition of a quorum it is apparent that the number constituting a quorum varies from time to time. Under the present apportionment there are four hundred and thirty-five Congressional districts, and a full membership consists of four hundred and thirty-five members, of which two hundred and eighteen make a quorum, but no member-elect can participate in the proceedings after the House is organized unless he has been sworn or has affirmed, as the case may be. Only those members who belong to the Society of Friends affirm. If there are ten vacancies a quorum consists of two hundred and thirteen members, and so on, and so on.

There was a continuous dispute as to what members-elect should be counted on the quorum question until Mr. Speaker Henderson rendered an elaborate and well-considered opinion, as heretofore stated, "Members-elect, sworn and living, who have not resigned or been expelled." As Mr. Speaker Cannon and myself have

both followed Mr. Speaker Henderson's ruling, I take it that his ruling is a finality on that subject because the House sets as much store by precedents as do the courts. In passing it may be stated that while it has always been difficult to keep a quorum present, it has been almost impossible since the House office-building was erected, in which each member has a large work-room of his own and in which he spends much time in the transaction of business pertaining to his official duties.

The Constitution of Missouri contains the wholesome provision that any bill, to become a law, must receive the affirmative vote on roll-call of a majority of the members of each House, and be signed by the Governor. The same rule prevails in some other states.

When it is shown that no quorum is present, no motions are in order except to adjourn or to order a call of the House together with such subsidiary motions as go with or grow out of the motion for a call of the House.

Until Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine, became Speaker, when the roll was called no member was counted as being present unless he responded to his name when it was called. The Republicans at the beginning of the first Reed Congress had the very small majority of eight —not a working majority. So the Democrats concluded to prevent Republican political legislation by remaining mute when their names were called. This went on for some time, till one fine morning when Reed astounded them by counting enough Democrats who were present, but not answering, to constitute a quorum when added to the Republicans who had answered.

> At once there rose so wild a yell
> As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of Hell.

The epithets hurled at Speaker Reed's head went far, far beyond the bounds of parliamentary decorum. The

bitter warfare raged for days and weeks, but in the end "The White Czar," as Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, dubbed him, prevailed, and a quorum-counting rule has been adopted by every Congress since, except the Fifty-second, which had such a great Democratic majority that it did not need it, and the bitterness growing out of Reed's performance, on which his fame must rest in the coming time, was still too intense to permit a Democratic House to adopt it.

The story briefly told is this: Quorum-counting, as a cure for the then great and growing evil of filibustering, had been suggested to Mr. Speaker Colfax in the Thirty-eighth Congress, but he would have none of it. It was also suggested to Mr. Speaker Blaine. He turned it down in these words: "It would be an absurdity for the Chair to oppose his opinion to the actual record of the roll-call. The Chair cannot declare a quorum except on a yea and nay vote. The moment you clothe your Speaker with power to go behind your roll-call and assume that there is a quorum in the hall, why, gentlemen, you stand on the very brink of a volcano." Thus two Republican speakers *contra.* But still worse for the Reed contention, he had himself opposed quorum-counting, once in 1879, when it was proposed by John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, an eminent constitutional lawyer as well as a distinguished Democrat, and again when Mr. Speaker Keifer suggested it in the Forty-seventh Congress. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention, and Mr. Speaker Reed realized that he could not do business with so small a majority as eight—which, however, was soon increased to a working majority by the simple process of throwing out enough Democrats—and realized further that with only eight majority he could not, on account of sickness and unavoidable absence of members, be able to muster a Republican quorum. Therefore the only way to be certain of having a quorum was to count

enough Democrats not voting to make a quorum, which he proceeded to do, although there was no rule authorizing him so to do. In fact, no rules were adopted by that Congress until he secured his working Republican majority. During the two months when the House had no rules he claimed to be acting under very elastic "general parliamentary law." Thus Mr. Speaker Reed achieved his niche in the temple of fame. It is said that many Republican members threatened to vote against the code of rules containing the quorum-counting provision. Subsequently asked what he would have done had his quorum-counting rule been defeated, he replied: "I should have simply left the Chair, resigned the Speakership, left the House, and resigned my seat in Congress. If political life consisted in sitting helplessly in the Speaker's chair and seeing the majority powerless to pass legislation, then I had had enough of it, and was ready to step down and out."

In fighting against the throwing out of Democrats in that Congress, Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, made enough reputation to land himself in the Speaker's chair in the Fifty-second Congress.

Mr. Speaker Reed claimed complete vindication when the Democratic House of the Fifty-third Congress adopted a quorum-counting rule, and he was thoroughly justified by the facts.

Everybody has heard the expression "a wheel within a wheel," and understands the meaning thereof. The House of Representatives is composed of fifty-eight wheels within a wheel. The fifty-eight committees are the smaller wheels within the big wheel, which is the House itself. Most of the really hard and important work is done by the committees, of which the value is fully realized only by the members of the House, by Senators, by officials, and by those who are in close contact with the Congress or by critical observers.

Committee work gives little reputation to the members of the committee except among their fellows, because they, while at their committee labors, are not in the limelight and do not occupy the center of the stage, except in rare instances. But good committee work leads to promotion.

A committee, having considered a bill or resolution, presents its conclusion to the House, which accepts, rejects, or amends, as it sees fit, with or without debate. No bill or joint resolution is considered or passed by the House without a report, except in cases of extreme emergency.

Committee work is hard work, but pleasant where a member secures assignment to a committee which he likes. When it is remembered that there are some thirty thousand bills and resolutions introduced into each Congress, and distributed among the committees, it is easy to understand that the committees never run out of grist. Many of the bills are duplicates, triplicates, etc., of each other; some are of no importance, a few are ridiculous, and some are mere replicas of existing statutes introduced by mistake or through ignorance; but after these are counted out "the irreducible minimum," to use the favorite phrase of Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac*, is very large, and must be considered if time permits. At the time the *Titanic* sank there were scores and scores of bills and resolutions introduced for the purpose of regulating ships, routes, appliances, etc. On divers bills there is no necessity for hearings, because they are so plain and simple that any one can comprehend their full import at one reading, and the advisability of passing or not passing them is so clear that there is no necessity for argument or evidence; but on many others hearings are absolutely necessary, and in some cases the evidence taken at the hearings grows into several large volumes. Examples of this sort of bills are tariff bills,

pure-food bills, railroad-rate bills, parcel-post bills, and sundry other bills of an intricate and important nature or on subjects entirely new. Evil-minded persons try to make it appear that these elaborate hearings are a mere waste of time intended to delay or thwart legislation. No doubt there have been cases of that kind, but they were exceptions and not the rule.

When a committee has heard as much of evidence and argument as it is willing to listen to, it takes up the bill for amendment. As there are twenty-one members on each of the larger committees, it takes considerable time for them to talk it out among themselves and come, if possible, to a unanimous conclusion, an exceedingly desirable consummation, for a unanimous report generally, but not always, means the passage of the bill through the House; whereas, if there is a minority report, its passage is endangered, the danger increasing with the number of members who sign the minority's report.

Where a committee unanimously reports a bill it is very hard indeed to defeat it on the floor of the House, because in the very nature of things it is impossible for every member to investigate every bill, and, having faith in the intelligence, capacity, and integrity of the members of the committee, they are much inclined to accept its conclusions. This is particularly true where the bill is on a subject on which there has been much legislation, but when a bill proposes legislation on a new subject, especially where a new principle is involved, members are much slower about accepting the findings of a committee. Again, the House may in a general way be in favor of legislation upon a given subject, but opposed *in toto* to the bill reported by the committee, or, what is more common, opposed to certain of its provisions. In such cases the members of the committee advocating the bill are vigorously and elaborately cross-examined, and amendments of all sorts are proposed.

In rare instances a bill, after discussion and amendment, is recommitted without instructions—which kills it. More frequently it is recommitted to the committee which reported it, with instructions to incorporate into it certain propositions and to report it back at some fixed time—usually "forthwith." In order to preserve this privilege inviolate, the rules provide specifically that one motion to recommit with or without instructions is in order on every bill and that in recognition for that purpose the Speaker shall give preference to the opponents of the bill. The reason for that rule is that when there is a great bill to be finally voted on there is a much fuller attendance of members than during the period of debate and amendment. Consequently, a proposition which cannot be forced into a bill during the amendment stage in a thin House may be forced in by the fuller vote on the motion to recommit with instructions. Only one motion to recommit is in order, and it is made after the engrossment and third reading. The motion to recommit with instructions is generally made for the purpose of putting members on record on roll-call.

From the foregoing statement it is easily seen that in reality the bulk of legislation is done in the committees. That is one reason why members fight tooth and nail to secure membership on the more important committees. Another reason is that being on an important committee gives them the right to manage important bills on the floor, where reputations are made.

By reason of these struggles for the choicest committee assignments there is much jealousy, heartburning—even bitter hatred—and a consuming desire for revenge.

It has been repeatedly stated that one reason why James Gillespie Blaine was defeated for the presidential nomination at Cincinnati, in 1876, was that Representative Tyner, of Indiana, claimed that Blaine as candidate for Speaker had promised him the chairmanship of the

great Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, in exchange for Tyner's support for him for Speaker, and failed to keep his word. Consequently he knifed "The Plumed Knight."

In popular estimation, since the foundation of the government, the four great committees are and have been, Ways and Means, Appropriations, Judiciary, and Foreign Affairs.

At first the Committee on Ways and Means also discharged the duties and functions of the Committee on Appropriations. Finally the work became too heavy and the Committee on Appropriations was created. For many years that committee had charge of all appropriations.

Another reason for creating the Committee on Appropriations was that the health of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who was boss of the House at that time as well as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, was rapidly failing, and he desired to be relieved of part of his labor. Of his own choice he became chairman of the new Committee on Appropriations, and he held that position as long as he lived.

When Samuel J. Randall, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, broke away from the main body of Democrats on the tariff, they, not desiring to demote him, determined to shear him of a large part of his power by giving authority to half a dozen other committees to report appropriation bills. An effort is now being made to create a Budget Committee, after the British fashion, which it is purposed shall first determine the total of appropriations for the fiscal year and then decide how much shall be appropriated by the various committees authorized to report appropriation bills. The proposition was defeated in the one caucus to which it has been presented, not because members were opposed to the budget idea, but because they were opposed to some of the details.

It will probably be presented again in revised form and may be adopted in some shape. The argument in its favor is economy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Committee on Ways and Means has little work to do except when questions touching revenue are to the fore, the probabilities are that it will always be rated as the premier committee of the House—certainly so if it continues to be a committee on committees.

Of almost equal rank, dignity, and power with the aforementioned committees are the committees on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Post-offices and Post-roads, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Public Buildings and Grounds, and Rivers and Harbors. While I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I make bold to predict that, at their present rate of growth, in ten or fifteen years the committees on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and Post-offices and Post-roads will be the most powerful and most sought-after committees in the House. The physical inventions of our times, as well as our increasing population and wealth, are constantly augmenting the business of those two committees.

Occasionally service on one of the minor committees gives a man of parts opportunity to make a great reputation. When Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, first entered the House he was assigned to the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department. His golden opportunity came when he discovered and dragged to light of day the peculations of Gen. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War. In the twinkling of an eye he made reputation enough to enable him to come within two votes of defeating Speaker Randall for renomination to the Speakership—to elect him to the Senate for eighteen years, and to make him Governor of the Canal Zone.

Of course the Committee on Rules is a committee of great power and dignity, but as its functions are not

legislative I did not place it in the foregoing list. Its chief function is to expedite desirable or necessary legislation, by bringing in special rules providing for the consideration out of order of bills esteemed important.

On account of taste or local environment some members prefer to be on committees of less general importance than those named above.

Reputation, so far as the public is concerned, is made on the floor of the House. Some of the most frequent debaters are very remiss in committee work. The House Rules constitute an intricate and elaborate machine, most delicately adjusted for results. Some members come to understand them speedily and others never learn them. As it stands to-day it is the outcome of centuries of experience in the British House of Commons and of one hundred and thirty years in our Congress. It is not perfect. Nothing created by man is perfect, but it is gradually, if slowly, approximating perfection.

Some very good people think committees should be abolished utterly, which is absurd. Without them the House would get nowhere—would accomplish nothing. The "town meeting" plan of legislating was one potent cause of the downfall of Poland. If one member of the Polish Diet shouted "*Nie potswallam*," that was the end of the measure under consideration, and by that practice the Diet was paralyzed. Let us hope that in the resurrected Poland the "*Nie potswallam*" theory will not be practised. It was called "*Liber veto*"—free veto.

There are periodic outbursts against making up the committees by the rule of seniority. The crusade against that practice was extremely vehement and virulent in the campaign of 1918—being nothing more than part of the Republican scheme to secure control of the House.

There was absolutely no sincerity in the cry except among a few theorists who, as St. Paul said of the Greeks on Mar's Hill, "were always seeking something new."

The utter hypocrisy of the whole performance is demonstrated beyond cavil by the Republicans as soon as they got in, making up their committees largely by the same rule of seniority which they so savagely condemned in 1918.

Of course no party will ever make committees solely by the rule of seniority—which would be exceedingly unwise and would end in disaster—but that seniority always has been and always will be an important factor in making committee assignments is absolutely certain and no mortal man can give any philosophic or tenable reason why it should not be. Other things being equal, why should not length of service count in a member's favor? It is practised to some extent not only in the House, but in all the affairs of life. No sane man would for one moment think of making a new graduate from West Point a full general, or one from Annapolis an admiral, or one from any university or college chief of a great newspaper, magazine, or business house. A priest or preacher who has just taken orders is not immediately made a bishop, archbishop, or cardinal. In every walk of life men "must tarry at Jericho till their beards are grown."

Even the Fathers of the Republic practised the rule of seniority when they wrote in the Constitution the provision that no man is eligible to the Presidency unless he is at least thirty-five years old; or to the Senate before he is thirty; or to the House of Representatives before he is twenty-five.

The rule of seniority cannot keep down a man of great parts in any department of human endeavor. Napoleon was commander of the army of Italy at twenty-seven. Gen. Leonard Wood and Gen. John J. Pershing were promoted over hundreds of their seniors. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was elected Speaker at the early age of thirty, and Henry Clay at thirty-four. President Lin-

coln made Grant lieutenant-general of all our armies, bouncing him over the heads of a score of major-generals whose commissions were senior to his. Indeed, the Congress resurrected the rank of lieutenant-general for the sole purpose of enabling President Lincoln to bestow it on Grant.

When Stephen Arnold Douglas entered the Senate at the age of thirty-four he had already been circuit attorney, member of the Illinois Legislature, Registrar of the Land Office, Secretary of State, judge of the State Supreme Court, and member of the Federal House of Representatives. In six years' service in the House John C. Breckenridge made himself leader of the pro-slavery Democrats.

Those who make up the committees find ways of promoting men of extraordinary merit over their seniors, and it will be so to the end of time.

"*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*" are the opening words of Cæsar's Commentaries, familiar to the eyes and ears of every boy and man and every girl and woman that has ever wrestled with Latin. In passing it may be truly stated that when Cæsar took his stylus in hand to write an account of his battles and campaigns he did far more to achieve earthly immortality than by winning his victories.

Even as the great Imperator divided Gaul into three parts, the duties of Senators and Representatives in Congress may be roughly divided into three parts: first, floor work; second, committee work; third, departmental work.

So far as the general public is concerned, the floor work is the most important. It is the showiest, and from it and by it most Representatives and Senators make their reputations both with the newspapers and the public. The average reader will be surprised to know that with many Senators and Representatives the floor work is the easiest work. It goes without saying that much labor

and research are bestowed upon the speeches in House or Senate which attract attention and really influence the course of legislation and public opinion. But speech-making is such a facile performance with Americans that to stand on his feet and talk is easy for the average Senator or Representative.

Committee work is hard, important, and pleasant, provided the Senator or Representative is assigned to one of the great committees—particularly if the work is congenial. For instance, long service on the Committee on Ways and Means in the House or the Finance Committee in the Senate, which discharges among other things part of the functions of the House Ways and Means Committee, is a liberal education. Sooner or later every class of our citizens, except fools, is heard before those committees; men of fine ability and more or less thoroughly posted on the questions involved—great lawyers, editors, manufacturers, railroad men, merchants, artists, authors, farmers, labor leaders, importers, exporters, etc., etc. They come to enlighten the committees and some of them depart very much enlightened themselves. Battles royal take place in those committees. Some men appear there with carefully prepared statements or arguments, half false, which smell of the midnight lamp—and which they and their employers fondly hope would deceive the very elect. They enter the committee-room, intent upon and confident of pulling the wool over the eyes of the committeemen. Generally they come to grief, their falsehoods are exposed, their carefully prepared stories are chopped to pieces ruthlessly, and they go thence after the fashion of little Bo-peep's sheep, dragging their tails behind them.

These smug knaves, however, are the exceptions to the rule, for most of the men appearing before the committees to express their views for or against pending measures are honest. Such men are treated courteously and they are heard gladly.

For example, when Charles M. Schwab testified before the Committee on Ways and Means—on which committee I was the top Democrat during the hearings on the Payne Tariff bill—I cross-examined him for two hours, and when the committee adjourned he waited for me and said:

"Mr. Clark, I want to thank you for the kindly way in which you treated me, for I had been told that you went after witnesses with a meat-ax and figuratively chopped them to pieces."

I replied: "You seemed to be trying to tell the truth, answering fairly all questions propounded to you. My meat-ax is used only on liars and dodgers."

All in all, the departmental work is hardest. Representatives, Senators, and newspaper men call it "doing the chores." Much senseless humor is poked at it. It consists in looking after the business of one's constituents, of whom each Representative, on the average, has two hundred and twelve thousand five hundred, and each Senator half a state full. It is flat drudgery. Some Representatives and Senators do it cheerfully and successfully; others irritably and grudgingly; a few not at all. It seems to me that this work is a necessary portion of the duties of members of House and Senate. At any rate, I have always done it as best I could. It is utterly impossible to catalogue the things folks want looked after. They range all the way from the smallest and most trifling inquiries to inquiries touching fabulous, fanciful, and colossal fortunes in Europe. The business of humbugging the American people and swindling them out of their hard-earned dollars and dimes by means of bogus fortunes, in Europe, is systematically carried on by certain law firms in London and perhaps in other European cities, co-operating with certain law firms in New York. This swindle was a great nuisance to Senators, Representatives, and the State Department, entailing much useless labor, until finally the State Department

published an elaborate circular exposing the thievish game, which it keeps in stock and furnishes to Representatives, Senators, and others, on request. This has done much to mitigate the evil and reduce the labor attached thereto, but it has not stopped it. Thomas Carlyle, in a fit of anger which appears to have been his normal condition, once said: "There are thirty millions of people in Great Britain—mostly fools!" While the percentage of fools in this country is not so large, there are still enough to fatten the swindlers, who pretend to discover tremendous fortunes in Europe which belong to American suckers—of whom the late lamented Phineas T. Barnum declared "One is born every minute." Phineas T. places the birth-rate too low. One every second would have been nearer the mark, but even that would have been too low—much too low. These swindlers always select a name widely disseminated, such as Smith, Jones, Brown, Williams, Fisher, Ball, Clark, etc., and reap a rich harvest. The percentage of fools in this country is not so great as Carlyle states it, but nevertheless it is quite large.

Here are samples of "Congressional chores." It so happens that for women to become members of "The Dames of '76" or "The Daughters of the Revolution," they must prove up a Revolutionary pedigree straight as a string. So when those two great patriotic organizations spread over the Mississippi Valley, every woman, the traditions of whose family led her to believe that any of her ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, inevitably and very properly desired to join, and just as inevitably and properly had to produce her pedigree papers in due form as a *sine qua non*. Consequently some four or five hundred applied to me for the necessary documents, and through my very efficient secretary, Wallace D. Bassford, I applied to the Secretaries of War and the Navy and to the keepers of the archives of most of the Original Thirteen States, as well as of Kentucky and Tennessee—the

population of Missouri being very cosmopolitan in character. To me it was a labor of love. What it was to my secretary, Doctor Bassford, who did most of the work, this deponent sayeth not.

Of course, looking after pension claims and private claims for property lost, injured, destroyed, or confiscated through government officers, agents, or laborers, soon becomes a confirmed habit with Representatives and Senators. Claims to the astounding amount of four billions of dollars are pending in Washington—a majority of them, perhaps, more or less meritorious. There are thousands and thousands of honest claims for property taken or destroyed or injured which have never been made. Uncle Sam is such a slow paymaster and the process is so long and wearisome that many persons never present their claims at all, preferring the loss to the worry of collecting their just dues.

A government claim once made is immortal. The only way to get rid of one is to pay it, and even that does not always put an end to it. Age does not wither claims or diminish their infinite variety. They come down from pre-Revolutionary days. Like Tennyson's brook, they go on forever.

During my first term in Congress some of Harman Blennerhasset's descendants who live in my district wrote me concerning a claim which they and others had against the government by reason of damage to their celebrated ancestor's property on Blennerhasset's Island during the days of the Aaron Burr hysteria—particularly for the destruction of fruit-trees and shrubbery—that shrubbery which, according to the perfervid eloquence of William Wirt, Shenstone would have envied. Being much interested in the Burr episode, having read everything ever printed about him, having declaimed, when a boy, Wirt's magnificent philippic, which immortalized both himself and Blennerhasset, having delivered a lect-

ure on him frequently, and supposing, of course—being a green hand at the bellows—that the claim had never been presented before, I went at the investigation with much energy and enthusiasm. I was anxious to win my spurs as a vigilant and effective representative of my constituents. For days, and even weeks, I put in all the time I could spare from my larger duties delving into the journals of House and Senate. Finally I discovered that in 1812 some Senator had introduced a bill providing for the payment of this same Blennerhasset claim, that a committee was appointed to investigate and report on the same. All of which was done. The report, a long, comprehensive one of twelve or fifteen pages of fine print, recited the damage, which was unquestionable and of considerable amount, but found further that the damage was wrought by the Virginia militia not acting under the authority or by order of the government of the United States, and therefore the state of Virginia, and not the Federal government, was responsible in damages to the heirs-at-law of Harman Blennerhasset.

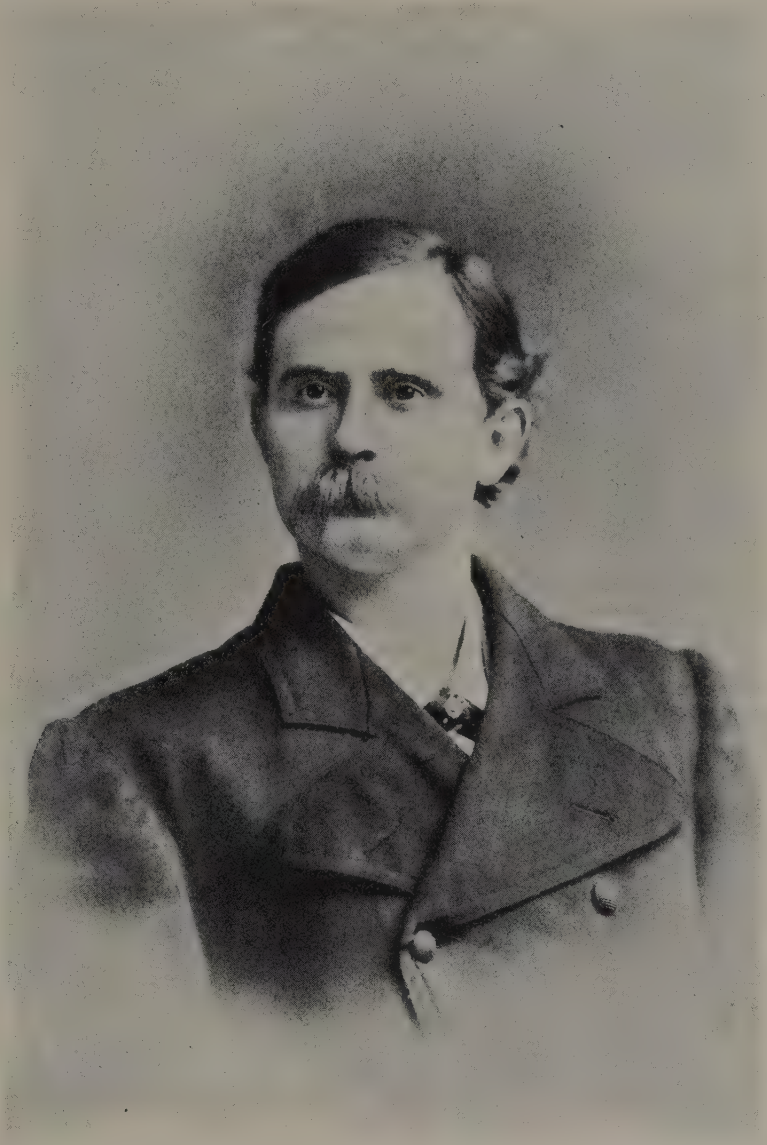
Some years ago a man in Wisconsin, of whom I had never heard, wrote me to send him at once, by return mail, a copy of all the *Congressional Globes* and *Records* from the foundation of the government to the day when he wrote me. I answered that I could not possibly do it, as I had been trying for years to save up the seven or eight hundred dollars which they would cost in order to buy a set for myself—which was the literal truth. They do cost seven or eight hundred dollars and I was very anxious to own a complete set, as they are well-nigh invaluable to a public man who is interested in the legislative and political history of the country. Five or six years ago a queer thing happened. An attaché of the House came to me and asked how I would like to have a full set bound in turkey morocco. I told him how glad I would be and inquired the cost. He replied, "Not

a cent; I found three sets in the basement, left there by some unknown Congressman ten years ago. You are welcome to one set!" I offered to make him a nice present, but he would not accept any. I esteem the books very highly.

When I was a boy back in the hill country of Kentucky, attending the old log-cabin school-house, with slabs for seats, the teacher was fond of setting us this copy: "Many men of many minds." To suit the exigencies of this case it might be changed to: "Many requests by many people." In 1894 one of my friends wrote me, while I was busy in Washington with my Congressional duties, that he wanted me to prepare him, at once, two humorous lectures, each one hour and a half long, which he proposed to deliver over the country for pay. I answered him that I was very much crowded for time, and, anyway, a man could not write lectures by the yard at any time as he would sell calico or cotton cloth, but he had to wait for the spirit to move him. It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote *Rasselas* at one sitting in order to make money enough to pay his mother's funeral expenses—but there are not many Doctor Johnsons, and few men can rival the literary feats of the Ursa Major.

Not long since I received a long letter from a worthy woman in a small town in Pennsylvania—a total stranger —who wanted me to send her money enough to put up a fence of wire-netting around her premises to restrain her ducks, geese, and chickens from foraging on her neighbors. Clearly her heart was in the right place and she aspired to be neighborly in the best sense, but as the balance was on the wrong side in my bank-account at that time, I failed to send her the desired remittance.

Another Member of that Congress was Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, who had been United States Senator and Governor and a member of the Cabinet, and who subsequently was Minister to Mexico.



CHAMP CLARK AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE

About that time a patriotic brother, with an eye to the main chance, wrote me a most affectionate epistle, lauding me to the skies and winding up by offering to sell me a well-preserved hickory stick once carried by Georgia's renowned statesman, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, for the modest sum of fifty dollars—which offer I was compelled to decline for the lack of funds.

Another prolific source of "chores" for Representatives and Senators is helping boys into the army and navy or in helping them out. Applications to get out are much more numerous than applications to get in. During the Spanish-American War I put in a large portion of my time for three months getting them in and for six months getting them out. Of course applications of this sort piled up sky-high during and subsequent to the World War. Senators and Representatives do the best possible in these cases.

Boys away from home "go broke," can find no employment, and as a *dernier ressort* enlist in the army or navy. The flaming multicolored posters which everywhere meet the eye lure many a boy into enlisting. Many of them soon grow weary of the hard work, monotony, and strict discipline. They write home letters in the nature of jeremiads. Then the mother and father appeal to their Representative or Senator to help get him a release from the service because he was under age when he enlisted and that they did not give their consent, or that mother or father is sick and needs his labor, etc., etc. Frequently a youngster, homesick and heartsick, deserts, and then the appeals to Representatives and Senators to save the delinquents from punishment and disgrace are heartrending. Saving them is difficult—generally impossible—for desertions are so much the fashion that army and navy officers and war and navy departmental officials are loath to aid in reducing the punishment, not from hardness of heart, but because of the demoraliza-

tion which letting deserters off scot-free would work in the service.

In this connection it is apropos to state that while desertions are amazingly numerous, the number of instances where men re-enlist are still more numerous. The re-enlisted men get better pay, have a good chance to become non-commissioned officers and a very long chance to win commissions, but the chief reason why they re-enlist is that they have become habituated to the service and prefer it, with a certain living attached, to getting out and entering into what the late Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition, horrid grind" of competing with the vast jostling multitude for "a place in the sun," to borrow the Kaiser's famous phrase.

A distinguished army officer told me not long since that should Congress increase the regular army to any considerable extent the trouble would be to secure the necessary enlistments in good times, but that it would not be so difficult to secure enough in hard times.

At any rate, the double process of getting youngsters into the army and navy and of getting them out gives Representatives and Senators considerable extra work to do.

Hon. Amos J. Cummings, brilliant both as a Congressman and journalist, filibusterer under Walker in Nicaragua, soldier in the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, whom he idolized, disciple of Horace Greeley, whose *outré* and bizarre utterances he was always quoting, figured it out that the average length of service of a Representative in Congress is only four years. One of two things is true: either Amos was wrong or the average length of service has been increased in recent years, for since I entered the House, March 4, 1893, the average is somewhat over seven years. Undoubtedly the tendency is toward longer service.

During the twenty-five years I have been in Congress only three ex-United States Senators have been members of the House—Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, Charles A. Town, formerly of Minnesota, now of New York, and William E. Mason, of Illinois, now a Representative—but there has been a constant procession of House members to the Senate. So it has been from the beginning. Out of ninety-six Senators at the present time, thirty-four are ex-Representatives. It may be of interest to state that twenty-two Senators are ex-Governors, and that ten have been both Representatives in Congress and Governors. More ex-Governors than ex-Senators come into the House. I have served with three ex-Governors of Maine—Dingley, Burleigh, and Powers; with one, McCreary, from Kentucky. At the present time there are two ex-Governors in the House—Montague, of Virginia, and Sanders, of Louisiana. Once in a long while an ex-Cabinet Minister is elected a Representative. In his *Twenty Years of Congress* James G. Blaine says that David Davis, of Illinois, was the only ex-Justice of the Federal Supreme Court to serve in the Senate, and John Rutledge, of South Carolina, the only one to serve in the House. Rutledge had also been Chief Justice. Everybody knows that John Quincy Adams was the only ex-President to serve in the House, while Andrew Johnson was the only one to serve in the Senate. In 1861 Kentucky sent to the House two veteran statesmen, John J. Crittenden and Charles A. Wickliff. The former has been Governor, United States Senator, and Cabinet member, while the latter has been Governor, Cabinet member, and in the diplomatic service.

There are various reasons why Representatives desire translation to the Senate: First, the longer term; second, Senators being fewer, their votes are more important; third, patronage; fourth, participation in treaty-making power; fifth, greater social recognition.

The primary-election method of nominating candidates for membership in the House helps the sitting member to retain his seat if he is at all worthy of it. "The favorite son" scheme cannot be so successfully worked as under the old convention system. The more "favorite sons" who shy their castors into the ring the better for the incumbent, unless a popular man from his own stronghold competes.

Independent of this, however, there is a growing disposition among the voters to give a man, when once elected to the House, a longer lease. The truth is being more and more realized by the public that, other things being equal or anywhere near equal, the value of the Representative or Senator increases in proportion to his length of service. A man must learn to be a Representative or Senator, just as he must learn to be a farmer, carpenter, blacksmith, merchant, engineer, lawyer, doctor, preacher, teacher, or anything else. Of course some men learn quicker than others—some of exceptional ability and powers of observation very speedily, and some not at all. The best plan for a constituency to pursue is to select a man of good sense, good habits, and perfect integrity, young enough to learn, and re-elect him so long as he retains his faculties and is faithful to his trust. Such a man grows into power and high position as surely as the sparks fly upward. As a rule, in both House and Senate, the best places go to men of long service, provided they are capable, sober, industrious, vigilant, and punctual in the discharge of their duties. No man should be sent to either House of Congress solely to gratify his own ambition, but because he has qualifications for the position which he seeks—indeed, better qualifications than any of his opponents.

New England, together with Pennsylvania, has understood all these things from the beginning, and has profited largely by it. Finding a good man, they send

him to Congress and keep him in harness as long as he lives, or until he voluntarily retires or until he is promoted or until he is landed high and dry by a political revolution. Consequently New England and Pennsylvania have an influence at Washington out of all proportion to their population, wealth, or intelligence. For instance, in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses, Maine, with only four Representatives, held in the House the Speakership, together with the much-coveted chairmanships of the great committees on Ways and Means, Naval Affairs, and Public Buildings and Grounds, while at the other end of the Capitol Senator Frye was President *pro tempore* of the Senate and chairman of the Committee on Finance, while Senator Hale was chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs and stood second on the Committee on Appropriations. Most assuredly Maine held the coign of vantage in those Congresses. To borrow one of "Uncle Joe's" favorite expressions, Maine was "the whole shooting-match."

At that time Speaker Reed was one of the two most prominent Republicans in America, but he could not have displaced either Frye or Hale in the Senate, because the Republicans of Maine realized that they had served them faithfully and well and would not turn them out. Consequently Senator Frye stayed in the Senate till he died, and Senator Hale, after thirty years' service, was retired only by a Democratic landslide. Otherwise he would have remained in the Senate all his life.

In 1876 James Gillespie Blaine was the most popular man in America and had ten times more fame than both the Maine Senators combined, but he had no chance to go to the Senate until Senator Morrill resigned from the Senate to serve as Collector of the Port of Portland, so as to save some money for his old age.

The Representative longest in continuous service is called the "Father of the House." When General Har-

mer, of Philadelphia, who held that title, died, General Bingham, also of Philadelphia, succeeded to the title. In announcing his predecessor's death he said that, including himself, five Philadelphians, Kelley, Randall, O'Neal, Harmer, and Bingham, had in immediate succession borne the title of "Father of the House," and that their joint services amounted to one hundred and forty-seven years! Happily for the country, General Bingham, gallant soldier, splendid gentleman, able statesman, served ten years longer, running the total service of these five men up to one hundred and fifty-seven years. When he died, *mirabile dictu!* Hon. John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, became the "Father of the House," and would still be but for the political cataclysm of 1912. He is one of the ablest House Republicans in twenty years, to my certain knowledge.

Certainly six Pennsylvania "Fathers of the House," in an unbroken line, should set the rest of the country to thinking.

All of this illustrious sextet died in office, except Dalzell, and he was succeeded as "Father of the House" by Hon. William A. Jones, of Virginia, a lineal descendant of "Light Horse Harry" Lee.

When "Father Jones" died he was succeeded in that honorable seniority by Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, and the man from Massachusetts is now also the Speaker as well as "Father of the House," and that is indeed a very rare conjunction of honors.

When I first came to Congress there was a superstition to the effect that no Representative would ever serve thirty years. A few had served over twenty-nine years, but all of them had died before they finished the thirty-year period. Judge William S. Holman, of Indiana, "The Great Objector," the watch-dog of the Treasury *par excellence*, broke the hoodoo March 4, 1895, when he concluded his thirtieth year of House service. He was

nominated twenty times, being elected sixteen and defeated four. Since Holman's day several members have exceeded the thirty years' limit. Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Illinois, my immediate predecessor in the Speakership, holds the record for longest House service, with forty-five years. He was nominated twenty-five times. He won twenty-three times and lost in two Democratic landslides. If he lives out his present term he will have been in the House forty-six years. In 1890 he, William McKinley, and Benjamin Butterworth, the brilliant orator and statesman from Cincinnati, were all defeated. By accident they all met in Chicago just after the election and were dining together. McKinley, not then realizing his splendid future, and Butterworth expressed the idea that they did not regret the result; in fact, were rather glad than otherwise, as they could now attend to their private affairs, etc. Uncle Joe, who is a plain, blunt man, as Mark Antony claimed to be, listened to this line of conversation until his patience was exhausted. Then he blurted out: "Oh, hell! boys, tell that to the marines. There's no use for us to lie to one another! It hurts, and it hurts damned bad!" It looks as though Uncle Joe has a life-tenure, as all parties in his district have agreed to give him a unanimous nomination in 1920.

The first man to serve thirty consecutive years in the Senate was Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. Had he been willing to conciliate anybody he would have served in the Senate till his death, April 10, 1858, which would have given him one month and six days more than thirty-seven years in that "august body." Subsequently to his thirty years in the Senate—"six full Roman lustrums," as he boasted—he served two years in the House, where he was regarded and referred to as a great historical personage. He had the queer experience in the House of hearing the first volume of his great work, *Thirty Years'*

View—without which the library of no student of our affairs is complete—quoted freely as an authority on the floor.

When Colonel Benton finished his one term in the House he not only held the record for length of senatorial service, but also for length of combined Congressional service in the two Houses—a period of thirty-two years. Nobody equaled his senatorial length of service until March 4, 1897, when the venerable Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, entered upon his thirty-first senatorial year. Morrill had had twelve years in the House prior to going to the Senate. He served twelve years in the House and thirty-one years, nine months, and twenty-four days in the Senate, which, added to his twelve years as a Representative, gives him a total of forty-three years, nine months, and twenty-four days of Congressional service, and the record exceeding that of William B. Allison, of Iowa, by four months and twenty-four days. He had eight years in the House and thirty-five years and five months in the Senate.

Since Benton's day several men have equaled Benton's senatorial length of service: John Sherman, of Ohio; John P. Jones and William M. Stewart, of Nevada; Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois; Eugene Hale, of Maine; Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri; Henry M. Teller, of Colorado; John T. Morgan, of Alabama; and William P. Frye, of Maine. Sherman served thirty-two years in the Senate, in two sections of sixteen years each, resigning once to be Secretary of the Treasury and once to be Secretary of State. His public service in Washington was close to forty-six years in House, Senate, and Cabinet. The senatorial service of Stewart of Nevada and of Teller of Colorado was in two sections, so that Missouri, which was the first state to furnish the country a Senator for thirty years of consecutive service, remains to this day one of two states to give two Senators each thirty years of consecutive service—Benton and Cockrell—the

other state being Maine. Colonel Benton was defeated for a sixth term by reason of a bitter feud in the Democratic party, while General Cockrell lost his sixth term because of the Roosevelt landslide, which gave the Republicans a majority of ten on joint ballot in the Missouri Legislature.

In order for a Representative to serve a long time, he must begin young, the politics of his district must remain the same, and he must continue to be the favorite of his constituents. Likewise, in order for a man to have a long senatorial career he must begin young, the politics of his state must remain the same, and he must continue his party favorite in his state.

It not infrequently happens that a prominent member of the House is defeated for re-election. Indeed, a prominent member seems as liable to defeat as an inconspicuous one. About half of the prominent ones who are defeated "come back." Examples of these are Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois; "Silver" Dick Bland, of Missouri; Gen. Daniel E. Sickles; Sereno E. Payne; General Ketcham, all of New York; Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania; and William S. Holman, of Indiana. Usually, if they ever come back, it is at the next election—but there was an interval of thirty-two years between General Sickles's two terms and of over th ty-one years between Grow's two services. Grow, who succeeded David Wilmot, of Wilmot Proviso fame, in 1851, was elected for six consecutive terms, being Speaker the last term, and was defeated for re-election to the House in 1862. He is the only member ever defeated for re-election to the House while Speaker. He re-entered the House in the summer of 1894, served several years, being highly regarded as a sort of antique political curio.

William E. Gladstone served sixty-five years in the House of Commons. So far as I have been able to ascertain, his is the longest service in that body, although

I am not certain about it, but the British system, particularly the old British system before the day of reform bills, was much more favorable to length of service than is our system. In the first place, they were permitted to enter Parliament at an earlier age than we do. Charles James Fox, for instance, began his great parliamentary career at nineteen.

The facts that in Great Britain a man may represent any constituency and that the various constituencies do not hold elections on the same day are favorable to the continuance of the more prominent members in the House. If a prominent member is defeated by one constituency he can appeal to another. Indeed, Mr. Balfour, the great Tory leader, was defeated by two constituencies in the last sweeping Liberal victory, and was forced to appeal to a third before he could obtain an election, and it is generally believed that he succeeded even then only through connivance of the Liberal leaders and by reason of their generosity or wisdom. The one fact, however, which contributed most to length of service in the old times was the rotten-borough system, where there were few voters, and they controlled absolutely by certain great families. A duke or earl sometimes practically owned a dozen or more seats in the House of Commons, disposing of them to whomsoever they pleased—generally, of course, to their sons or to those who would be of the greatest political benefit. Some of the most brilliant and famous British statesmen began their careers by representing rotten or pocket boroughs—among them the elder Pitt, Edmund Burke, and Charles James Fox—and a few of them never represented any other sort of constituency. Practically they were appointed rather than elected to the House of Commons. The various reform bills, however, have to a large extent abolished the rotten boroughs, and they now have a representative system somewhat approximating ours.

Henry Clay was first appointed to the Senate of the United States for a fragmentary term in 1806, and died in the Senate in 1852, there being forty-six years between his entrance and his exit. It is almost a certainty that he could have retained his toga and his curule chair during that entire period had he so desired, but he was gunning for bigger game and spent the major portion of his manhood days chasing the Presidency, only to see himself passed over and inferior men preferred; for, from the close of Jefferson's administration in 1809 to the end of Fillmore's in 1853, during which Clay reached the end of his long and tempestuous search for the unattainable, as a popular leader—indeed, as a popular idol—he overtopped all the Presidents save Andrew Jackson alone—his most relentless foe. Between the beginning and end of his senatorial career Clay held several offices and played many parts, always with an eye on the White House. After his brief senatorial service by appointment, he was again a member of the state House of Representatives, and its Speaker; served another fragment of a senatorial term, that time by election. He was then elected to the national House of Representatives, and chosen Speaker, for six full terms, but not consecutive. In 1814 he resigned to go to Ghent as Peace Commissioner, along with John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell.

As soon as he returned to America he was, as a matter of course, again elected to the House, and, equally as a matter of course, again chosen Speaker. Once more he resigned to mend his financial fortunes. After a year or two at the bar he once more returned to the House and to the Speakership. After serving in both the House and the Chair ten years and two hundred and forty-five days on his six elections to both—for his services in the House and the Chair were synchronous—he quit both forever to become Secretary of State under the younger

Adams—unfortunately for his own fame and fatally for his presidential aspirations. He ran for the Presidency in 1824, 1832, 1840, 1844, and 1848—the longest chase on record. He was gouged out of the Whig nomination in 1840 and 1848, chiefly through the Machiavellian machinations of Thurlow Weed, one of the New York Whig triumvirate of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, which was dissolved in 1854 by the angry "withdrawal of the junior partner" in a letter which is the queerest compound in all literature of wit, sarcasm, caustic, and pathos. Greeley was madder than a bald hornet because he had received no pap, but he evened up the score with his senior partners at Chicago in 1860, when he slipped his stiletto under Seward's fifth rib and commended the poisoned chalice to their own lips.

After his defeat for the Whig presidential nomination in 1848, Clay uttered this plaint, which will forever echo down the corridors of time: "I am the most unfortunate of men—always nominated when no Whig can be elected—always defeated for the nomination when any Whig could be elected."

CHAPTER IX

Cleveland's second inauguration—Gresham—Carlisle—Lamont—Bissell—Olney —Vice-President Stevenson.

THE weather in Washington, March 4, 1893—the day on which Grover Cleveland was inaugurated the second time, and on which I began my long Congressional service—was as bad as mortal man ever endured—windy, stormy, snowy, sleety, icy. It was prophetic of the political weather during the last Cleveland administration. Scores of people lost their lives by braving that tempestuous weather.

The day of Cleveland's first inauguration was ideal—bright, sunshiny, balmy—and for eight years his enthusiastic followers dubbed every fine day "Cleveland weather," just as Napoleon and his worshipers were forever prating of "The Sun of Austerlitz"; but the marrow-freezing day of his second inauguration ended the rejoicing about "Cleveland weather." No ear has heard of it any more.

The outgoing and incoming Presidents, who had taken it turn about in defeating each other, rode up to the Capitol together and entered the Senate Chamber side by side—Cleveland towering a full head above Harrison and weighing nearly twice as much. Sitting down, Gen. Benjamin Harrison looked as tall as Mr. Cleveland. His low stature grew out of the shortness of his legs, whereas Abraham Lincoln's towering height was due chiefly to the extraordinary length of his legs from the knees down. There was nothing unusual in the fact that

the two rode and walked together. That is the rule in such cases to which there are only three exceptions.

John Adams was in such a huff because of his defeat that he would not remain in Washington to see Jefferson inducted into office. John Quincy Adams would not stay to witness General Jackson's inauguration because the old hero had not called on him—which the old hero failed and neglected to do because, as he alleged, Adams had helped circulate slanders about his wife. Nobody believes that now, but the Iron Soldier did believe it with all his heart, for he believed anything and everything discreditable to his enemies.

Andrew Johnson and General Grant hated each other so cordially that neither was willing to ride or walk with the other. Consequently Johnson was not present at Grant's inauguration.

The President-elect, uncovered, delivered his inaugural address at the east front of the Capitol, without notes and with perfect sang-froid, in a clear, ringing voice, to a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens, most of whom were clapping their hands, threshing their arms about their bodies, stamping their feet, and moving about to prevent being converted into pillars of ice, as Lot's wife was converted into a pillar of salt. The cadets from West Point and Annapolis threw down their guns and danced a war jig, to keep their blood from congealing in their veins. When the President concluded, a mighty shout went up, and everything was merry as a marriage-bell. The President's beautiful young wife, muffled in handsome and abundant furs, was the cynosure of all eyes, and even the President's heavy and solemn countenance lighted up with a glad smile when he gazed upon her happy face.

It appeared queer to me that the Congress did not, at its next session, change the inaugural date to a season when experience shows that pleasant weather may be

reasonably expected, but I did not know then half as much about Congressional *vis inertiæ* as I know now.

The city was full to overflowing with jubilant Democrats, who counted President Cleveland not only the Moses of Democracy who had led them through the Red Sea and the Wilderness into sight of the Promised Land, but also the Joshua who had brought them safely into Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. They were anxious for the feast. All sorts of Democrats were there—men and women from the plains, the mountains, the valleys, the seashore, from mine and forest and mill and shop, from farm, village, and city, from the army and navy, from the prize-ring, the college, the pulpit—old mossback Democrats who lived on husks had for a generation jostled and touched elbows with a lot of dilettante eleventh-hour converts who were as hungry as the most ancient old-timers. The regular soldiers were there by the thousand, men of wars, men with their jaunty uniforms were there by the hundreds—all fraternizing with the handsome lads from West Point and Annapolis and with several thousand National Guardsmen. Every species of musical instrument known among men, together with every sort of toy for noise-making, was in use that day, mingling with the cannon's roar, the shrill whistles of engines, and the ear-splitting shout of an innumerable throng of hilarious Democrats chanting:

> "Grover! Grover! Four years more of Grover!
> And now we'll live in clover!"

Even our Republican friends, with that generosity characteristic of Americans, acting on the biblical injunction, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice," helped us celebrate our wondrous victory. Perhaps with clairvoyant power they could read the future!

Most assuredly no set of men in all the flood of time

had better reason to jubilate than the Democrats, on that great and noisy day. That was the first one since the 4th of March, 1859—a period of thirty-four long, wearing, wearisome years—that we had had the President and both Houses of Congress. No body of men in the annals of politics had ever made such a long, courageous, disheartening, but triumphant fight as Democrats had made from the split in the Democratic Convention at Charleston in 1860 to the close of the polls in 1892, when they swept the country from sea to sea, securing an overwhelming majority of both the popular and the electoral vote, carrying all the doubtful states, together with such rock-ribbed Republican strongholds as Wisconsin and Illinois. They captured half the electoral votes of Michigan, and, to the surprise of everybody, Mr. Cleveland secured one electoral vote in Ohio, which magnificent state—mother of statesmen and Presidents—had not voted for a Democratic President since 1852, when Franklin Pierce carried all the states in the Union except four. In fact, she had rarely chosen Democratic electors even prior to 1852. "'Twas a famous victory!"

After hard trials and great tribulations, after a long series of humiliating defeats, we stood proudly on the Mount of Victory, sat in the seats of the Mighty, held every coign of vantage, and had every place of power at our disposal.

> No pent-up Utica contracted our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent was ours.

Most assuredly we had a right to rejoice, and we did rejoice to the limit.

No people ever went to bed happier than the Democrats on the night of March 4, 1893.

In looking back upon that uproarious and eventful day I recall the pregnant words of Alexander Pope, the greatest epigrammatist that ever lived:

O blindness to the future kindly given
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The unalloyed joy of Democrats was of short duration. March the 5th President Cleveland announced his Cabinet, and thereby slapped every Democrat betwixt the two seas squarely in the face by appointing Gen. Walter Q. Gresham, of Chicago, Secretary of State. That appointment had the effect of an ice-bath upon the enthusiasm of old, battle-scarred Democrats who had borne the heat and burden of the day—many a day—who had cheerfully and gallantly led many a forlorn hope, who had been often defeated, but never conquered, and who believed that the election of 1892 was a Democratic triumph, pure and simple. It was a blow over the heart from which the veterans never recovered. They could neither understand nor justify it, and, truth to tell, the remnants of the Old Guard cannot understand it to this day. They resented it bitterly; they still resent it; not only those seeking appointive offices, but the "boys at the forks of the creek" and "in the trenches," who want no offices and expect none, but who fight the battles of Democracy for the love of fighting, for what Cæsar denominates *guadium certaminis*—the joy of the conflict. These men, all over the country—and there was a vast army of them—denounced President Cleveland as a "mugwump." Their idol was shattered, their mouths were in the dust, and they were utterly inconsolable.

They believed that Simon-pure Democrats were entitled to the rewards, and they knew that whatever else General Gresham was, he was not a Democrat, or that if he was on March 5, 1893, his conversion had been as sudden, if not as miraculous, as that of Saul of Tarsus as he journeyed from Jerusalem down to Damascus.

General Gresham was a man of high character, of commanding presence, of fine ability, of perfect integrity, of spotless reputation, and with an unimpeachable record in both civil and military service. He bore honorable scars acquired in the war between the states. He rose to the rank of major-general in the Union Army. He had held two Cabinet portfolios under President Arthur, and had discharged his duties faithfully and well. For many years he was Federal district judge in Indiana, and when President Cleveland made him Secretary of State he was a Circuit Federal judge and lived in Chicago. All these honors had been conferred upon him as a Republican. In the famous Chicago Republican Convention of 1888 he had been a strong contender for the presidential nomination, but his hated Indiana rival, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, walked away with the glittering and greatly coveted prize, very much to the disgust and disappointment of General Gresham. There was an ancient and deadly feud between this twain—bitter as that between the Montagues and Capulets. How it originated this deponent saith not, because he knoweth not, but it is a matter of common knowledge that it existed—not only existed, but was of the proverbial intensity of a family feud—both being Union generals, both Indiana Republicans—rivals both at the bar and in politics. Whether General Gresham voted for General Harrison in 1888 and 1892, or sulked in his tent, or voted for President Cleveland, is problematical, but the patent fact remains that as late as 1888 he was a full-fledged Republican of influence and eminence. This fact the rank and file of Democrats knew full well, and they did not believe that even if he came over to the Democrats in 1888—which they doubted—he should be given the highest place in a Democratic Cabinet. Perhaps if they had thought that there would be no more cases on all-fours with his, they might have forgiven the President, but they feared that his appoint-

ment was only a precursor of many more of the same sort and they were sick at heart.

It so happened that the Secretaryship of State turned out to be apples of Sodom to General Gresham. The duties of the place were not to his taste, and he found no pleasure in them. He would have made a capital attorney-general or justice of the Supreme Court—because they were in the line of his profession—of his life-work.

So on the night of March the 5th "a change came o'er the spirit" of the dreams of thousands of Democrats, and they began filing out of Washington, headed for the cave of Adullam, ready for revolt.

Of General Gresham's appointment, Mr. George F. Parker, one of Mr. Cleveland's most partial and enthusiastic biographers, says: "The Secretaryship of State, conferred upon Judge Walter Q. Gresham, was the one surprise of the Cabinet. I have never yet heard of any man to whom Mr. Cleveland had spoken about this office in connection with the appointee, and nobody was ever able to explain how or why he was chosen."

The President appointed as his Secretary of the Treasury John Griffin Carlisle, of Kentucky, then the most popular Democrat in America, but who lived to be rotten-egged in his home city of Covington, so bitterly did his old constituents resent his advocacy of the Gold Standard. What Mr. Carlisle thought on that sad and unfortunate occasion can only be imagined. Being a well-read man, he may have had the poor consolation of recalling certain historical facts—that Hannibal was banished by the Carthaginians and died by suicide in a foreign land; that John DeWitt was torn limb from limb in front of his own Senate House by an infuriated mob; that Socrates was compelled to drink the fatal hemlock; that the windows in the home and carriage of the Duke of Wellington were broken fifteen years after Waterloo, by his enraged countrymen; that the doors of Faneuil Hall were shut in

the face of Daniel Webster; that the Legislature of Massachusetts passed resolutions of censure upon Charles Sumner in his old age, and other like instances; but all these and all other similar cases where the people, "the plain people," as Abraham Lincoln loved to call them, had turned against popular idols, justly or unjustly, could have afforded little compensation for the loss of the love of a mighty people which he had thrown away "like the base Indian who cast a pearl away, richer than all his tribe," for, after Henry Clay and John C. Breckenridge, Carlisle was more fondly loved by the Kentuckians than any other man.

He had had a long and notable career. He was a great lawyer. He had served in both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature, and as lieutenant-governor. He served many years in the National House of Representatives; was Speaker thereof for three full terms, and by common consent is rated as one of the great Speakers. At the time of his appointment to the Treasury portfolio he was a Senator of the United States, with every prospect of retaining his toga and curule chair, till he died of old age or voluntarily retired. To him more than to any other is due the long and successful fight for Tariff Reform which culminated in the tremendous Democratic victory of 1892.

The masses wanted him for President in 1892, and most probably he would have been nominated had the leaders believed he could get the aid of as many independent voters as could Grover Cleveland. The desire to secure the independent vote gave the nomination to the ex-President by the skin of his teeth. The truth is that any respectable Democrat could have been elected that year.

In view of all the foregoing facts, the bestowal of the Secretaryship of the Treasury upon "the Great Kentuckian" was very popular, particularly among the Silver Democrats, who looked to him as their chief. They were

especially glad to have him conduct the financial department of the government. He had made the greatest Silver speech that ever fell from human lips—a speech unanswered and unanswerable, which Mr. Carlisle himself came nearer answering than anybody else ever did. He enjoys the peculiar distinction of having made both the best double-standard speech and also the best single Gold Standard speech ever delivered since the world began. When he became a single Gold Standard advocate it nearly broke the hearts of his friends, who had followed his fortunes with unshaken fidelity and who had dreamed for twenty years of placing him in the White House. In hundreds of thousands of homes his name was accursed. Right or wrong, his Gold Standard speech ended his political career. He supported Palmer and Buckner, neither of whom was worthy to untie his intellectual shoe-latchets. It was a sad close to a public career which added a new glory to the Republic.

To me, a Kentuckian born and bred, his change of base and his political downfall constituted a sore political and personal bereavement. My feeling for him was not only one of profound admiration, but also of deep personal affection. I have never abused him. I could not find it in my heart so to do. But I have grieved ever since he committed political suicide. If he had continued as he began, he would have been nominated, and elected President in 1896, for it was Carlisle far more than President Cleveland who created the Gold Standard sentiment in the West and South. And what a President he would have made! easily the peer mentally of any Chief Executive of the Republic.

Daniel S. Lamont, of New York, was Secretary of War —a most capable official as well as a delightful gentleman.

There have been about fifty Secretaries of War. The first one with whom I was personally acquainted, Daniel S. Lamont, filled the place once held by men illustrious

in their lives, but most of whom are as thoroughly forgotten in their graves as though they had never been born. It is said that the reason why Colonel Lamont left off making money hand over fist, to accept the war portfolio, was the fame which it would bring his children. If his reputation proves as ephemeral as that of most of his predecessors, it was hardly worth acquiring.

One feat of memory of which Thomas Babington Macaulay boasted was that he could give the names of all the Popes in both regular and reverse order. The chances are a thousand to one that no citizen of the Republic can repeat seriatim the names of the Secretaries of War. Truly fame is a vapor.

There are, however, some familiar, a few great, and one or two well-beloved names in that list. It contains one President of the United States—James Monroe—and the only President of the Confederate states—Jefferson Davis, and it is a curious coincidence that while these two illustrious men achieved their most enduring reputation as civilians they cherished most their reputations as soldiers. The same thing is true of Aaron Burr and Thomas H. Benton, though neither attained higher rank in the army than lieutenant-colonel. Burr wanted to be a brigadier-general pending our troubles with France during John Adams's Presidency, and there was serious talk of making Benton the Commander-in-chief of the American Army in Mexico, with the rank of lieutenant-general. Had that project been consummated, "Old Bullion" would probably have reached the Presidency, and thereby have taken from Missouri her great reproach of barrenness in that regard.

Two other Secretaries of War—Lewis Cass and John Bell—were nominated for the Presidency, but failed of the glittering prize.

William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, William L. Marcy, John McLean, Simon Cameron, and perhaps other

Secretaries of War, aspired to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. Calhoun came nearer it than the others, as he was twice elected to the Vice-Presidency. Had it not been for Peggy O'Neil's tantrums, and the row which grew out of them, and the active part which Mrs. Calhoun took in the crusade against the Irish beauty, and the cunning political use which sly Mr. Van Buren made of the tempest in a teapot, the great nullifier might have succeeded "Old Hickory." But no man whose wife was anti-Peggy found favor in the eyes of the grim old Lion of the Hermitage.

John Marshall, who was Secretary of War for six days, was afterward Chief Justice of the United States for nearly thirty-five years.

Lamont was entitled to one benediction from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the peacemakers." In politics, especially when he was the President's private secretary during Mr. Cleveland's first term, that was his chief business; and certainly since that famous utterance no man needed a peacemaker on his staff more than Mr. Cleveland. He had no equal in provoking men to wrath and Lamont no rival in applying poultices and administering soothing-syrup. As an emollient for soreheads and sore-headed politicians he excelled slippery elm or anything else in the *materia medica.*

Thurber, presidential secretary in the second Cleveland administration, was just the reverse, and after the President had rubbed the skin off a visiting statesman Thurber came in the nature of strong fish brine to make his wounds smart—not that he wanted to be *persona non grata* to any human being, but because he was so rigged up that his efforts to be hail-fellow with disgruntled statesmen only aggravated them the more. A man whom Mr. Cleveland made mad got madder when Thurber undertook to patronize him and to convince him that the President could do no wrong—both of which he invariably at-

tempted. In truth, Thurber lived as much in an enchanted world as did the melancholy Knight de la Mancha, and to him Mr. Cleveland's hat was a veritable enchanted helmet of Mambrino.

Lamont was the nonpareil of private secretaries, and was decidedly the smoothest member of the Cabinet. He accomplished more with less friction than any of the men who stuck their legs beneath the presidential mahogany. Physically he was blond, bald, willowy, graceful. For Lamont the country is indebted to Daniel Manning, a past-master in both politics and journalism. When Mr. Cleveland was unexpectedly elected Governor of New York he knew very few public men in the state, and asked Manning to select some bright young man, with good manners, common sense, and a large acquaintance among politicians, as his private secretary. Manning picked Lamont, who was then a reporter on his paper, *The Albany Argus*.

Thus began Lamont's political rise, which was as rapid as that of his patron.

Newspaper work is a first-rate schooling for public life. Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Henry Watterson, James Brooks, Daniel Manning, Thomas Hart Benton, Carl Schurz, B. Gratz Brown, Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst, "Sunset" Cox, James G. Blaine, Amos J. Cummings, Senator Hawley, Governor Dingley, Captain Boutelle, and divers others who have succeeded in politics once set type, did reportorial work, or edited papers.

Speaking from a somewhat varied experience, I state for the benefit of all boys that even my short career of eleven months as a country editor has been of more lasting benefit to me than any other equal portion of my life.

Newspaper work forces rapidity of thought and facility in writing. A newspaper man must frequently fire offhand without a rest. He can't afford to scratch his head

and chew the end of his pencil a week, waiting for an idea or for inspiration. He must strike while the iron is hot. Consequently newspaper men in Congress are among the readiest talkers and most skilful wrestlers. They may not be as profound as the philosophers, but in the general mêlée usually come out on top.

Another habit of incalculable value to a public man is induced by newspaper work—that is, of noting people's peculiarities, habits, capabilities, and idiosyncrasies—or, in other words, of reading human nature. Mr. Cleveland seemed to have a penchant for editors as constitutional advisers, having had one, Daniel Manning, in his first Cabinet, and having three, Lamont, Hoke Smith, and J. Sterling Morton, in his second.

Over and over again the saying that all that glitters is not gold finds confirmation. Mrs. Lamont was one of the most popular of the Cabinet ladies. Her soirées and dinners and receptions were universally pronounced delightful. She lived in a beautiful home, had lovely children, a distinguished husband, and a host of friends. Thousands of women envied her. But after the manner of Lot's wife, she sometimes looked back with longing eyes, so it is said, toward vanished scenes.

Somebody once asked her what was the happiest period of her life. "When Dan was a newspaper reporter at one hundred dollars per month," replied the lady whose liege lord then stood fourth in the line of succession to the White House.

No able-bodied man in America looked less like a son of Mars or a disciple of Bellona than Mr. Secretary Lamont, unless it was Gen. Joe Wheeler, who was a lieutenant-general at twenty-seven, and who did a vast deal of hard fighting.

Lamont looked better fitted to lead a quadrille than an army, but in piping times of peace executive ability more than martial talent is needed in the War Office. Anyway,

army officers are so jealous of one another that they prefer a civilian to a soldier for a Secretary of War; consequently a majority of the Secretaries have been civilians.

To borrow a simile from railroaders, Colonel Lamont, as private secretary, was the best "buffer" that ever stood between a President and the surging multitude of Congressmen and their place-hunting constituents, and the same suavity, tact, graciousness, and bonhomie which made him a universal favorite then stood him in good stead in his higher station.

Above all, he was a man of wondrous common sense, and an excellent judge of men, with an astonishing facility for keeping his mouth shut except when it was necessary for him to talk. If it be true that "speech is silver but silence is golden," then Lamont was a bonanza gold-mine. Since his day the President's "private secretary" has been promoted to "the secretary to the President," with an increased salary, but the duties are the same. The secretary to the President is a far more important functionary than most people wot of, and exercises a potent influence on the course of public affairs, having the presidential ear whenever he desires it. He hears many things about persons that the President does not hear. He sees many folks that the President cannot see for lack of time. When somebody asked Gen. Joseph E. Johnston why he did not capture Washington the night after the first battle of Bull Run, he replied: "Because I did not have soldiers twenty feet tall so they could wade the Potomac!" Probably the reason why the President cannot receive all callers is that the year has only three hundred and sixty-five days, and the day only twenty-four hours. The chances are that a President is the busiest man in America, and the secretary to the President the next busiest. In patience he must *ex necessitate* rival the Man of Uz.

Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama, an ex-Confederate

soldier, long a prominent member of the House, rising to the chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs, was Secretary of the Navy. His service in Congress caused him to take things by the smooth handle, and made him a prime favorite.

The Postmaster-General was Wilson S. Bissell, of Buffalo, New York, the President's old law partner. He was much of the Cleveland type both mentally and physically—in the latter regard being about one and a half times as large as the President. General Bissell had had no experience in public service, no taste for it, did not want to be in the Cabinet, and gladly quit it in the middle of his term.

There has for years been an apocryphal story floating around in the Mississippi Valley to the effect that once upon a time a man found Col. E. D. Baker, then a youth in Illinois, afterward a Senator from Oregon, who was colonel of the "California Regiment," and died a soldier's death at Ball's Bluff, sitting on a log in the woods, crying as though his heart would break. Interrogated as to why those tears, he blubbered out that he was weeping because he could never be President of the United States, by reason of having been born an Englishman.

Nobody need shed many briny tears at the idea of never being a Cabinet Minister, for it is certainly not a bed of roses. Under almost any circumstances it is what Mr. Mantalini would have called "a demnition horrid grind." Under such a domineering, dictatorial President as Mr. Cleveland, a Cabinet position was nothing more than a head-clerkship. Why any man of reputation would resign a seat in the Senate or House for that gilded slavery is one of the unfathomable mysteries.

Christopher Columbus, Ulysses S. Grant, and Grover Cleveland were all alike in one respect—they all went on voyages of discovery—the immortal Genoese sailor to discover a new world, and the two Presidents in

search of unknown men to place in charge of Cabinet portfolios.

Grant was a soldier and distrusted all civilians until he learned, by bitter experience, that he could not get along well without trusting such men as Roscoe Conkling, who had never set a squadron in the field.

Cleveland appeared to delight in digging up and inducting into high places statesmen who had studiously and successfully hidden their talents in a napkin until he turned his flashlight upon them.

Four of his second Cabinet were utterly unknown outside their own particular bailiwicks. The great body of the people had never heard of them.

When their names were announced on March 6, 1893, men pinched themselves to see if they were awake, gazed at each other as stupidly as Dickens's Fat Boy, suddenly roused from sleep, and wonderingly asked one another, "Who is Bissell? Who is Olney?" Nine-tenths of them pronounced Olney's name wrong—for be it known that the "o" in his name is long, as in "note," and not short, as in "hop." Yet Olney and Bissell were the only ones in the list destined to quit Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet-table with enhanced reputation and enlarged popularity.

Bissell was a tall man—over six feet—a huge man—and by no means bad-looking. Neither was he fat-witted. That law firm of Cleveland & Bissell must have had great weight in court.

In manner General Bissell was blunt, brusk, austere, irascible, until you penetrated the case of reserve in which he had ensconced himself, when he was pleasant, playful, and gracious. There was nothing bizarre, dilettante, or whimsical about him. He discharged his onerous duties conscientiously, according to his lights. These were sometimes flickering, dim, and uncertain, growing largely out of the fact that he had had no official or political experience, and had confined his energies to the practice

of corporation law, which brought him very little into contact with the masses. Nevertheless, he did his best.

His office of Postmaster-General, more than any other Cabinet position, brings the incumbent into personal relations with Senators, Representatives, and office-seekers. During the first few months of his term he was the most unpopular man in Washington. Gradually he wore off his angularities, increased his acquaintance, softened the asperities of his style, and grew in popularity, so that when he quitted the office at the end of two years everybody felt very kindly toward him. Under no circumstances whatever would he ever have inspired enthusiastic devotion to his person, but I believe that if he had filled out the four years he would have been the most popular man in the Cabinet, always excepting Col. Daniel S. Lamont, who was a universal favorite.

The truth is that, like old Doctor Johnson, General Bissell had nothing of the bear about him except the coat.

In the beginning General Bissell was much disposed to run things with a high hand. Whether he learned that from Cleveland or Cleveland learned it from him, or whether they were both born that way, or whether that was the bond of union between them, I don't know.

The saying, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," had a fine illustration when General Bissell and Bailey of Texas ran afoul of each other, if a piece of gossip which floated around Washington was true.

Nothing that ever wore the human form could bully Bailey. He would hold himself erect and express his honest convictions in any presence, however august.

The story ran in this wise: During the month between the calamitous extra session and the more calamitous long session of the Fifty-third Congress, Bailey made some speeches down in Texas, in which he spoke his mind

freely about the administration, and his remarks, as reported in the papers, were by no means complimentary. Of course, certain persons not exactly *en rapport* with Bailey lodged marked copies of his speeches in hands where they would do the most harm to Bailey. So when he returned to Washington and went to see General Bissell about appointing a postmaster, Bissell said: "I don't know that I ought to pay any attention to your recommendations. I understand you have been making some speeches down in Texas lately. What sort of speeches did you make?"

Bailey was young, but he had the courage of Richard Plantagenet himself, and he replied: "It is none of your blanked business what sort of speeches I made. I wasn't sent to Congress to represent you or Cleveland. I answer to nobody but my own constituents and my own conscience for my speeches. You can appoint this man or I will withdraw all my recommendations and will never set foot in this office again while you are here."

Bailey didn't get his man in, and, true to his wrathful promise, he never set foot again in the Post-Office Department until General Bissell vanished from the scene.

Once I heard General Bissell in a rather heated controversy with a New England Congressman. The latter had filed charges against the postmaster for "offensive partizanship," or something of the sort, and was insisting that Bissell bounce him without ceremony or dilly-dallying. "But," said Bissell, "he has written to me demanding that he be heard in reply." "He does not deserve to be heard," answered the Representative. "He shall be heard," roared the Postmaster-General. "In New York we try a man before we hang him. I do not hope to please everybody while in this office, but there is one man whose mind and conscience I will be sure to satisfy, and that man is Wilson S. Bissell."

It is my firm belief that the law ought to require the

incoming President to appoint his Cabinet at least three months before his term begins, and ought to compel him then to put in that period traveling over the United States to learn what a large country this is, and somewhat of the manners and customs of the various sections.

Now the average citizen will hardly believe that running a livery-stable is to a man's discredit or in any way disqualifies him from being a postmaster. Yet that fact came near preventing my naming a postmaster in my own town.

I recommended one—as under the pernicious and pestiferous custom which had grown up I was expected to do. Divers and sundry charges were filed against him, supported by affidavits. I did my best to explain them away, and succeeded very well in convincing the general that the things complained of were mere indiscretions of youth, and not such as to show any moral turpitude.

I have always believed that membership in any church argues favorably for a man's character, so as a clincher I said to the general: "He can't be a very bad man, as he is a member in good standing in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church."

"What sort of church is that?" he replied. "I never heard of it. How is it differentiated from the old school?" I never was much of a theologian, but I entered on a disquisition as to the differences which led up to the organization of the Cumberland Church—aided somewhat by friendly suggestions from Benton McMillan, Judge Ellis, and other Kentuckians and Tennesseeans who happened to be present.

I had never expected to be placed in a position to expound the doctrines of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and I am not cocksure that my good friends, President Black, Rev. Taylor Bernard, Rev. Alonzo Pearson (one of my old pupils), and others will accept

my exposition as up to the standard, but of one thing they can rest assured—their church lost nothing in dignity, influence, or numbers from my version of its origin and history.

When I had concluded my theological address I felt reasonably sure of success, but several times I have been sorely disappointed in verdicts of juries and decisions of courts, and what happened just then did not give me a favorable opinion of my persuasive powers as an orator or of General Bissell as a subject.

He looked at me, solemn as an owl, and said, "I don't want to appoint that man." "Why?" I asked. "Because he runs a livery-stable," came the astonishing answer.

Now be it remembered that General Bissell had a temper of his own. I have very little reputation for being wanting in that respect myself. So I concluded if we undertook then and there to argue so preposterous a proposition that it wouldn't increase our friendship to any remarkable extent or end in helping my man, which was the main thing.

In order to collect my scattered thoughts I went over to the House. There I saw John DeWitt Warner. I said, "Warner, what sort of a man is Bissell, anyhow?" "He's honest, and firm in his convictions," replied the great free-trader. Then I told him my case. "Oh," he said, "Bissell is all right, but he has never been out of Buffalo much. He sometimes forms his conclusions from inadequate premises—deduces a rule from too few instances. He probably knew some disreputable man in Buffalo who ran a livery-stable, and jumped to the conclusion that all livery-stable keepers are a tough lot."

So I thought and thought all day. Bissell had told me once that he could remember what I wrote better than what I said, consequently I wrote him an affectionate epistle, in which I explained that I did not know anything

about New York, its politics, manners, customs, society, etc., but did understand the country west of the Mississippi, and that to conduct a livery-stable out there was as respectable as to practise law or sell dry-goods, and that frequently the livery-stable man was the most influential man in the community, and much more of the same sort.

The letter appeared to have the desired effect, for in a few days the man whom I recommended got the office.

The very next morning I went after the general for another postmaster. "Not to-day, young man," he said, with a benignant smile. "You are too greedy. You must take your turn and give others a chance. I appointed a man for you yesterday and I don't believe yet that he ought to have been appointed, but I did not want to give you a black eye in your own town"—which was certainly kind and generous in him.

At the end of two years, after he had become acquainted with everybody, and everybody had come to like him, General Bissell grew weary of his honors and the trappings of power, and resigned his place to return to his law practice. No wonder, for no slave on a treadmill ever worked harder or more constantly. It's astonishing that it did not worry him into the shape of a living skeleton.

J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, a pioneer Democrat in that state while it was yet a territory, was Secretary of Agriculture—the third to hold that office, Gov. Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, being the first, and "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, of Wisconsin, the second. At that time the Secretary of Agriculture was called "the baby of the Cabinet," the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor not having then been created.

Hoke Smith, of Georgia, a prominent lawyer and editor, as well as proprietor of *The Atlanta Journal*, since Governor of his state and now United States Senator, was

Secretary of the Interior. By reason of the President's attitude toward the Democratic presidential ticket in 1896 Secretary Smith resigned about six months before his term was up, and supported the Democratic ticket. He was succeeded by Gov. David R. Francis, of Missouri, now the American ambassador to the Court of Petrograd.

There was a good deal of gossip as to the why and wherefore of the appointment of so young a man as Mr. Smith to the Cabinet. Nobody who knew him doubted his ability but Georgians, who loved him not, asserted that he was selected to punish Evan P. Howell, the veteran editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, a rival paper to Smith's *Journal*. *The Constitution* had vigorously supported Governor and Senator David Bennett Hill for the presidential nomination, while *The Journal* had just as vigorously supported Mr. Cleveland. The President was very human, and while he did not agree to the proposition contained in Representative Tim Campbell's witty and far-resounding query, "Mr. President, what is the Constitution betwixt friends?" he did possess the rare virtue of standing by his friends, and Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, was one result of that trait in President Cleveland's character and one of the chief beneficiaries thereof.

He in turn was loyal to his Georgia friends, and appointed so many of them to office that Republican humorists made merry with him, saying that "We once marched through Georgia under General Sherman, but now Georgia—under the leadership of Mr. Secretary Smith—is marching through us."

Richard Olney, an eminent Boston lawyer, was Attorney-General. He discharged his duties well, no doubt, but in that office he did not enhance his reputation. When, however, Mr. Secretary of State Gresham died, and Mr. Attorney-General Olney was promoted to his place, he at once entered upon such a vigorous foreign

policy as to challenge the attention and admiration not only of his country, but of the world. His strong, emphatic, luminous, almost bellicose, assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, in the celebrated squabble with Great Britain touching her threatened encroachment upon the territory of little Venezuela, warmed the cockles of the American heart and gave him enduring fame as one of our greatest Secretaries of State. Those new-fangled statesmen who think the Monroe Doctrine is obsolete would do well to consider Mr. Secretary Olney's pronouncements on that subject and be wise.

Rev. Sidney Smith—one-third preacher and two-thirds wit—declared that when God created the world He made round holes and three-cornered holes, and round people and three-cornered people to fit into them; but the trouble was that many round people got into three-cornered holes and many three-cornered people got into round holes, and consequently there were many misfits. General Gresham and Mr. Olney, as Cabinet Ministers, are fine illustrations of Sidney's theory. From the beginning Olney should have been Secretary of State and Gresham Attorney-General.

Illustrations of Sidney's theory abound on every hand. For instance, General Grant was a flat failure as a cord-wood dealer, a real-estate agent, and a merchant, but was a superb soldier. Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew stoutly maintains that most men desire to be what they cannot be, and he declares that General Grant's consuming ambition was to be an orator!

It is nowhere recorded that Samuel F. Miller—one of the greatest justices of the Supreme Court—was a shining success as a shoemaker or as a country doctor, which he was till past thirty, but nobody will deny his pre-eminence as a lawyer and a jurist. Blessed is the man who discovers what he is fit for—and does it.

Mr. Cleveland used the veto more freely than any other

President. Indeed, he vetoed more bills than all other Presidents put together, Andrew Johnson standing second in that regard. The fact that he used many hours in writing vetoes of hundreds of small, individual pension bills, during his first term, contributed much to his defeat in 1888. But he believed that he was right in so doing, and nothing could turn him from his course of action. The Republicans printed them in book form and circulated the book widely as a campaign document, greatly to his injury.

While he could lay no claim to oratory, he was an effective speaker. His voice was not loud, but it was resonant and carried far, filling the largest hall. His enunciation was excellent and distinct. His gestures were few and appropriate. His stage presence was impressive. One great virtue he possessed as a public speaker—he thoroughly believed what he said, and thereby he made his auditors believe what he said—which is a matter of vast advantage on the stump, platform, or hustings, or in the pulpit.

Evidently he had a fine memory, for he rarely used notes, and yet he adhered closely to the text of his written addresses. He indulged in no rhetorical flourishes, eschewed wit and humor, quoted little poetry, and made few historical allusions. He was not blessed with imagination, but was a matter-of-fact man.

> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

When first elected, Mr. Cleveland had seen very little of his own country. He had never been in Washington City until the day before he was sworn in as President. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, was neither a wit nor a humorist, but he made a very funny speech in the Senate one night during the great Silver debate, by ringing innumer-

able changes on the sentence, "He moved West and settled at Buffalo," which Stewart found in the President's autobiography, published in *The Congressional Directory*. According to the Nevada Senator, that was the most preposterous sentence ever put into print. Of course his purpose was to belittle the President, whom he most cordially disliked.

He seemed to be much enamoured of the coterie of very able Southern statesmen then to the fore in the Senate. He appointed three of them to his first Cabinet—Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, Secretary of State, who had been one of his competitors for the nomination, and whom, in his second term, he made ambassador to the Court of St. James's; L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior, whom he promoted to the Supreme Bench; and Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas, Attorney-General. He thereby weakened very much the Democratic contingent in the Senate, but acquired three extraordinarily strong advisers in his Cabinet.

Mr. Cleveland is perhaps the only President to have made money in Washington real estate. He is said to have cleaned up something in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars on his summer suburban home, popularly known as "Redtop," in a perfectly legitimate manner.

He was one of two bachelors to be elected to the Presidency—James Buchanan being the other; but President Cleveland soon joined the ranks of the benedicts by marrying Miss Frances Folsom, who by common consent was one of the most graceful and most gracious mistresses of the White House.

He was one of three Presidents who married while in that high office, the others being John Tyler and Woodrow Wilson. The Cleveland wedding was in the White House, while Tyler's was in New York, and Wilson's at the home of his bride, in Washington.

While in Washington, President Cleveland and his wife usually worshiped in the Dutch Reformed Church.

When Mr. Cleveland was sworn in the second time he lacked fourteen days of being fifty-six years old, and was in the prime of robust manhood. He stood about five feet ten, of massive build, and weighed close to three hundred avoirdupois. His eyes were gray, his hair drab and thin, his complexion drab, his nose large and high-bridged, his visage solemn. While generally in good health, at times he suffered intensely from gout. He had a large, shapely head, set on a short neck of unusual circumference, which rested upon shoulders of Herculean proportions. So conspicuous in his *tout ensemble* was his neck that the wits of the opposition tried to make capital by such side-splitting squibs as "he wears a number *seven* hat and a number *nineteen* collar," and "he can pull his shirt off without unbuttoning his collar"—sorry wit, surely, but everything goes in a campaign. His girth was aldermanic, his feet large, and, to use a popular non-classical expression, "he was firm on his pins." He wore a small, grizzled mustache, neatly trimmed. While not by any manner of means a Beau Brummell, he dressed well and in good taste. He seemed to have taken to heart the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Among other things, he generally wore a dark silk polka-dot necktie with a dash of red in it. He displayed little jewelry. In manner he was what Mark Antony vaunted himself to be, "a plain, blunt man," which Mark most assuredly was not. While nothing of an Apollo Belvedere, he was of distinguished appearance. He was slow-motioned, walked with ponderous tread, and spoke

clearly and deliberately. He not only moved slowly; he also thought slowly. He never went off half cocked. He wrote a beautiful hand, in small characters, and was exceedingly fond of using polysyllabic words of Latin derivation. The one word which best expresses his appearance is "sturdy"—which *descriptio personæ* he illustrated on every proper occasion.

His office was near the head of the stairs in the White House proper, in a bright, sunny room whose windows afforded a splendid view of the Potomac, the Washington Monument, and the Virginia hills. At ten o'clock every morning, except Sundays and Cabinet days, Senators, Representatives, office-seekers, and visitors were received by the President. He stood near the northwest corner of a big, flat-topped desk, and the company—at the beginning of his second administration a very large one, but toward the close a small one—passed in line before him. He shook hands with all in a very uncordial fashion, speaking a few well-chosen words to each. Evidently he regarded the entire function as a great bore and endeavored to make it a rapid-fire performance. Consequently, if any one talked to him longer than he desired, he began to back toward his desk, and if the conversationalist followed him up, he turned his back and greeted the next visitor.

He had a sort of patent way of shaking hands which he probably invented for self-protection. He grabbed the visitor's hand, gave it a slight squeeze, and dropped it like a hot potato. He never under any circumstances whatsoever permitted a visitor to grip his large, fat hand.

He possessed a sense of humor notwithstanding his face was usually solemn as that of a graven image. Sometimes I have seen him smile at some stray remark which touched his risibles, and once, but only once, I heard him laugh out loud at some witty sally of the genial

and irrepressible Timothy Campbell, popularly called "Tim."

Before the bitter fight on Silver, for a new member I got along with him very well. One morning shortly after his inauguration I called on him for the first time, and was urging him to appoint one of my constituents, Col. Richard Dalton, Surveyor of the Port of St. Louis. The President said, among other things: "But Mr. Dalton lives one hundred and twenty miles from St. Louis." "I know that, Mr. President," I replied, "but he does not live as far from St. Louis as Daniel Magone lived from New York when you appointed him to a good, fat office in that city." That may have been somewhat impertinent in a new member, but it seemed to amuse him. At any rate, he remembered it, for when I next visited him and started to tell him who I was, he grinned and said: "Oh, I remember you! You are the man who jogged my memory about Dan Magone living farther from New York than your friend lives from St. Louis."

Dalton finally received the appointment. It is not probable that the reference to Magone accomplished it, but I have always believed that it helped a little.

Mr. Cleveland's only recreation appears to have been hunting and fishing. After finally quitting the White House he wrote a series of very interesting articles on that subject for a widely circulated journal, which articles were subsequently published in book form. It is dear to the disciples of Daniel Boone and Izaak Walton.

He always rode in a carriage. At least I never saw him on a horse. He was so heavy that he would have needed a Norman Percheron or a Clydesdale for a mount. When that delightful gentleman, former President William Howard Taft, who was heavier even than Mr. Cleveland, was Governor-General of the Philippines, the administration was uneasy about his health. One day Governor Taft cabled Mr. Secretary of War Elihu Root

that he had been out horseback-riding and was feeling fine. Mr. Root cabled back the witty query, "How is the horse feeling?"

There is no tale in the *Arabian Nights* more incredible than Cleveland's rise to the Presidency. Luck helped him amazingly. He was born in the village of Caldwell, in northern New Jersey, where his father was pastor of a small Presbyterian church. He and his flock did not get on well together, and severed their relations in such a way that President Cleveland resented it all his days. A society has purchased the house in which he first saw the light and has made of it a show-place. It has erected a monument to his memory, but nothing ever induced him to set foot in the town. When he had risen high in the world, the citizens of Caldwell more than once cordially invited him to visit them, but their blandishments availed not. Evidently his recollections of the place and people were unpleasant.

When I lectured in Caldwell several years ago, a very old man told me that he remembered well seeing the elder Cleveland start on the long trek to western New York with his wife, children, and all their earthly possessions in a Conastoga wagon, little Grover sitting in the rear with his bare, chubby legs and feet dangling over the hind gate.

He taught school as soon as he was old enough, read law and practised it, was elected sheriff of Erie County, served as assistant prosecuting attorney by appointment, ran for the office of prosecuting attorney and was defeated, on a reform wave was elected mayor of Buffalo in 1882 by a combination of Democrats and Independents. At the beginning of that year the betting would have been at least twenty to one that the Republicans would carry the state. They had both United States Senators, the Governor, and all the state officers, both branches of the Legislature, and, to cap all, the President of the

United States, Chester A. Arthur, with the vast and valuable patronage pertaining to that office.

The Democratic mayor of nearly every big city in the state was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, to get their names in the papers, and Cleveland won. When made, his nomination was apparently almost worthless.

In an hour, lucky for him but fatal to the Republicans, President Arthur forced the nomination of his Secretary of the Treasury, Charles J. Folger, a "Stalwart," for Governor, and it was charged by the "Featherheads," or "Half-breeds," that a telegraphic proxy had been forged by the Stalwarts to control the State Committee. A great uproar ensued, and, notwithstanding the facts that Folger was a man of high character and was universally conceded to have been an able judge of the state's Supreme Court, they would have none of him, and on Election Day either bolted openly or sulked in their tents. Consequently Cleveland was elected by a plurality of one hundred and ninety-two thousand, unprecedented till then, and his road to the White House was clear. Though his plurality was one hundred and ninety-two thousand, he ran eight thousand behind David Bennett Hill, who was the candidate for lieutenant-governor on the same ticket with him, but by some queer and convenient lapse of memory his biographers fail to mention that small but interesting fact.

In 1884 the Democrats set aside their old and tried leaders and nominated him for President. All they wanted was a man who could be elected, and his enormous plurality for Governor in 1882 caused them to believe that he would be a sure winner. As a matter of fact he won by a scratch, carrying New York by a plurality of only eleven hundred and forty-nine, thereby achieving the Presidency. He once told a friend that after his election as Governor he had no doubt of reaching

the White House. Quite naturally he believed in predestination.

He was much given to making epigrams. His first one to become popular was, "Public office is a public trust." He never said it that way. A skilful scribe took one of Cleveland's long-involved sentences containing the idea and the words above set out, but not the foregoing collocation, and by leaving out some here and some there presented as the finished product the epigram which aided Mr. Cleveland very much all his days. The idea was sound and the verbiage was catchy, but the fact announced was not new. No doubt it was used by the first honest man who ever spoke on the subject. The contrary has been expressed in this wise: "A public office is a private snap!" Somebody declared that certain other men thought that.

His most exquisite phrase, and entirely original, so far as I know, was "Innocuous desuetude," still frequently quoted and perhaps to be quoted as long as our vernacular is spoken by the children of men.

"The power of pelf" is strong, but does not measure up to the two first mentioned.

Another of his famous mots is, "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory."

President Cleveland was an exceedingly painstaking and industrious man.

This illustration fell under my personal observation: Senators Vest and Cockrell and myself were pressing the claims of one of my constituents for an important office, and thought we had about succeeded. So one morning we went to the White House to clinch the matter. To our surprise the President said, "There are serious charges against your man!" Senator Vest inquired: "What are they? Who filed them, and when?" Whereupon the President gave this amazing answer: "I do not know who filed them or who made them. I do not know

precisely when they were filed. What I do know is that about one o'clock this morning I went into my office and found on my table an anonymous protest against the appointment of your candidate, making serious charges against him and attaching as evidence of the truth of the charges about fifty pages of legal cap excerpts from court records. I sat down and read all of it before I went to bed!"

Think of such conscientious labor by a President of the United States at that unseemly hour! While millions of his constituents slept he was toiling onward in the night. We borrowed the papers referred to. He had not only read them, but he had read them carefully enough to mark certain passages which struck him forcibly and had in a few instances indicated his opinions on the margin!

It required some time and much labor to disprove the charges so as to induce him to change his mind and make the appointment—which he finally did. It is apropos to add that our candidate was recommended for the place by nearly every prominent man in Missouri.

I set forth the foregoing incident for two purposes: First, to illustrate Mr. Cleveland's method of work; second, to disabuse the minds of sundry folks of an obsession that public men in Washington spend their days and nights in having a good time—merely that and nothing more.

The Vice-President elected with Mr. Cleveland was Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois. He was what is called "a Democratic war-horse." He was certainly a Democrat without guile and without the shadow of turning. Mugwumps and Independents doted on Cleveland while they looked askance at Stevenson, but as they could not vote for the former without also voting for the latter, in order to get the former they swallowed the ticket, making wry faces much after the fashion of the pupils in Professor

Squeers's "Dotheboys Hall," when his spouse administered to them their morning dose of treacle and brimstone.

Stevenson was born and bred in Kentucky, looked, talked, and acted as one, possessed all the distinguishing characteristics of the proud, brave race from which he sprang. He graduated at or graduated from or, to use Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's formula, he "was graduated from" Center College at Danville, of which institution the renowned Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, one-third preacher, one-third scholar, and one-third politician, was president. Among Stevenson's classmates were Mr. Justice John Marshall Harlan, Senator George Graham Vest, of Missouri, Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, Col. William C. P. Breckenridge, and Col. Robert J. Breckenridge—certainly a brilliant coterie of students in one small college. Doctor Breckenridge was at first a lawyer. Thomas F. Marshall, most brilliant of mortals, said: "Dick Menifee drove me to the bottle and Cousin Bob Breckenridge to the pulpit, and I have stuck to my job closer than Bob has to his," which was the literal truth. Doctor Breckenridge was temporary chairman of the convention which nominated Lincoln and Johnson.

General Stevenson was a successful and resourceful lawyer. Like most country lawyers, he practised politics about as much as he practised his profession—his profession for profit, politics for sheer joy. He was one of the most popular campaigners in the land, and was the delight of the multitude. Stevenson always spoke right out in meeting and did not mince his words.

One thing that commended him to his audiences was his handsome presence. Tall, slender, erect, graceful, well knit, lean of flank, he always reminded me of a Kentucky race-horse. His information was wide and varied, his voice musical and far-carrying, his elocution good, and he was not afraid. He had the nose, eye, and chin of a fighter, which he was.

He had made four races for Congress, winning two out of four.

During Cleveland's first term he was the Assistant Postmaster-General, who had charge of the appointment of postmasters. He flung Republicans out and put Democrats in with such expedition that those who loved him not dubbed him "The Headsman" or "The Axman." Hence the feud betwixt him and the civil-service reformers. They regarded him as a bad man from Bitter Creek, but he was the idol of *hoi polloi.* They loved him for the enemies he had made. They would much rather have had him in the White House than Grover Cleveland, and looked forward eagerly to a time when he would reside in that garish but greatly coveted mansion.

He and President Cleveland were not at all chummy. Quite the contrary. The heir-apparent and the king are rarely close friends. Practically the same is true with Presidents and Vice-Presidents. This situation grows out of the nature of things. "Watchful waiting" for a dead man's shoes is a gruesome occupation.

General Stevenson presided over the Senate with grace, dignity, and impartiality. Being a first-class raconteur, he was a prime favorite with the Senators.

HARRIS, OF TENNESSEE

When I first entered the House of Representatives, one of the ablest, and certainly the most picturesque man in the Senate was ex-Governor Isham Green Harris, of Tennessee. In many ways he was the Democratic leader of that body. More than any other one man, he took the state of Tennessee into the Confederacy. He was, perhaps, the ablest of the war governors—in the Confederacy, at any rate.

He performed one of the most remarkable feats in that remarkable era, by carrying around with him, during the

entire war, in camp and field, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars belonging to the public-school fund of Tennessee. He even carried it with him into Mexico during his brief expatriation after the Confederacy had collapsed, but he finally restored every dollar of it to the proper officials.

He and the celebrated "Parson" Brownlow were at loggerheads, politically. The "Parson," who was a militant Christian, was Governor of the "Old Volunteer State" during the days of "Reconstruction," and afterward was United States Senator.

While the "Parson" was Governor, the state Legislature passed a resolution authorizing and directing the Governor to offer a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest and delivery of Governor Harris to Governor Brownlow; and accordingly Governor Brownlow issued his proclamation, accusing Harris of treason and other high crimes and misdemeanors. It was a bitter document, and contained this *descriptio personæ* of Governor Harris:

"This culprit, Harris, is about five feet ten inches high, weighs about one hundred and forty-five pounds, and is about fifty-five years of age. His complexion is sallow—his eyes are dark and penetrating—a perfect index to the heart of a traitor—with the scowl and frown of a demon resting on his brow. The study of mischief, and the practice of crime, have brought upon him premature baldness and gray beard. With brazen-faced impudence he talks loudly and boastingly about the overthrow of the Yankee army, and entertains no doubt but the South will achieve her independence. He chews tobacco rapidly and is inordinately fond of liquor. In his moral structure he is an unscrupulous man—steeped to the nose and chin in personal and political profligacy—now about lost to all sense of honor and shame—with a heart reckless of social duty and fatally bent upon mischief.

"If captured, he will be found lurking in the rebel strong-

holds of Mississippi, Alabama, or Georgia, and in female society, alleging with the sheep-faced modesty of a virtuous man that it is not a wholesome state of public sentiment, or of taste, that forbids an indiscriminate mixing together of married men and women. If captured, the fugitive must be delivered to me alive, to the end that justice may be done him here, upon the theater of his former villainous deeds."

Now, anybody reading that severe arraignment would naturally conclude that if the "Fighting Parson," in his capacity as Governor, had ever got his clutches on Governor Harris, he would have inflicted some awful punishment on him—perhaps death; but the son of Governor Brownlow, Col. John B. Brownlow, writes to me the following account of what really happened:

"In 1866, Neill S. Brown, who was elected Governor as a Whig, in 1847, and later, under Taylor's administration, was Minister to Russia, came to my father (Governor Brownlow) with a letter from Harris to him, Brown. It read: 'I wish to return to my home. My family need me; I wish to resume the practice of the law, but I would not feel it safe to do so without a pledge of protection from the President of the United States or the Governor of Tennessee. I would rather die in exile than ask or receive a favor at the hands of Andrew Johnson. I am willing to ask it of Governor Brownlow, confident that he will do whatever he promises to do.'

"When my father read this letter, he said: 'Tell Harris to come home. Johnson has released many men as reprehensible for the part they took in the war as Harris, without Harris's good qualities. He shall not be arrested if I can prevent it, and for the purpose I will, if necessary, turn states' rights advocate.'

"Harris returned, got to Nashville at midnight on Saturday without any one knowing he had returned, and called on the Governor Sunday morning. He asked the

Governor what steps he proposed to take for his protection.

"He replied, 'I have already taken them. I have seen Glascock, the U. S. Marshal for Middle Tennessee, an old Whig friend of mine, and he pledges me he will not interfere with you. More important than that, I have seen Gen. George H. Thomas, the commander of this department, and he promises me he will not interfere with or arrest you.'

"'But,' said Harris, 'what about the state's attorney in my district in west Tennessee?'

"My father replied: 'I have attended to that. After the quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun over nullification, the Legislature of Tennessee, under Jackson's inspiration, passed a law that rebellion against the government of the United States was treason to the state, and providing drastic penalties for the same. After secession our Confederate Legislature repealed that law, but the Republican Legislature and the government at Washington did not recognize the legality of anything done by the Rebel Legislatures.'

"Harris referred to that law that the state attorney under it might have him presented to the grand jury and indicted.

"The Governor replied: 'I have attended to that. I appointed the state attorney to his office. He is my friend. I have written him not to interfere with you, and I am sure he will not.'

"Harris replied: 'Governor Brownlow, you have taken every possible means for my protection. I shall go home to resume my law practice feeling assured of not being interfered with.'"

STORY OF THE STILL

Colonel Brownlow, who speaks in the most kindly and eulogistic terms of Senator Harris, declaring, among other

things, that "he had as great physical and moral courage as any man that ever lived," tells this refreshing and characteristic story of the Senator and Gen. Joe Shelby, of Missouri:

"During the second term of President Cleveland a visitor came to the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber and asked the watchman at that door to call out Senator Harris, of Tennessee, saying:

"'It will not be necessary for me to send in my card, as I am an old friend of Senator Harris.'

"The doorkeeper delivered the message, and Senator Harris soon came out into the dimly lighted corridor. As soon as he appeared the visitor grasped his hand, saying:

"'Governor Harris, I am mighty glad to see you.'

"'I am glad to greet you, sir,' said Senator Harris, hesitatingly, and intently peering at the caller.

"'Governor, you don't seem to remember me,' said the visitor, adding, 'and I am an old friend of yours.'

"'I am very sorry, sir,' replied Senator Harris, 'but it is my misfortune that I cannot remember the faces of all of my friends, although I wish that I could do so.'

"'Of course I understand that, Senator,' answered the visitor, 'for it would be impossible for you to remember the face of one man in five hundred or in a thousand of those to whom your name and face are perfectly familiar, but I supposed that you would remember me, for we were once partners in business.'

"The Tennessee Senator, who became irritable and irascible in his latter years, tartly replied:

"'My memory and eyesight may not be as good as formerly, but I'll be damned if I could forget any man that ever was my partner in business.'

"'Why, Governor Harris,' said the visitor, earnestly, 'I can easily prove that we were in business together. You may be ashamed of the business, but still we were partners.'

"'Damn you, sir, explain yourself,' angrily retorted the now enraged Tennessee statesman. 'I was never engaged in any business of which I was ashamed or of which I am now ashamed. What do you mean?'

"Maintaining composure and confident suavity, the visitor then said:

"'You remember, Governor, do you not, that when General Lee surrendered, in 1865, many of us old Confederates deemed it prudent to expatriate ourselves?'

"'Yes, I remember that,' replied the Tennessean, showing renewed interest in his caller.

"'Well, at that time Gen. Sterling Price, you, and I happened to meet at a dirty, greasy little hotel at Cordova, Mexico. We all were low-spirited, not certain that we might ever again see our wives and children. There was no bar, nor any visible means of reviving our drooping spirits with libatory spirits, and the situation was desperate. I told you and General Price that I had worked in a distillery in Missouri, and that if I could get a copper still I could make all of the pineapple brandy that we needed.

"'You and General Price furnished the money, giving me a third interest in the business, and I proceeded to produce all of the brandy that we needed.'

"'Joe Shelby, by Jove!' exclaimed Senator Harris, as he heartily grasped the hand of his caller, and further said:

"'Sure enough, we were partners in business, and I am not ashamed of that business, either. I beg your pardon, Joe, for not remembering you. Now tell me, Joe, if there is anything that I can do for you?'

"Gen. Joe Shelby told Senator Harris that President Cleveland had selected him for the office of United States Marshal for Missouri, and added:

"'The other candidates for the job threaten to prevent my confirmation by the Senate, because they claim that

I am in the habit of drinking too much whisky. I do drink a little, but never to excess.'

"'I drink a little, too,' replied Senator Harris, 'and I don't care a continental if you do the same as I do in that regard. Your nomination shall be confirmed.'"

Colonel Brownlow further informs me that Gen. Joe Shelby was confirmed, and that he held that office during the remainder of his days, and that this story of those days gone by has not been given to any other maker of the leaves of history.

CHAPTER X

Reed and Crisp.

THERE have been a few striking rivalries in American politics, the most memorable being Jefferson and Hamilton, Jackson and Clay, Lincoln and Douglas, Blaine and Conkling. There can be no question that the current of our history was largely influenced by these lifelong political rivalries, to which was added the element of intense personal hate, except in the case of Lincoln and Douglas, who were friends always from the day when they, as mere boys, were sworn in together as members of the Illinois legislature. This friendship was the cause of an act much commented on at the time—the gracious conduct of Douglas at Lincoln's first inauguration. Lincoln, who was an awkward man, was bothered as to how to dispose of his hat. Douglas gracefully stepped forward and held the silk tile of his successful rival while he delivered his inaugural address. No human power could have induced Hamilton, Clay, or Conkling to render such kindly service to their rivals.

In the rivalries just mentioned the whole nation was the theater and the Presidency was the glittering and greatly coveted prize for which they contested.

There was a notable rivalry on a smaller field—the House of Representatives—and for a great but smaller prize, the Speakership—betwixt Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, and Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine. They were thrice pitted against each other as the nominee of

their parties for the Speakership, Crisp winning two out of three. The defeated nominee for the Speakership becomes, through immemorial usage, *ipso facto* minority leader. Consequently, during both of Crisp's terms in the chair, Reed was minority leader, as was Crisp during his last term in the House. These two men were commonly pitted against each other in public estimation, and, though of very different characteristics and mental endowments, they were not unequally matched.

While the House of the Fifty-third Congress was inharmonious, quarrelsome, and factional—considered as to its personnel—it was a great body. Toward its close the venerable Jehu Baker, of Illinois, whose chief distinction was that he defeated Col. William R. Morrison for a seat in the House, told me that he had served in the House off and on—mostly off—for a quarter of a century, including the famous Forty-fourth Congress, which was exploited widely as containing all the talents, and that in his judgment the House of the Fifty-third Congress possessed the highest average ability of all the Houses in which he had sat.

Mr. Speaker Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, was the most influential personage in that House in whose membership were so many men distinguished then or thereafter. Among them were four men destined to be candidates for the Presidency—Thomas Brackett Reed, Richard Parks Bland, William Jennings Bryan, and myself, and a future Vice-President, James Schoolcraft Sherman. Side by side with us sat sixteen generals of the Civil War, ranging from Joseph Wheeler, a Confederate lieutenant-general, to brevet brigadiers. The military element was numerous and capable. Colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates were thick as autumnal leaves. Ex-Governors and Governors-to-be, future Cabinet Ministers, and representatives to foreign courts, a

large brood of embryo United States Senators, college presidents and professors, judges of every degree, past or future, editors, lawyers, great and small, two preachers, one poet, and one ex-United States Senator, answered the roll-call. The only Greek ever in Congress—Miller of Wisconsin—was a member. His mother and father were both killed in the battle in which Markos Bozzaris went to his heroic death and to immortal glory. An American couple—the Millers—picked the baby orphan up on the bloody field, and, not knowing his name, gave him their own and adopted him as their son. David Gardner Tyler, son of President John Tyler, was conspicuous. He is one of three presidential sons to serve in the House, the other two being Scott Harrison, son of President William Henry Harrison and father of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, and John Quincy Adams, who served in the Senate before he was President and in the House for seventeen and one-half years after he left the White House, dying with harness on his back—as no doubt he preferred to die.

Mr. Speaker Crisp was of right head of the House. His vast influence grew out of his strong personality, coupled with the tremendous and abnormal powers then centered in the hands of the Speaker. At that time the Speaker appointed the committees, which enabled him not only to largely shape legislation, but to retard or promote the careers of members, except the careers of the strongest, who could not be kept down. His position as *ex-officio* chairman of the Committee on Rules of five members, two Democrats and two Republicans, made him practically the whole Committee on Rules and gave him a tremendous leverage on the business of the House.

Mr. Speaker Crisp was not a brilliant man. He was able, level-headed, dependable, vigilant, urbane, and courageous. He was not an orator, but was a strong, clear, luminous speaker. He was of middle size, about

five feet ten in stature, weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, with a round face, a large, shapely head, clear gray eyes, dark complexion, dark mustache, sparse dark hair—altogether a good-looking man. His father and mother were actors and he was born in England while they were residing there temporarily—which rendered him eligible to the Presidency as though born in America, as his parents were Americans.

He was a youthful soldier in the Confederate army and had a good record in that regard. He was a successful lawyer and had long been a *nisi prius* judge.

He was nominated for Speaker in the Fifty-third Congress without opposition, but he achieved the nomination for the Speakership in the Fifty-second Congress, after a long and most bitter fight. It was a great field—Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia; Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, subsequently a United States Senator; Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, afterward Governor of his state as well as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Peru; William M. Springer, of Illinois, subsequently a judge in the Indian Territory; Judge William S. Holman, "the great objector," universally called "Watch-Dog of the Treasury"; and Col. William Henry Hatch, of Missouri, the man who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of the nascent Committee on Agriculture.

As soon as it was ascertained that the Democrats had elected a majority of the House of the Fifty-second Congress, the country at large assumed that Roger Q. Mills would be Speaker thereof. For years he had been to the fore in Congress. He was a crack debater, a favorite of Speaker Carlisle, the personification of Tariff Reform, and had been chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means, fastening his name on "The Mills Tariff Bill," which was indorsed by a national Democratic convention. He was a fine figure physically and the

Murat of the army of tariff-reformers. Safe to say that he was, next to Carlisle, the most popular man in America with the rank and file of Democrats.

On the other hand, Crisp was not widely known. His fellow-Representatives and other observing folks in Washington had a high opinion of Crisp, and considered him a rising man of great ability. It was a long-drawn-out fight. From the beginning, the knowing ones felt that the contest was betwixt Mills and Crisp. With all his popularity and prominence, Mills labored under certain handicaps. He was credited with a too peppery temper; by some he was accounted as too extreme as a tariff reformer, and was charged by the out-and-out Free-Silverites with having gone out of his way in the Ohio campaign of 1890 to make a single gold standard speech. Crisp's strength in the House rested on the game fight he had made against the Reed rules, his splendid handling of election cases, and his reputation for moderateness, level-headedness, and unfailing good temper. One by one the candidates dropped out until only Crisp, Mills, and Springer were left. Springer, with a small bunch of followers, held the balance of power. On the night before the finish Springer sent word to Crisp that he and his faithful band would go in a body to Crisp *provided* he would make Springer chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and also make William Jennings Bryan, a first-termer from Nebraska, a member thereof. Crisp declined, but next morning on the first ballot he came so near defeat that he sent a trusted friend to Springer, and accepted his proposition. Many persons have been puzzled to understand why Bryan, a new and unknown member, was placed on Ways and Means, to the exclusion of able old members. The foregoing is an explanation which explains.

My first verdict on Speaker Crisp was expressed in a letter to my wife, in these words: "Crisp is a big man,

bigger than his reputation, with a big body, a big mouth, and a large head full of brains." I have had no reason to change that first impression. He had no wit, no fancy, no eloquence. He did not adorn his speeches with anecdote, poetic quotation, classic allusion, or historic illustration. Nevertheless, he invariably delivered a strong address. His style of speaking was what might not be inaptly called the "judicial," acquired by a long occupancy of the bench. He was endowed with abundant physical courage and men had implicit faith in his integrity and common sense, which, after all, is the best sort of sense.

Like most men, he had a temper of his own. I never saw him thoroughly angered on but three occasions—once when Mr. Reed would not come to order till the sergeant-at-arms was commanded to arrest him, once when Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, became obstreperous on the Hawaiian question and was about to precipitate a riot, and again when Col. John T. Heard, of Missouri, and Col. William C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, had their celebrated and spectacular row in the House.

Speaker Crisp demonstrated his patriotic sense of duty by declining a United States Senatorship for an unexpired term when tendered him by the Governor of Georgia. It was certainly a tempting offer—the realization of his ambition—but because he thought that he could be of more service to his party and his country in the Speaker's chair, with self-abnegation, rare among men, he refused the exalted honor—which action doubled his influence in the House. It is pleasant to remember that after his career as Speaker ended he was nominated by the Georgia Democrats for a full term in the Senate, a nomination being equivalent to an election, but it is sad to relate that he died before he could take his seat.

Shortly after I was sworn in, one morning I was leaning against the Speaker's stand, talking to Speaker Crisp,

while a very dry member was delivering a very dry speech on a very dry question of personal privilege. I said, "Mr. Speaker, how did that man break into Congress?" He replied, "When you first look over a new House you wonder how half of them got there, but after you come to know the members well you will find that, barring a few accidental members, they are strong in specialties"—a saying so wise that it deserves to rank with King Solomon's Proverbs or Lord Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*. Speaker Crisp's sizing up of the House is the reverse of the estimate of the Senate by the witty Senator Nesmith, of Oregon. When he returned home for his first vacation one of his constituents asked him what he thought of the Senate. Nesmith replied, "The first month I was there I wondered how I ever broke in, and ever since I have been wondering how the rest of them broke in!" While Speaker Crisp did not make many epigrams, here is one of his coinage which is a gem. Speaking of Speaker Reed, he said: "The unquestioning loyalty of the Republicans to Reed reminds me of the Hindu, who, kneeling in prayer before his idol, consoles himself with the idea that he knows his God is ugly and thinks he is great."

For a score of years there was a masterful, scintillating aurora-borealis statesman, known as "the Man from Maine," who strove with marvelous dexterity for the glittering prize of the Presidency, who kept the country in a turmoil for nearly a generation with his ambition, and who finally went to his grave cut off before his time, bitterly disappointed, if not broken-hearted.

A more brilliant man never figured in American politics than James Gillespie Blaine. His friends are fond of comparing him to Henry Clay, and indeed the two careers are filled with startling parallels.

Sometimes we build more wisely than we know. Through the idiocy of Burchard's fatal speech of three words of alliteration, Blaine lost the Presidency of the

Republic, but he wrote a book which will perpetuate his fame long after half the Presidents have been forgotten. In my judgment it is the best historical work ever written by an American.

There was another "Man from Maine," a giant, intellectually and physically, ambitious as Lucifer, with his covetous eyes constantly fixed on the chair of Washington and the mantle of Jefferson, straining every nerve to become Chief Magistrate of the Republic, and doomed by his geographical habitat to follow "the Plumed Knight" to the tomb, full of chagrin and bitter thoughts.

Intellectually, Thomas Brackett Reed, like another King Saul, towered head and shoulders above his Republican competitors.

These two "Men from Maine" did not love each other with the fervor of Jonathan and David or of Damon and Pythias. Blaine managed men by what the French call *finesse*. Reed was direct in his methods, and accomplished his ends by main strength. Blaine was a money-maker; Reed was not blest with much of this world's goods. Blaine was a Pennsylvanian; Reed was the typical down-easter. Blaine's influence was based on personal magnetism; Reed appealed to the reason, the prejudices, and the risibilities of mankind.

Blaine entered politics from the field of journalism; Reed came fresh from the triumphs of the bar. People loved Blaine for his charm of manner; they admired Reed for his brain power. Both were college-bred men, both served in the state Legislature, both became Speaker, both were defeated candidates for the Presidency, both were Republicans, though if the secret workings of their lives were laid bare it would probably be ascertained that Reed was the more loyal party man. Both, however, had tremendous influence in shaping the politics of their party.

These are the principal points of similarity and dissimi-

larity between the two most illustrious men ever sent by "the Pine Tree State" to the national councils.

How their enmity arose I know not. Certainly it could not have been rivalry. The disparity in age would seem to preclude that. Whether their mutual dislike in any way hindered either from securing that high office which they agreed in considering the chief end of man, is one of those things which nobody will find out this side of the great Judgment Day.

It is hardly possible that it did, for, notwithstanding Reed's hatred, Blaine always had the Maine delegation solidly and enthusiastically at his back as long as he was a presidential candidate, and Blaine died before Reed became a presidential possibility.

Reed, through the irony of fate, was one of the pall-bearers at Blaine's funeral. What Blaine thought of that—if he thinks at all amid his present environments—would make what Horace Greeley would have called "very interesting reading."

I like fighters—and to borrow the language of Sut Lovingood, Reed was a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek. While in some respects he was not my ideal of a man, yet the unvarnished truth is that when he was not posing for political effect he was a pleasant and companionable gentleman. He was particularly forbearing toward young members, which was decidedly to his credit.

In personal appearance Mr. Reed was unique—a stupendous figure—indeed Brobdingnagian—a fact which contributed to his celebrity and to his commanding influence in the House. He was one of the biggest men I have ever seen—big all over. I have seen taller persons—for instance, Cyrus A. Sullaway, of New Hampshire, and Albert S. Berry, of Kentucky, each of whom was 6 feet 7 inches, and the Kentucky giant and his wife, each of whom was 7 feet 11½ inches. I have seen people

who weighed more—the fat woman in the circus who tipped the scales at 600 and a colored man who weighed 720; but none of these made such an impression of bigness as Mr. Reed. He stood 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings, wore a No. 12 shoe, and weighed almost 300 avoirdupois—though once, upon being asked his weight, he replied, humorously: "No gentleman ever weighed over two hundred." He had the largest human face I ever saw.

Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, dubbed him "the Great White Czar," a nickname that stuck and gave the cartoonists a valuable hint, which they worked for all it was worth. But Mr. Reed did not need Senator Morgan's characterization and the labors of the cartoonist to make him a marked man in any crowd. He was one of the few men in public life at whom strangers on the street turned to stare. He had a massive two-story head, thatched with thin, flossy, flaxen hair, a scant mustache, and a lily-white complexion. This perfect blond possessed a pair of large, brilliant, black eyes, which sparkled with humor and flashed with fire, as the spirit moved. He had a clear, strong, resonant voice, with a distinctive down-east twang, which filled the great hall of the House and could be heard above any uproar. He was awkward in walking. He said that his forebears were seafaring folks, and certainly there was something in his gait suggestive of the waves and the billows. On his feet in the full tide of speech, with his vast bulk and vibrant tones, he literally compelled attention, and drove home his propositions with the force of a pile-driver.

He was the best short-speech maker I ever saw or heard. He rarely spoke at length, and he did not believe that anybody else should do so. He generally stopped in five, ten, or fifteen minutes. His speeches were strong in proportion to their shortness. That sounds at first like an unfriendly criticism, but most assuredly I am not

an unfriendly critic. His short speeches were of dynamic quality and it is not in the constitution of man to digest too much mental dynamite at one time.

The most peculiar thing about his speechmaking was that he did not want his wife to hear him, and the tradition is that she never heard him but once, and on that occasion she slipped in on him unawares.

I am indebted to him for kindness, promotion, instruction, and commendation. Though no two men ever sat together in the House who differed more radically in politics than he and I, I am proud to have counted him among my friends.

Our friendship came about accidentally. It was for some time merely a speaking acquaintance. One evening, however, after the lamps were lighted, a member made some remarks derogatory to Oklahoma which were exceedingly disagreeable to me, as I was, and am, very fond of Oklahoma and her people. I replied, in the first offhand speech I ever made in the House. I was expanding on my favorite theme of how rich the land is west of the Mississippi. I happened to look over on the Republican side and observed that Mr. Reed was enjoying my extravaganza, his huge face shining like a harvest moon, which moved me to say: "When Mr. Speaker Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, first traveled through that part of the country and observed the fatness of the land, he threw up his hands in astonishment and exclaimed: 'My God! this soil is so rich that, if they had it in New England, they would sell it by the peck for seed!'" He joined heartily in the explosion of laughter which followed. The next morning he came rolling past my desk and said, "Young man, that was a charming speech you made last night!" Of course I was greatly pleased, for "approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." I thanked him most cordially, and ever after cultivated him when occasion offered. I set it down here most

gratefully that his conversation greatly augmented my stock of knowledge and has benefited me ever since.

Some months after the Democrats had gone to pieces on the Silver question, I was passing Mr. Reed's desk, when he asked me how I was succeeding in matters of patronage. I told him that I was in the sad condition of

> Old Mother Hubbard
> Who went to the cupboard
> To get her poor doggie a bone,
> But when she got there
> The cupboard was bare
> And so the poor doggie got none.

He said, "That will do you no harm. The only President I could ever get any patronage from was General Arthur, but, nevertheless, I have done very well."

I replied, "Notwithstanding the President's hostility to the Silver Democrats, if what I heard about him touching the tariff is true, he deserves well of the country." "What did you hear?" queried Mr. Reed. "I heard," answered I, "that after he had prepared his tariff message, December, 1887, he called into counsel the Democratic leaders and, having read it to them, invited their suggestions. They one and all tried to dissuade him from sending it to Congress, stating that, as the Senate was Republican, his ideas would not be enacted into law; that if he did not send it his re-election was certain, but if he did send it in his success would be jeopardized. He replied: "The message is right; the people are suffering from an unnecessary burden of taxation; the huge surplus should be reduced. I am determined to send it to Congress and let the election take care of itself."

"That is all a fairy-tale," drawled Mr. Reed. "There isn't a scintilla of truth in it." "What is the truth?" I asked.

He said, "The truth is that the incident about the

return of the captured Confederate battle-flags, his numerous vetoes of pension bills and other unwise actions, had alienated the Democrats of the North, and he sent that Free Trade message to Congress on a cold collar as a bid for Southern and Western delegates to the nominating convention!" Thus are set forth two conflicting theories touching that famous message. The reader can take his choice. Subsequent events throw some light on the two irreconcilable theories. To the St. Louis Convention of 1888, Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, who was most decidedly not a tariff reformer, carried a platform with a tariff plank indorsed by President Cleveland, which was a distinct retreat from the December message, but neither the committee on platform nor the convention would accept it, and adopted a tariff plank holding Mr. Cleveland to the advanced position taken in his December message, capping it by an indorsement of the Mills Tariff bill, considered a radical measure. On that platform Mr. Cleveland went to defeat.

When a man hasn't ingenuity enough to invent a witticism or bit of humor himself, and hasn't heart enough to enjoy it when originated by others, he writes the wit or humorist down as a fool. That is the dullard's argument against mental brilliancy.

It would require vast audacity to deny to Mr. Reed brightness and strength of mind, and yet there was nothing on earth that he would not jest about.

He did not spare even his own personal appearance. One evening he was dining at a swell Washington restaurant. A newspaper correspondent, desiring to see him on important business, peered into the dining-room, but did not recognize him. The landlord went in and brought Mr. Reed out, whereupon the scribe said: "I saw you in there, but mistook you for President Cleveland." Reed, solemn as an owl, replied: "For Heaven's sake,

never let Grover know that; he is too vain of his beauty now!"

The qualities which gave Reed his immense power in the House were his readiness at repartee and his biting sarcasm.

Tom Marshall described old Ben Hardin as a butcher-knife whetted on a brickbat.

Reed was a sort of combination rasp, Damascus blade, and bludgeon. Metaphorically speaking, sometimes he rubbed the skin off, sometimes he cut to the bone, and sometimes he crushed in a skull as though it were an egg-shell.

One day he was making a speech and, as usual, flaying the Democrats, when a handsome and highly respectable member of six years' service in Congress, without rising from his seat, jogged his memory about something he did when Speaker. Reed paused long enough to attract the attention of everybody, and then, with his most exasperating nasal twang, said: "Yesterday I had a discussion with Mr. Wilson, the head of the House Democrats, and to-day, however unpleasant it may be, I suppose I will be compelled to have a discussion with the tail of the Democratic party."

Of course the House roared. It couldn't help itself. Such a shot at point-blank range would place any man in Christendom *hors de combat*—temporarily at least.

On another occasion, while in the full tide of eloquence, Mr. Reed was interrupted by the redoubtable Amos Cummings, of New York. Reed looked at him in a fatherly sort of way for a moment, and then, with mock pathos, asked: "Now, Amos, must you, must you really get your name into my speech—must you?" The theatrical pose and injured expression set the House in a broad grin, at the expense of the bravest of the Tammany braves.

During the discussion of the Carlisle bill John DeWitt

Warner made a furious onslaught upon the Republicans in general and Reed in particular. Reed began his answer by saying, in a sneering tone: "I cannot hope to equal the volume of voice of the gentleman from New York. That is only equaled by the volume of what he does not know."

When Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, in his fracas with Carey of Wyoming, dramatically exclaimed, "It is waste of lather to shave an ass," it set people to disputing what was the most caustic thing ever said by one Congressman of another. The pundits were divided in opinion between Wolcott's jab at Carey and Reed's characterization of John A. Pickler, of South Dakota. When Reed first saw Pickler perform, so the story goes, he said, not on the floor of the House, as commonly reported, but in private, to a personal friend: "I have read and heard much of the wild ass's colt of the desert, but I never had any clear conception of what manner of animal it really was till I saw Pickler in action."

The chances are that if Pickler had remained in Congress a hundred years, every time he began prancing around some old member would tell that story to a new one, and thus it would descend from generation to generation as a part of the unwritten history of the House.

One day when a discussion on pensions was dragging its slow length along, Mr. Reed, who was the very picture of health, amused a coterie of friends in the cloakroom by giving a reason why he should have a pension. It ran something as follows: "I had never been able to make more than five hundred dollars or six hundred dollars a year," said he, with a chuckle, "till I was appointed acting Assistant Paymaster of the United States Navy at a salary of fourteen hundred dollars, with board, lodgings, uniform, and two servants to wait on me. That induced an extravagant style of living which I have kept up ever since and which has cost me thousands and thou-

sands of dollars—for which the government ought, in good conscience, to compensate me."

There was no love lost between Reed and President Benjamin Harrison. They spoke as they passed by, but that's about all the communication they held with each other. It was utterly impossible that there should be any kindred feeling between two such men. Harrison was cold as "Greenland's icy mountains," always on his p's and q's, and plumed himself immensely on his blue blood. Reed was hot-blooded for a New-Englander, careless of the minor details of ceremonials, a self-made man who worshiped his Maker.

Along in the sultry days of August, 1894, when any tariff legislation seemed hopeless and when the Democratic party resembled a dissolving view more than anything else, Reed came to where several free-traders were sitting, and began chaffing them unmercifully about the condition of affairs. After a while some one said: "Mr. Reed, how do you like the last Republican presidential ticket gotten up by the newspapers?" He lazily asked, "What is it?" His friend replied, "Bob Lincoln and Fred Grant." "Oh, the deuce!" he blurted out. "If they would only add Baby McKee to it, the thing would be perfect," and away he went, like a great three-decker in a surging sea.

In the greenback year in Maine he escaped defeat by only one hundred and fifteen majority. When he went to supper he thought he was defeated. When he returned to headquarters after supper his followers set up a mighty shout. Not having heard of his election, he said to them, "You are making a tremendous fuss over the corpse." In relating that incident in his life, he naïvely remarked: "The country came near losing the invaluable services of a great statesman on that occasion."

The first speech he made in the House he killed a member, who was a great humbug, dead as a smelt, in this

wise: There was an old chap from one of the Central Western states who possessed a double ambition—he wanted to make his constituents believe that he was always in the House attending to his duties, while at the same time he desired to enjoy the gaieties and frivolities of the finest capital in the world. So he hit on this somewhat ingenious scheme of killing two birds with one stone. When a member arose to deliver the first remarks of the day that old man would prance down the big aisle, rise to a question of information, and ask the Speaker what bill or resolution was up. The Speaker would tell him, which got his name in The *Congressional Record* for that day. Then away he would go, and nobody would see him again until the next day; but if anybody denied he was present he could prove it by the record. He carried his pitcher to the fountain, however, once too often. Of all created things, Reed hated a hypocrite most. Nothing gave him more exquisite pleasure than to unmask and fricassee one. So when he began his first speech, the old pretender arose and asked the Speaker what was up, as usual. Reed did not wait for the Speaker to answer, but answered himself, and then said: "Now, Mr. Speaker, having embedded that fly in the liquid amber of my eloquence, I will proceed with my remarks!" amid such a shout of laughter as to endanger the glass roof. Next year when there was a Congressional nominating convention in that old fellow's district, some hayseed delegate climbed on to a bench and bellowed: "Mr. Cheerman, we don't want to send any man to Congress who has been embedded in Tom Reed's ambeer!" which was the end of our ancient and ingenious friend from the Central West.

He was a skilful and fertile maker of epigrams and mots. One of the most celebrated is this: "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead"—in answer to a letter asking him to define a "statesman." In his fine essay on Reed, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge says: "The

epigram was published, flew over the country, and has become a familiar quotation. But the sequel is less well known. The correspondent who asked the question telegraphed as soon as he received the answer, "Why don't you die and become a statesman?" Mr. Reed handed me the telegram and said: "Here is my answer: No. Fame is the last infirmity of noble minds!"

Senator Lodge also says: "In 1884 I recall coming across him in State Street just after the nomination of Mr. Blaine. The break in the Republican party had begun and I asked Mr. Reed what he thought of the outlook. 'Well,' he said, 'it is a great comfort to think that the wicked politicians were not allowed to pick the candidate and that the nomination was made by the people. The politicians would have been guided only by a base desire to win!"

The Senator also records these two mots: When they were drawing seats, the Senator suggested that it was evident they would get poor seats. "Yes," said Reed, "the great trouble with this system is that it is so diabolically fair!"

The Senator records that on another occasion Mr. Reed said, with reference to election cases: "The House never divides on strictly partizan lines except when acting judicially."

According to my way of thinking, one of his most exquisite epigrams was this: "All the wisdom of the world consists of shouting with the majority," and it was one of his most sarcastic.

One of his mots, familiar to the ears of men, is his sarcastic fling at William M. Springer, Democrat, of Illinois, of twenty years' service in the House, who rose to be chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, was a candidate for Speaker in 1891, and finally became a judge in the Indian Territory by appointment of President Cleveland for his position on the repeal of the

purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Law. Springer's conduct in that affair defeated him for re-election to the House, but gained him the judgeship. So he played even —faring much better than most of "the lame ducks." What a brood of them Mr. Cleveland had on hand! The slaughter of the innocents at the election of 1894 has never been equaled since the days of King Herod.

Springer was an indefatigable worker and a frequent speaker, talking on every subject and filling thousands of pages of *The Congressional Record* with his remarks. His speeches were crammed with useful and varied information, but after all were simply raw material handy for more skilful word artists.

When I was teaching school at Louisiana, Missouri, one of my co-teachers was a bright old lady named Mrs. Hoss. One day I told her that a certain man in town carried in his mind an amazing number of facts. "Yes," she replied, "but what he needs most is a bolting-chest to his head"—"bolting-chest" being part of an old-time milling apparatus with which I fear my younger readers will not be familiar. I never heard Mr. Springer speak that I did not think of Mrs. Hoss and her bolting-chest.

Reed did not have a high opinion of Springer's ability and took a malicious pleasure in worrying him. As Springer possessed no mental agility, Reed considered him easy game. One day they had a tilt, which ended this way. Springer exclaimed: "I'm right. I know I'm right, and I say with Henry Clay, I'd rather be right than President!" "But," drawled Reed, "the trouble with you is, you will never be either!"

On another occasion Springer complained that Reed was "making light" of his argument. Reed said, "If I am making light of your argument it is more than you have ever been able to do with any of your arguments!"

I can never forget a brief conversation I had with Mr. Reed, or more, properly speaking, which he had with me,

as he began it, about the Democrats adopting a quorum-counting rule. It will be remembered that the Democratic caucus which adopted it lasted two nights. On the day between those two nights Mr. Reed came by my desk and asked, "Clark, what are the Democrats going to do to-night?" I promptly replied, "Adopt a quorum-counting rule!"—which appeared to amuse him very much. He said, "Young man, you are egregiously mistaken; the old members who fought me so fiercely in the Fifty-first Congress will take you new members up and shake you like a bull-terrier would shake a rat." I answered, "You stay up till midnight and you will hear the news that we won." I missed the time required by two or three hours, for that caucus lasted till the wee, sma' hours of the morning, but we did adopt the quorum-counting rule.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Reed hated President McKinley intensely. In 1891 they were the leading candidates for the nomination for Speaker. Reed could never forgive himself for making McKinley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, thereby giving him the opportunity of being the Daddy of "the McKinley bill," which at first wrought such havoc among Republicans, even defeating its author, but which subsequently more than any other cause elevated him to the Presidency. Reed deemed himself McKinley's superior and took a crack at him whenever he got a chance.

It may not be known to many, and the fact is not important when known, but it is nevertheless interesting that for years the chaplains of both House and Senate were blind as bats. I often wondered if it was another case of the blind leading the blind and all tumbling into the ditch together. We get there often enough, anyway. The blind chaplain of the House knows enough to pray short prayers. He understands the spiritual tastes if not the spiritual needs of his flock. Once in a while,

however, a visiting brother drops in who goes into things more *in extenso*. So, one morning just after the beginning of our war with Spain, a young army chaplain opened the House proceedings with prayer. He prayed about everything from the fall of Adam to the blowing up of the *Maine*, winding up with these fervent ejaculations: "O Lord! Give the House wisdom! O Lord! Give the Senate wisdom!! But especially, O Lord! Give the President wisdom!!!"

Knowing Reed's feeling toward McKinley, I sauntered up to the Speaker's stand, and inquired of him privately if he would recognize me to ask unanimous consent to insert the young chaplain's prayer in *The Congressional Record*. "No," he replied, "I will not do that, but it seems to me that the young man's petition to the Lord to endow Mack with wisdom was the most appropriate prayer I ever heard."

On another occasion a visiting brother closed his prayer with the request that the Lord cause Speaker Reed to rule the House according to the will of God. An irreverent member standing close to me remarked, *sotto voce*, that that was the most preposterous petition ever preferred to the throne of grace.

When the war with Spain was brewing, it was openly and frequently charged in the newspapers, in private conversation, and in public speech, that President McKinley wabbled a good deal on the subject. Many Senators and Representatives believed it. While the talk about his wabbling was flagrant, one morning a bunch of us were discussing the matter in the Speaker's lobby when Mr. Speaker Reed strolled in. He listened to the conversation a moment and said: "In my capacity as a Representative I intend to introduce a bill appropriating an adequate sum of money to have a mammoth picture of war painted on a wall of the Capitol—cannons belching forth fire and death, infantry and cavalry charg-

ing, men falling on every hand, and in the midst thereof William McKinley standing firm!"

Reed and Colonel Roosevelt were close friends. Somebody asked the former why he was so fond of the latter. "Because," replied Reed, "Theodore is so certain that he discovered the Ten Commandments!"

Gov. Samuel Walker McCall, who served twenty years in the House, half of them with Reed, of whom he was very fond, has written a very readable life of him. He gives these two evidences of Reed's dislike for President Harrison. On one occasion Reed said: "I had but two enemies in Maine; one of them Harrison pardoned out of the penitentiary, and the other he appointed Collector of Portland."

Just after Blaine resigned the Secretaryship of State in 1892, Reed, writing to Charles Fairchild, of Boston, said:

"Blaine is out and we are face to face with a Siberian solitude. I don't know what will happen, but I beg to say to you, as an influential Massachusetts man, that if any ice-chest is to hold our fortunes you must not ask me to come to Massachusetts during the campaign if you send a delegation which is for the said ice-chest. Don't forget this and find fault with me. I have spent my life taking political pills, but my powers of deglutition are, after all, limited. B. Harrison would be dead to start with."

Among the samples of Reed's wit, humor, and sarcasm which the Governor gives are these:

Once the House was making an effort to secure a quorum, and, as is usually done in such cases, telegrams were sent to members who were absent. One man, who was delayed by a flood on the railroad, telegraphed Reed, saying, "Washout on line. Can't come." Reed telegraphed back, "Buy another shirt and come on next train."

He called on the family of a member who was very ill, and when he inquired about his condition the member's wife replied that he was out of his head much of the time and did not know what he was talking about. "He ought to come up to the House," replied Reed. "They are all that way up there."

When Reed was Speaker he overruled on an occasion a point of order made by a very clever Democratic member. The latter discovered that Reed, in his little book on parliamentary procedure, called *Reed's Rules*, had taken a different position, and, thinking to confound the Speaker, he walked in triumph to the desk, book in hand, and pointing to the passage, asked the Speaker to read it. After the Speaker had read it the member asked him to explain it. "Oh," replied Reed, coolly, "the *book* is wrong."

He was bitterly opposed to our war with the Philippines, and he expressed his idea of the glory of the war in a concrete case in the following fashion. One morning, when the newspapers had printed a report that our army had captured Aguinaldo's young son, Reed came to his office and found his law partner at work at his desk. Reed affected surprise and said: "What, are you working to-day? I should think you would be celebrating. I see by the papers that the American Army has captured the infant son of Aguinaldo and at last accounts was in hot pursuit of the mother."

He once heard a man warmly arguing in favor of taking the Philippines on the ground that we should take American freedom to them. "Yes," said Reed, "canned freedom."

Alluding to two of his colleagues in the House, he said: "They never open their mouths without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

When his daughter Katherine, or "Kitty," as he called her, was a little girl, she had a cat to which she was much

devoted. One day the kitten was sleeping in Reed's chair when he was about to sit down. His daughter, in horror, gave the chair a sudden pull to save the cat from annihilation, and as a result Reed sat down heavily on the floor. It was a rather serious happening for a man of his size, and even a lesser man might easily have lost his temper. But the only notice he took of the matter was to say, gravely, after he had got on his feet, "Kitty, remember that it is easier to get another cat than another father."

Once when he was speaking to the House a member insisted on interrupting him to ask a question. Reed yielded, and the member asked a partizan question which had very little point. Reed most effectively disposed of the matter by saying, "The gentleman from Maryland is, of course, not the flower of our intelligence, but he knows better than to ask such a question as that."

During one of his campaigns he was speaking at South Berwick in his district, and he was near the end of his speech. The audience was hanging on the words of his peroration when a man came down in his seat with a crash. Such an incident would often disconcert a speaker and the "last magnificent paragraph" would be spoken with little effect, if spoken at all. Reed at once secured again the command of his audience by saying, "Well, you must at least credit me with making a knockdown argument."

Very much used to be said about Washington malaria, and one day some one suggested to Reed that the term was employed often to cover the effects of drinking too much whisky. "Washington malaria," replied Reed, "can be bought for two dollars a gallon."

The Governor gives, as a specimen of Reed's speech-making, his closing remarks on the repeal of the purchasing clause in the Sherman Silver Law. Reed said that the charge that silver had been stealthily demone-

tized had been answered so often that he would not burden his speech with the proofs, and then proceeded in this wise:

"I shall simply content myself with saying that there never was a more open, straightforward discussion since the beginning of time than that by which silver was demonetized. . . . What, then, is the pathway of duty? The unconditional repeal. That will either give relief or not. If not, then we must try something else, and the sooner the better. . . . It is such a pity that we had to waste so much time in this weary welter of talk.

"We stand in a very peculiar position, we Republicans, to-day. The representative of the Democratic party just chosen President of the United States finds himself powerless in his first great recommendation to his own party. Were he left to their tender mercies the country would witness the spectacle of the President of its choice overthrown by the party charged with this country's government. What wonder, then, that he appeals to the patriotism of another party whose patriotism has never been appealed to in vain. Never, I say, in vain. The proudest part of the proud record of the Republican party has been its steadfast devotion to the cause of sound finance. When this country was tempted to pay its bonds in depreciated money, the Republican party responded with loud acclaim to that noble sentiment of General Hawley that every bond was as sacred as a soldier's grave. It cost us hard fighting and sore struggle, but the credit of this country has no superior in the world. When the same arguments heard to-day were heard fifteen years ago, sounding the praises of a depreciated currency, and proclaiming the glories of fiat money, the party of Abraham Lincoln marched steadily toward specie payments and prosperity. What we were in our days of victory the same are we in our days of defeat. Champions of true and solid finance. And when the time

comes, as it surely will come, for us to lead this land back to those paths of prosperity and fame which were trodden under Republican rule for so many years, we shall take back with us our ancient glory, undimmed by adversity, our ancient honor unsullied by defeat."

That he was a constant thorn in the side of the Democrats is known to all the world. That he was absolute master on the Republican side is not a matter of so much notoriety.

As to the Republican contingent in the House, he was a "Triton among the minnows—a giant among pygmies." No company of soldiers in the regular army was ever more thoroughly drilled than was the Republican minority of the Fifty-third Congress. There is a familiar old dictum: "When Simon says thumbs up it is thumbs up, and when Simon says thumbs down it is thumbs down." Time and again I have seen Mr. Reed bring every Republican up standing by waving his hands upward; and just as often, when they had risen inadvertently, I have seen him make them take their seats by waving his hands downward.

I once heard a minister preach who knew a great deal more about theology than about English grammar. He read a verse from the Bible, and then said: "Brethren and sisters, the whole of the Gospel is all squz up in that one little text." Mr. Reed's career in the Fifty-third Congress was "all squz up" in one remark made by Lafe Pence, the brilliant young Populist from Colorado, when he characterized him as "the mentor of the Republicans and the tormentor of the Democrats."

In private Mr. Reed was affable and jolly. When I was introduced to him, for loss of something better to say, I remarked: "Mr. Reed, I have frequently mentioned you in my stump speeches." "Yes, no doubt," he drawled, while he regarded me quizzically out of the corner of his eye, "but how?" I wondered if he had read

a certain stump speech wherein I had characterized him as "the moon-faced despot from Maine."

When Col. Bob White was in Washington I took several "big guns" out in the corridor to introduce them. I told Mr. Reed that I had a Democratic editor out there whom I wished him to meet. Looking at me intently, while a smile played over his countenance, he said, "Will you vouch for his good, moral character as a Democrat?" I vouched, and Bob enjoyed a short dialogue with the gentleman from Maine.

His fame rests on his quorum-counting rule and upon his wit, humor, and sarcasm, samples of which I have given, and hundreds more which I could give.

Jonathan Prentice Dolliver, of Iowa, an eloquent and brilliant member of the House, and afterward of the Senate, a bosom friend and enthusiastic admirer of Reed, once told him that if he had spent his many years in the House in formulating and placing upon the statute-books some great measure for the country's good, instead of making sarcastic epigrams about people he disliked, he would have been President! Who knows?

He was opposed to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands; he was opposed to our war with Spain; and he was so thoroughly opposed to our policy touching the Philippines that his conscience would not permit him to remain in public life—which he so much adorned. So he resigned to practise law in New York, and in the few years remaining to him amassed an ample competency, but which he did not live long to enjoy.

CHAPTER XI

The Speakership.

THE title of "Speaker" is a palpable misnomer, if the word is to be used in the ordinary sense; for, most emphatically, it is not his chief duty to make speeches, but to maintain order and decorum; to conduct the business of the House, and in a general way to supervise things in that large and tumultuous assembly. He is expected to deliver a short inaugural address, and a short speech at the close of each session, the only speechmaking which custom makes binding on him. Occasion may arise where a speech from the Speaker's stand is not inapropos.

For instance, a few days after I was inducted into office, my colleague, Hon. James T. Lloyd, arose in his place and on behalf of my Ralls County constituents presented me with a handsome bur-oak gavel, silver mounted, properly inscribed, and made from the "apron-log" of the first mill-dam built north of the Missouri River, the building of which was an important local historic event. Coupled with that was another important fact, important not to Missouri alone, but to the whole country, and that was that on his death-bed Daniel Ralls, for whom Rails County was named, cast the decisive ballot which started Col. Thomas Hart Benton on his high career of thirty consecutive years in the Senate of the United States. It being an interesting occasion, to Missourians, at any rate, I delivered a brief speech of acceptance.

Again, when the venerable Sydenham E. Ancona, of Reading, Pennsylvania, the only survivor of that famous Congress which met in extraordinary session, July 4, 1861, recently came upon the floor of the House, I halted the proceedings, without any rule authorizing me so to do, announced his presence in a few sentences, and asked his Representative, Hon. John H. Rothermel, to ask unanimous consent for a recess for fifteen minutes that the members might be introduced to the veteran statesman. He enjoyed the impromptu reception, as did the members. But speeches by the Speaker from the chair are rare indeed, opinions on points of order, no matter how elaborate, not being rated as speeches.

Of course the Speaker has the same right as any other member to speak from the floor. In the earlier days it seems to have been the rule rather than the exception. It was Henry Clay's habit to participate in debate whenever the spirit moved him, which was quite frequently. The custom, however, has fallen largely into "innocuous desuetude," to borrow Mr. Cleveland's famous phrase.

During the Fifty-third Congress, the first in which I served, Mr. Speaker Crisp spoke from the floor only once. That was on the Wilson Tariff bill. Neither Mr. Speaker Reed nor Mr. Speaker Henderson participated in debate, and Mr. Speaker Cannon did so only a few times. On several occasions he delivered eulogies on deceased members, a species of speechmaking in which he is exceedingly felicitous. I spoke only a few times from the floor during my eight years as Speaker.

It being a most insignificant portion of the duties of the presiding officer of the House of Representatives to make speeches, how came he by the misfit title of "Speaker"? Here is the reason: The presiding officer of the House of Commons is called "Speaker" because originally he spoke for the House to the King and the

Lords on ceremonial occasions. We simply borrowed the title from the English without rhyme or reason.

At the end of President Wilson's present term—which we all hope he will live to see—the government will have existed 132 years under the Constitution; and assuming that President Wilson will live to fill out his term, the average presidential service will be 4 8/9 years, ranging from Gen. William Henry Harrison's 30 days to the two full terms of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, and Wilson. During the 130 years ending March 4, 1919, there have been 36 regularly elected Speakers, counting Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York, who was elected for one day.

His election came about in this way. On March 3, 1869, Mr. Speaker Colfax resigned. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no sufficient reason was ever given for his action. He gave none in his elaborate speech of resignation. The fact that he was to be sworn in, March 4th, as Vice-President does not satisfy the inquiring mind. However that may be, he did resign, and Mr. Pomeroy was elected. Of course many men have been elected Speaker *pro tempore*, and the Speaker sometimes designates some member to act as Speaker for one day without the consent of the House, or for ten days with the consent of the House, provided the Speaker is sick. He can do this in one of two ways: First, by announcing the designation in open House; second, by a letter to the clerk of the House.

Excluding Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Speaker Frederick Gillett, the average service of the remaining 35 is 3 25/35 years.

Henry Clay was elected six times, resigned twice, and served ten years and two hundred and forty-five days. Clay resigned the first time to go as Peace Commissioner to Ghent, along with John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell; the second time to recoup his financial fortunes.

Mr. Speaker Cannon and myself come next in length of service—four full terms, aggregating eight years each. Mr. Speaker Cannon and I hold the record for continuous service, and come next after Henry Clay for length of service. Mr. Speaker Stevenson, of Virginia, was elected for four full terms, but resigned about the middle of the fourth term to go as Minister to the Court of St. James's.

Politics were at white heat at that time. Stevenson was so confident that his nomination would be promptly confirmed by the Senate that he resigned both the Speakership and his seat in the House; but, alas! the Senate was anti-Jackson, and therefore anti-Stevenson, and declined to confirm his nomination for more than a year, during which time he, like Mohammed's coffin, was suspended betwixt heaven and earth! It is absolutely safe to say that, had Mr. Speaker Stevenson lived to the age of Methuselah and held office all the time, he would never have resigned prematurely again. It's Æsop's story, with variations, about the dog with a good, edible bone in his mouth letting it go to grab what appeared to be a larger bone in the water!

In the middle of his second and last term Mr. Speaker Crisp was tendered the appointment as Senator to fill out an unexpired term, but his high sense of duty to the members who had elected him caused him to decline the proffered honor. He was subsequently nominated for a full term in the Senate, under conditions where a nomination was equivalent to an election, but died before the formal election took place. His death was a great loss to the public service, as he was of strong character and splendidly equipped. On the death of Senator Stone I was offered an appointment as Senator, in the middle of my fourth term, but felt it to be my duty to the House to decline it—which I did.

Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, James G. Blaine, of Maine, John G. Carlisle,

of Kentucky, and Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, served three full terms each.

The three terms each of Macon, Colfax, Blaine, and Carlisle were consecutive. Reed was Speaker of the Fifty-first, Fifty-fourth, and Fifty-fifth Congresses, the Democrats controlling the House in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. There is no doubt that he could have been Speaker in the Fifty-sixth and succeeding Congresses, but he was not in accord with his party on the Philippine question, and, being poor, desired to make some money. So he declined further service in the Speakership and resigned from the House to practise law in New York on a guaranty of fifty thousand dollars per annum. He was nominated by only two majority over William McKinley when first elected Speaker. Reed lived only three years after quitting Congress, but in that brief span accumulated half a million dollars.

Nathaniel Macon was defeated for election for a fourth term by only one vote. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, was Speaker for two full terms and three months, the three months being the unexpired term of Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, who is the only Speaker to have died in office.

The following Speakers served two full terms each: Frederick A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, Joseph B. Varnum, of New York, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, and David Bremner Henderson, of Iowa. General Henderson and myself are the only Speakers from west of the Mississippi.

John W. Taylor, of New York, served one full term, and three and a half months of Henry Clay's fourth term, after Clay's second resignation.

All the rest of the Speakers served one full term each except Michael C. Kerr, who died in his first and only term; Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, who served

from January 18, 1814, to March 4, 1815, filling out Henry Clay's second term after Clay's first resignation, and John Bell, of Tennessee, who served from June 30, 1834, to March 4, 1835, filling out the unexpired term of Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, who had resigned as above stated. Muhlenberg's two terms were not consecutive.

A queer feature of Bell's Speakership was that his principal opponent was James K. Polk, of the same state. It is the only case of that sort on record, and will perhaps remain unique in our annals. Bell defeated Polk for the short term, but Polk turned the tables on him by defeating him for the succeeding long term. Polk also defeated him for the second long term. The chances are that presidential politics was the cause of Bell's defeat for the long terms, as he was supporting the presidential candidacy of his friend, Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, notwithstanding the fact that President Jackson, also of Tennessee, had determined that Martin Van Buren should succeed himself in the White House—which he did. At one time and for a long time General Jackson and Bell were close friends, as is proved by Jackson offering Bell a place in his Cabinet, but the alienation of affection growing out of the White presidential candidacy drove Bell into the Whig party.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that Henry Clay's service in the Speakership was longest, Theodore M. Pomeroy's shortest, and that Joseph G. Cannon and myself served the greatest number of consecutive terms.

The statement that Pomeroy was the only man elected Speaker for one day is not in conflict with the fact that many men have been Speaker *pro tempore* by appointment of the Speaker or by election by the House, but a Speaker *pro tempore* is not a Speaker.

Seventeen states have furnished Speakers, as follows: Massachusetts, five; Kentucky and Virginia, four each; Indiana and Pennsylvania, three each; New Jersey,

South Carolina, New York, Tennessee, Georgia, and Maine, two each; Connecticut, North Carolina, Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, one each.

The aggregate of service by states is as follows: Kentucky, 22 years and 245 days; Massachusetts, 10 years; Virginia, 13 years; Pennsylvania, 10 1/31 years; Indiana, 9 2/3 years; New Jersey, 6 years; Tennessee, 5 years; South Carolina, 3 years; New York, 3 1/2 years; Georgia, 6 years; Maine, 12 1/7 years; North Carolina, 6 years; Missouri, 8 years; Iowa, 4 years; Illinois, 8 years; Connecticut and Ohio, 2 years each.

It is generally stated in books, magazines, and newspapers, and commonly accepted by the people, that Henry Clay was the youngest man ever elected to the Speakership, but it is not true. That distinction properly belongs to Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who was only 30, while Clay was nearly 35. Mr. Speaker Gillett is the oldest man ever elected. Speaker for his first term, being when sworn in 67 years 7 months 3 days old. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon is the second oldest man ever elected to the Speakership, being 67 years 6 months and 2 days old when first elected, and verging on 75 when he ceased to be Speaker. The average age of the 36 Speakers, when first elected, is 43 13/36 years. The average service of the Speakers is 3 5/7 years.

The states that have given birth to Speakers are: Virginia, with Clay, Stevenson, Jones, Hunter, Barbour; Massachusetts, with Varnum, Winthrop, Banks, Gillett; Pennsylvania, with Muhlenberg, Grow, Randall, Blaine, Davis, Kerr; Kentucky, with White, Carlisle, Clark; North Carolina, with Macon, Polk, Cannon; South Carolina, with Cheves and Orr; Connecticut, with Trumbull, Sedgwick; Tennessee, with Boyd and Bell; Georgia, with Cobb; New York, with Taylor, Pomeroy, Colfax; Ohio, with Keifer; Maine, with Reed; New Jersey, with Dayton and Pennington.

Crisp was born in England, of American parents travel-

ing abroad, and was therefore eligible to the Presidency, while Henderson was born in Scotland, of Scotch parents, and therefore was ineligible to the Chief-Magistracy of the Republic.

While only one Speaker, James K. Polk, reached the White House, and only three others, Clay, Bell, and Blaine, received presidential nominations, several have striven for it. Several Presidents-to-be, and one ex-President, have served in the House. James Madison was the first of the line. He sat in four Congresses, with Andrew Jackson in one. In the House of the Twenty-third Congress sat Polk, Fillmore, and Pierce, all destined to reach the White House, and John Quincy Adams, ex-President. In the House of the Thirtieth Congress sat Lincoln, Johnson, and John Quincy Adams, while in the House of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses, in the Ohio delegation, sat Garfield and Hayes.

All the Speakers have been lawyers, except Muhlenberg, who was a Lutheran preacher, Colfax and Blaine, who were editors, and Randall, who was a business man. Sedgwick also began life as a preacher, but soon abandoned theology for the law. After the British captured New York, where he was preaching, Muhlenberg devoted his energies and his talents to business and to the service of his country.

The question is perpetually propounded: "How came Henry Clay to be elected Speaker of the first House in which he served?" The answer usually is that it was on account of his commanding talents and his vast popularity.

Nothing of the sort! He was popular where known, but he was not generally known at that time. His amazing and enduring popularity came to him because of his service in the House. Unquestionably he possessed commanding talents, but that fact was not generally known. He had served two short fragments of terms in the Senate —one, three, or four months before he was thirty years

old—and he remains to this day the only man to accomplish that unconstitutional feat; but his brief service in the Senate had not made him a national figure by any manner of means. It did, however, enable him to form many valuable and powerful friends in both House and Senate, and no man more easily made acquaintances or friends.

These four things won for him the Speakership: First, the administration did not want war with Great Britain, but the country did, and was determined to have it. Clay appeared in Washington as the war spirit incarnate, and ran as the war candidate. Second, out of one hundred and sixteen members, seventy of them were new members, and they naturally rallied to Clay's standard. Third, the Revolutionary War statesmen were rapidly passing off the stage, and a new generation coming on; and Clay with his graceful and gracious manners, his commanding presence, his enthusiasm, and his shining talents, appealed powerfully to their imaginations. Fourth, he was the first candidate for Speaker from west of the Alleghanies, and the very audacity of his candidacy amazed and pleased the Congressional youngsters. So when the test came "The Great Commoner," "The Mill-boy of the Slashes," "Harry of the West," won in a canter, receiving as "the war candidate for Speaker" seventy-five votes against William Bibb, of Georgia, "the peace candidate," with thirty-eight votes, and three for Nathaniel Macon. It all reads like a tale out of the *Arabian Nights*, but it is sober history.

Henderson and Keifer were the only Speakers wounded in battle. Henderson lost a leg at Corinth. Speaker Keifer was a major-general in the Civil War, in which he was wounded four times, before his elevation to the chair. He was also a major-general in the Spanish-American War, subsequent to quitting the chair. Mr. Speaker Banks, after leaving the chair, was a major-general in the Civil War, and Mr. Speaker Cobb a Con-

federate major-general. Speaker Crisp, as a boy, was a Confederate soldier. Colfax was the only Speaker to become Vice-President.

Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, was the only Speaker elected in a House absolutely controlled by his political opponents, wherein there were only two political parties. He defeated Nathaniel Macon by one vote.

When I was elected to my fourth term the House stood 215 Democrats, 215 Republicans, and five Independents. In order to succeed I had to secure three Independents. As a matter of fact, four of them voted for me. I was elected by a majority of twelve.

Theodore Sedgwick was the first Speaker who, upon retiring, was thanked by a strict party vote.

The House declined to thank Andrew Stevenson for more than a month after he resigned.

As stated elsewhere, Winthrop, Cobb, and Banks were really elected by pluralities.

Dayton, Winthrop, Cobb, Banks, and Pennington were each elected by one vote.

Many men have been elected to the Speakership, or defeated, on their records. During his first and only term in Congress, ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, was elected Speaker because he had never formed nor expressed an opinion on any of the burning issues of his day.

At Knoxville, Tennessee, I have a dear friend, Col. John B. Brownlow who carries around in his head a vast mass of reminiscences which he owes to his fellow-citizens to put into book form. Otherwise they will perish with him. He is a son of the famous "Parson" Brownlow who, after leaving the pulpit for politics, became both Governor of Tennessee and United States Senator. When Colonel Brownlow read in a magazine the foregoing remarks as to Mr. Speaker Pennington, he wrote me this pathetic and illuminating story:

"Your reference to the election of Pennington as Speaker reminds me that the Southern pro-slavery admirers of Mr. Clay rejoiced over it for, as I think, a sufficient reason. This I say as one taught by my father to regard Clay as the greatest man of his generation, and as more entitled to the Presidency than any American since Washington; and that I think now.

"Clay owed twenty thousand dollars, borrowed money, at the Northern Bank of Kentucky, at Lexington. Several times the note had been graciously renewed. Each time he told the bank officer, 'I expect to pay it when it falls due.'

"Finally he went to the bank and said: 'I cannot ask you for further indulgence. Take my home, Ashland, in payment. I have no other resource.'

"To his amazement the bank officer said: 'Mr. Clay, you owe nothing here; your debt, principal and interest, has been paid in full.' 'Paid by whom!' exclaimed Clay. 'By your friends,' was the reply.

"'Tell me the names of those friends,' he said.

"'That I decline to do,' said the bank official, 'because I gave my word not to do it. They do not wish their names known, because they do not wish you to feel obligated to them.'

"Then the tears trickled down the face of Henry Clay as he exclaimed, 'My God! did any man ever have such friends?'

"A few days before the event described, a young man in the early twenties, who was then a Whig member of the New Jersey Legislature, had called at the bank, presenting introductory letters from Eastern friends of Mr. Clay, with the funds to liquidate his indebtedness in full, on condition that Clay should never know the identity of the parties who did it, and Clay died without knowing.

"The young man who did this was William Pennington, later the Speaker of the House of Representatives. While

in Lexington he never called to see Clay, and Clay never knew he had been there. Clay's friends in the East had heard of his embarrassment, but not from Mr. Clay. I remember distinctly that when Mr. Clay's death was announced I met old Whigs on the streets of Knoxville, in tears. No man in all our history had friends so devoted, unless Jackson be excepted."

While at it, Colonel Brownlow wrote the following anecdote about General Jackson and James K. Polk, which shows the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage in the delectable rôle of match-maker:

"The wife of James K. Polk was Sarah Childress. I presume she was a kinswoman of Matilda Childress, wife of John Catron, of the United States Supreme Court, as they were natives of adjoining counties. I knew Mrs. Polk personally. She was a splendid woman, one of the most attractive I ever met. She died about 1886, at about eighty-eight years of age.

"General Jackson, at Murfreesboro, the home of Miss Childress, met Polk. He said to him, 'James, I have heard that you have broken your engagement to marry Sallie Childress.'

"James replied, 'General, that is not true.'

"Jackson said, 'I am glad to hear you say that. Sallie is a good girl and I would regret to see you disappoint her.' (The Childress family were all ardent friends of Jackson.)

"Then James said, 'Sallie and I will be married, but I suppose the rumor that our engagement was broken grew out of the fact that our marriage has been indefinitely postponed.'

"'Why,' said the 'Hero of New Orleans,' 'has it been indefinitely postponed?'

"'Because,' replied James, 'I feel too poor to marry now.'

"'Tut, tut!' replied Jackson, 'that is nonsense, James;

no young man of your talents and industry is too poor to marry, and I believe in early marriages.' So upon the advice of Jackson the future Speaker of the House and President of the United States lost no time in consummating his engagement with Sallie Childress.

"This story has never been published, but I am sure it is authentic."

I am the only Democrat, living or dead, ever nominated for his first term in the Speakership by a unanimous vote of a Democratic caucus. I have been nominated that way seven times. All other Democrats had to fight for their first nominations.

Every once in a while somebody suggests that some eminent citizen, not a member of the House, should be elected Speaker. Why this suggestion is made puzzles me. There is no constitutional or statutory inhibition against an outsider's being elected Speaker, but, while neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I make bold to predict that no outsider will ever be elected so long as the earth spins on its axis or slides down the ecliptic. It is a thing incredible.

Taken all in all, the thirty-seven Speakers compare very favorably, in both ability and character, with the twenty-eight Presidents. There are the names of some great men, and of only a few small men, on the roster of the Speakers of the House of Representatives. Five Presidents, the elder Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, have died in office; but only one Speaker, Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana.

Three men and only three have been elected to the Speakership during their first term of service in the House —Frederick A. Muhlenberg, Henry Clay, and William Pennington. Muhlenberg was elected on the first day of the First Congress. He had served in the Continental Congress. Clay had served a short time in the Senate.

It is a peculiar and interesting fact that no man was

ever elected Speaker chiefly because of his knowledge of parliamentary law. Speakers are elected by reason of the possession of other qualities. The quality of leadership is usually the thing which enables a man to win the glittering prize. It goes without saying that some of the Speakers have been skilled parliamentarians. The Speaker is provided with a "clerk to the Speaker's table," popularly known as the "parliamentary clerk." His principal business is to be entirely familiar with the rules and precedents, so as to be able to furnish them to the Speaker at a moment's notice. Most points of order are disposed of instanter and without debate. It is only on rare occasions that a parliamentary question of great interest or difficulty is presented to the Speaker. These are argued *in extenso*. While the Speaker is listening to the debate, his *fidus Achates*, alias "the parliamentary clerk," is as busy as a bee collating the precedents, if any there be, which he places before the Speaker, who gives his decision with or without giving reasons for the same, as the situation seems to him to demand. If it is a new question, he usually renders an opinion more or less elaborate, as that opinion blazes the way on that question for himself and his successors.

No Speaker is bound to follow precedents, but unless they are palpably wrong they are very persuasive. Indeed, a rule, though wrong, may have been followed so long that it would be revolutionary and unwise to reverse it.

For instance, when the House bill revising Schedule K was sent over to the Senate, that body struck out all after the enacting clause, and inserted a new bill. When the amended bill came back to the House, Hon. James R. Mann, the indefatigable and very capable Republican floor leader, raised the point that as the House alone was empowered by the Constitution to originate revenue measures, and as the Senate had only the power of amend-

ment, the Senate in substituting an entirely new bill under the guise of amendment was acting *ultra vires*.

I overruled his point of order, stating, however, that if I had been Speaker of the House in the First Congress, and his point of order had been raised, I would have sustained it, but that the House and the country had acquiesced in such action on the part of the Senate for one hundred and twenty-two years, and it had become part and parcel of the *modus operandi* in constructing tariff bills.

As a general thing, I ruled promptly, giving no reasons. I learned that when quite a youth, from a very excellent, well-educated, and successful *nisi prius* judge, who told me that he rarely gave reasons for a ruling, because he might make the right ruling and give the wrong reasons therefor.

It is a matter of common knowledge that any member may appeal from any decision of the Speaker to the House itself; and the appeal is debatable unless debate is cut off by a motion to table the appeal.

During the eight years of my service as Speaker there were nine appeals taken from my decisions. But I was sustained in every case, and by more than a party vote, except that just two days before the expiration of my last term as Speaker, in a hotly contested election case, the Republicans, who were temporarily in the majority, overruled one of my decisions, which was an absolutely just decision, but they did it to get their contestant seated.

In these latter years it is only occasionally that a Speaker, or chairman of the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, renders an opinion of permanent and far-reaching consequence. Most questions have been decided—many of them several times—and those decisions serve as mandatory precedents. Tennyson explains that

Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent.

Most assuredly "precedent" largely controls in the conduct of the House. Besides his decision in the Randolph-Calhoun matter, heretofore cited, Henry Clay rendered other important decisions. Being among the earlier Speakers, he was in a manner blazing the legislative trail.

It goes without saying that Speaker Reed's counting of a quorum was an epochal achievement.

While Carlisle was Speaker, ex-Gov. James B. McCreary, presiding in the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, rendered an opinion of tremendous import. Congress had, at a previous session, authorized a steel, armor-plated battle-ship—just one—and it was the first. When McCreary was in the chair the Navy Appropriation bill was under consideration. It contained a provision for another steel armor-plated battle-ship. Somebody raised the point of order that that item must go out of the bill, because it violated the well-established rule that new legislation cannot be enacted in an appropriation bill. It was argued, on the contrary, that building a new navy was "a continuing work," and therefore the item in controversy should not be excluded by the rule. McCreary took the latter view, and ruled that the appropriation for the new battle-ship was in order. By that decision our new navy was made possible.

Governor McCreary was a colonel in Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry, member and Speaker of the Kentucky Legislature, twelve years a Representative in Congress, part of the time chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, Governor of Kentucky for two full terms of four years each, at periods thirty-eight years apart, a delegate to the Brussels Monetary Convention of 1893,

and a Senator of the United States. But by all his services in the army and in the various high stations in civil life put together, his conduct never had as much influence on human affairs as his parliamentary decision holding that the building of the new navy was a continuing work. McCreary's decision was adhered to from 1887 till February, 1919, when Hon. Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, one of the ablest men in the House, was in the chair and overruled it—and from a parliamentary standpoint Garrett was correct.

Colonel McCreary delighted to tell reminiscences of Morgan's raid through Indiana and Ohio, and well he might, for his part in that remarkable ride was the most notable and spectacular event in his military career. He was promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel at the battle of Green River Bridge in the beginning of the great raid, July 4, 1863, when his colonel, Chenault, was killed and where General Morgan lost about three hundred men in killed and wounded.

He said the bridge was held and successfully defended by a Colonel Moore and seventy Michigan infantrymen in rifle-pits, behind an insurmountable *chevaux-de-frise*. General Morgan sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the Union troops. Colonel Moore sent back the curt answer: "The 4th of July is a blanked poor day for a Union man to surrender on!"

McCreary told me another story illustrating the hospitality of Kentuckians under even the most discouraging circumstances. He said the weather was very hot and dusty, and when the Confederate raiders finally surrendered they were weary and dirty, having had no change of clothing, and hardly any rest or sleep, for nearly three weeks. McCreary happened to be in command of the last of Morgan's men to surrender. When they ran up the white flag the Union general, Hobson, also a Kentuckian, rode up and inquired, "Who commands these troops?"

Whereupon McCreary, very much bedraggled and covered with dust, rode forth and replied, "I do."

"Who are you?" asked General Hobson.

"I am Lieut.-Col. James B. McCreary."

Then Hobson with a grin said: "You are a fine-looking lieutenant-colonel, aren't you? What you most need is a good drink." Then suiting the action to the word, he drew from his holster a flask of Kentucky bourbon and ministered to the thirst of his prisoner.

Whether anybody gave General Hobson a drink—a year or so later when, the fortunes of war having changed, Morgan's men captured him at Cynthiana, Kentucky—I never heard.

In my eight years as Speaker I rendered hundreds of decisions—usually having precedents to guide or influence. But I decided one important point which, strange to say, had never been raised before, and that was, where the House is voting on a motion to pass a bill over the President's veto, whether in making up the necessary two-thirds vote those who answer "present" should be counted, or those only who vote "aye" and "no." I held that those answering "present" should not be counted, and on appeal from my ruling the House by an overwhelming majority sustained my decision.

The case was this: When the roll was called on passing the Underwood Wool bill, ten members answered "present." If they were counted the House had not voted to pass the bill over President Taft's veto. If they were not counted the House had passed it over his veto.

The reasons for my decision are so cogent that I am certain that my precedent will be followed for all time to come. Here they are. The Constitution says:

"In all such cases [that is, in cases of voting to pass a bill over the President's veto] the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered

on the journal of each House respectively." Not one word touching those who answer "present."

Voting on passing a bill over the President's veto is the only action of Congress where the Constitution requires a yea-and-nay vote.

If those answering "present" are to be counted, manifestly they must be counted as voting "no." There can be no other conclusion. I took the pains, after my decision was rendered, to ascertain how the ten members who answered "present" would have voted had they been free to vote, and I discovered that eight would have voted "aye," while only two would have voted "no."

The formula used by the Speaker in putting the question on passing a bill over the President's veto is this stately and sonorous collocation of words: "Will the House, on reconsideration, agree to pass the bill, the objections of the President to the contrary notwithstanding?"

It was on that occasion that the late Augustus Peabody Gardner, of Massachusetts, demonstrated that he possessed perfect mental integrity. He was one of the best parliamentarians of the House. As soon as I rendered my opinion, without giving any reason for it, he arose with *The Parliamentary Manual* in his hand and said: "Mr. Speaker, I appeal from the decision of the chair. I have an authority exactly in point."

I replied, "I know on what you rely—a foot-note in *The Manual.* It deceives you just as it deceived me for a while, but the foot-note is wrong and misleading. That foot-note does not correspond to the decision on which it seems to be based. Mr. Underwood promptly moved to table Mr. Gardner's appeal. While the motion to table is not debatable, I wanted Gardner to have time to hunt up the decision in Hind's *Precedents.* Consequently I permitted members to talk about my decision awhile.

As soon as Gardner found the decision he arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, your decision is correct and I withdraw my appeal"—an honest statement which under the circumstances many men would not have made, by reason of pride of opinion. Some other member renewed the appeal, and Underwood promptly moved to table the appeal, and his motion carried by two hundred and forty to ten.

When it was over Mr. Gardner arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, your decision is of so much importance that you should render a more elaborate opinion," which I did. It was printed in *The Congressional Record*, and was in substance as is set forth above.

Nearly a dozen Representatives volunteered to enter the Great War. Mr. Gardner was among the first. He said that he had advocated "preparedness" so long and so strenuously that he could not, with a clear conscience and a straight face, stay at home while others were going forth to battle. By reason of having been a captain in the Spanish-American War he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. Soon finding that the regiment to which he belonged had no immediate chance of being sent to France, he procured his own demotion by being assigned as major in a Georgia regiment which was soon to be sent overseas. I have heard or read of but one other such case. Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, became a Confederate colonel at the beginning of the Civil War, and was soon promoted to be a brigadier. In some battle in Virginia all the field officers in his old regiment were killed, and the remaining officers and men of that regiment begged him to resign as brigadier-general and become their colonel once more, which he did. Such noble acts of self-abnegation as those of Morgan and Gardner are so rare among men that they deserve to be gratefully remembered by their countrymen.

Gardner unfortunately did not live to go across the

Atlantic. He died a short time after we entered the war, and was sincerely mourned by all his fellow-members.

He was an able, industrious, courageous, patriotic man, faithful in the discharge of every duty and in every relation of life. He was an incisive speaker, a close student, a strong debater, widely read, and above all was unafraid.

He was the only one of the Congressional volunteers who died in the army during the Great War. "Greater love hath no man than that he give up his life for his friend" or country.

CHAPTER XII

Campaign of 1892—Tom Johnson and Larry Neal—Fight over tariff plank in convention—Crisp re-elected Speaker—Silver debate—My tariff speech—Income tax—Wilson chairman of Ways and Means—Gorman's prophecy—A question of veracity.

THE dominant question in the campaign of 1892 was the reform of the tariff downward. The issue was sharply drawn. In the platforms there was no dodging. The Republican platform ran:

"We reaffirm the American doctrine of protection. We call attention to its growth abroad. We maintain that the prosperous condition of our country is largely due to the wise revenue legislation of the last Republican Congress. We believe that all articles which cannot be produced in the United States, except luxuries, should be admitted free of duty, and that on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home."

The Democrats stated their position in these ringing words:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud—a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered."

Most of the Democratic leaders, including Mr. Cleveland himself, had no idea of making such a bold and sweeping declaration as the one set forth above. Consequently, they agreed upon a tariff plank of the variety which in popular parlance is denominated a "straddle." This "straddle" was duly incorporated into the platform, which was reported to the Chicago convention by a majority of the committee on resolutions through Col. Charles H. Jones, editor of *The St. Louis Republic*, chairman; but that committee was destined to be rudely awakened and soundly beaten.

Prominent in the Ohio delegation in that convention sat one of nature's noblemen, Tom L. Johnson—"a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek"—brave as a lion, true as steel, honest as the day is long, and blithe as a lark. By birth a Kentuckian, he was blood-kin to that grim soldier, Col. Richard M. Johnson, commonly called "Old Dick," who won renown at the battle of the River Thames by his gallantry and by slaying Tecumseh, one of the greatest of all Indians. Colonel Johnson was subsequently a Representative and Senator in Congress, as well as Vice-President. It may be remarked parenthetically that he is the only Vice-President elected by the Senate of the United States when the Electoral Colleges failed to elect. Tom Johnson—Tom, mark you, not Thomas—was a roly-poly statesman of middle stature in extra-good flesh, with a magnificent head crowned with abundant chestnut curls and an exceedingly handsome face, usually wreathed in smiles. He always dressed in exquisite taste, and enjoyed life to the full. He had risen from the humble position of currying mules for a street-car company to being both a multimillionaire and a Representative in Congress.

I saw him do a thing in the Fifty-third Congress which proved his sincerity as an out-and-out free-trader beyond the shadow of a doubt. He was the second largest manu-

facturer of steel rails in the world, and yet when the authors of the Wilson Tariff bill reported a tariff rate of seven dollars and a half per ton on steel rails, he fought it tooth and nail—while all the world wondered! He solemnly and wrathfully affirmed that they did not need any protection, and if Congress would let them alone American steel-rail manufacturers would dominate the markets of the world. God, so we are told, moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Likewise tariff builders—sometimes. It was an amazing spectacle to see them force on Johnson's steel rails a heavy tariff which he swore he did not need or want.

It is a matter of common knowledge that as mayor of Cleveland he exhausted his physical energies and expended his large fortune in his long, bitter, and successful fight to force three-cent street-car fares for the people of that ambitious city; which more than any other one cause enabled her to pass Cincinnati in population and in prestige. Tom Johnson was a reformer who reformed men and things. The Ohio member of the committee on resolutions was the Marshal Ney of the Buckeye Democracy and Tom Johnson's pet crony, Lawrence T. Neal, popularly known as "Larry." They were *par nobile fratrum*—a noble pair of political brethren. Neal offered an amendment to the platform by striking out the elaborate and meaningless tariff straddle and inserting the radical tariff plank above quoted. No doubt that Tom Johnson aided and abetted him in its construction and encouraged him to introduce it. The fight was short, but bloody and decisive. So far as the debate was concerned, Tom Johnson not only stood by consenting to his friend's fierce assault upon the platform and platform makers, after the manner of Saul at the stoning of Stephen, but he led the storming column in person with the dash of Murat. When the battle ended Johnson, Neal, and their troops were victors by a two to one

majority. Those who assumed to be Mr. Cleveland's conscience-keepers—and even Mr. Cleveland himself—denounced the insertion of the Neal plank as an effort to defeat him– a most lame, impotent, and preposterous conclusion. The timid were in a panic, the time-servers were aghast, the double-dealers were in the mulligrubs, but nevertheless Mr. Cleveland won an overwhelming victory on the Neal-Johnson tariff plank which he did not want and the authors of which he never forgave.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Democrats swept the country almost solely on the tariff issue in 1892, President Cleveland called the Congress to meet in extraordinary session August 7, 1893—not to revise the tariff downward, for which purpose he and it were both chiefly elected—but to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver law, which was only a minor issue in the campaign. That extraordinary session split the Democratic party wide open and was the source of all our woe, which sent us wandering in the wilderness for sixteen years, and from which we escaped in 1912 only through the factional division in the Republican Chicago convention.

Both Houses of the Congress organized August 7th. On the 8th the President sent to Congress his message. The Free Silver leaders and the Single Gold Standard leaders entered into the following agreement as to procedure on the bill to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver law:

"Ordered by the House that H. R. No. 1 shall be taken up for immediate consideration and considered for fourteen days. During such consideration night sessions may be held for debate only, at the request of either side. The daily sessions to commence at 11 A.M. and continue until 5 P.M. Eleven days of the debate to be given to general debate under the rules of the last House regulating general debate, the time to be equally divided between

the two sides, as the Speaker may determine. The last three days of debate may be devoted to the consideration of the bill and the amendments herein provided for under the usual five-minute rule of the House, as in Committee of the Whole House. General leave to print is hereby granted.

"Order of amendments: The vote shall be taken first on the amendment providing for the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. If that fail, then a separate vote to be had on a similar amendment proposing a ratio of seventeen to one; if that fails, then on one proposing a ratio of eighteen to one; if that fails, then on one proposing a ratio of nineteen to one; if that fails, on one proposing a ratio of twenty to one.

"If the above amendments fail, it shall be in order to offer an amendment reviving the Act of the 28th of February, 1878, restoring the standard silver dollar, commonly known as the Bland-Allison Act, the vote then to be taken on the engrossment and third reading of the bill as amended, and on the bill itself, if the amendments shall have been voted down, and on the final passage of the bill without other intervening motions."

On the Saturday night preceding the 7th there was a meeting in the hall of the House of all Silver Representatives without regard to political affiliations, to take counsel together. Out of a membership of three hundred and fifty-nine there were two hundred and one present. Over this meeting Judge David Browning Culbertson, of Texas, presided. From the large attendance we concluded that we were sure winners; but alack! and also alas! we had not included in our calculations the enormous power of patronage. When the test came, two weeks later, instead of two hundred and one votes we could muster only one hundred and one. It is folly to claim that the debate had wrought the change. Patronage did it, and there is no use blinking the fact. The

people did not forget it—for at the first opportunity they retired the floppers to private life—and permanently.

The late John E. Lamb, a former Representative from the Terre Haute district, a political protégé of Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, one of the most eloquent of orators, told me in his own house a pathetic story touching Voorhees's change of base on the coinage question. Voorhees, who had been a radical Silver man, was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee in 1893, which committee handled coinage legislation—which position of necessity gave him great influence on that subject. Consequently, when Senator Voorhees lined up with President Cleveland in favor of the Single Gold Standard, the Silver men were thoroughly indignant and said many hard things to and about "The tall Sycamore of the Wabash." Lamb said that Voorhees mourned the remnant of his days about changing sides, and that he honestly believed that it shortened the brilliant Senator's life. According to his tale, Voorhees declared over and over again that he never did change his views on the coinage question, but that he faced this situation: "In Indiana were thousands of faithful Democrats who had followed him loyally and unfalteringly through three decades. If he aligned himself with the President he could reward at least some of them. If he did not, all of his friends would be cut off from any hope of preferment, and that out of love for these veterans who had borne the heat and burden of the day in so many hot conflicts—and political conflicts were nowhere on earth hotter than in Indiana—he supported the presidential policy." That in brief is the story as told to me in great detail. No man ever had a more tender heart than Voorhees, and the foregoing story makes one have a kindly feeling for one of Indiana's greatest sons. No doubt other Senators and Representatives were actuated by motives similar to those of Voorhees.

On the 9th the oratorical storm broke in the House with unspeakable fury—a storm which raged for years in Congress and out, and which destroyed more men than did the siege of Troy; but an old adage worthy of acceptance hath it that "It is an ill wind which blows good to nobody," and, truth to tell, certain men made towering reputations out of the savage warfare.

There was a hot fight as to who should open for the Single Gold Standardists. Isador Rayner, of Maryland, eloquent, learned, and enthusiastic, subsequently United States Senator, who attained wide and enduring celebrity as counsel-in-chief for Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, won. Rayner was of Jewish extraction and stands second only to Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, in point of ability and reputation among the half-dozen Israelitish Senators—the four others being Yulee of Florida, Jonas of Louisiana, Simon of Oregon, and Guggenheim of Colorado.

There was no squabble among the Silver men as to who should lead. All eyes and hearts turned to the great Missourian, Richard Parks Bland, who had devoted years to the cause and was named "Silver Dick" the wide world around. In very truth "Where MacGregor sat was the head of the table." No truer or braver soul ever led a forlorn hope. He did not belong to the school of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Patrick Henry. He indulged in no frills of oratory. He possessed the power of luminous statement in an unusual degree. He knew more about the history and philosophy of the precious metals than any other American. Born in Kentucky, he came of Revolutionary Virginia stock, one of his ancestors being a signer of the Declaration and bosom friend of Washington. In his youth he had been an Indian-fighter on the frontier, and amid the splendors of Washington retained the rural manners and simple tastes of his earlier years. His speech on that momentous day—*dies iræ*—was an epoch-maker and came to be known as "The Parting of

the Ways Speech." It did not achieve success for the cause so close to his heart, but it did secure for his name the first place in the presidential black-list.

In ordinary fairness to Mr. Cleveland it should be stated that in the matter of gold and silver coinage he never pretended to be that which he was not. He never was for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one, and never claimed to be. The majority of Democrats were in favor of it. It is unaccountable on any grounds of reason that the Democratic leaders, knowing the sentiment of the Democratic masses on that subject, as well as Mr. Cleveland's, nominated him and then claimed throughout the campaign, through some sort of self-deception, that he was a bimetallist—which he was not any more than he was a Mohammedan. They certainly should have known his opinion, and, what is more, they knew he was firm even unto stubbornness.

At Hannibal, Missouri, in that campaign, I heard Senator George Graham Vest, who favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at sixteen to one, who was an honest man as well as a very able and brilliant one, state to a great audience that the only difference between Mr. Cleveland and himself on the Silver question was as to the ratio. The Senator first deceived himself, and then unintentionally deceived his audience. So did other Democratic orators. Two queries force themselves on students and casuists: 1. Why, being in favor of the Single Gold Standard, and knowing full well that the Democratic masses were in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold, and knowing also that they believed that the Chicago platform declared for that very thing, did Mr. Cleveland accept a nomination on that platform? 2. Having been elected on it, knowing how Democrats construed it, was it or was it not his duty to submerge his own personal opinion and carry out the will of those who elected him?

After the Silver fight at the extra session, the Democrats in the House and Senate were divided into two implacable factions. There was a brigade of Confederate Kentuckians called "The Orphan Brigade," because two of its commanders were killed in battle. After the Silver fight, the Fifty-third Congress might well have been dubbed "The Orphan Congress." The first-fruits of the Silver feud was that there were scarcely enough Democrats elected to the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress to call the ayes and nays. It was the greatest slaughter of innocents since the days of King Herod.

It was a great debate. Divers notable speeches were made. One man, Lafe Pence, of Colorado, made a national reputation on the fourth day of his service in the House. He was one of the victims of the landslide of 1894, and never regained his political footing.

While almost every member made a speech, short or long, or printed one in *The Congressional Record*, the principal Speakers for Silver were Bland, Pence, Sibley, and Bryan, and the chief Speakers against it were William L. Wilson, Rayner, Cochran, and Reed.

Taken all in all, it may be fairly ranked as among the great Congressional debates.

Mr. Cleveland was so thoroughly against Silver that he even vetoed the little bill for the coinage of the "seniorage," though begged to sign it by many of his Democratic supporters on the Repeal bill almost with tears in their eyes, explaining to him that it would save them from their wrathy constituents; but having used them to their undoing, he threw them to the wolves. Among them were such prominent men as Senator Daniel W. Voorhees and Representative William D. Bynum, both of Indiana, William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, General Outhwaite, of Ohio, Clifton R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, and others of high standing in House or Senate.

At the beginning of the Fifty-second Congress, Mr.

Speaker Crisp, acting under a species of duress, appointed Judge William M. Springer, of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, because, as heretofore stated, at the psychological moment Springer threw his little bunch of supporters for the Speakership to Charles Frederick Crisp, thereby giving the nomination to the Georgian. Springer, as chairman of Ways and Means, was much ridiculed for his "pop-gun tariff bills"—that is, instead of introducing one general bill revising all the schedules, he introduced a separate bill for each schedule. Great sport was had at his expense, but it has never been settled definitely that Springer's derided plan was not as good as any other. The chances are that his fussy manner had as much to do in provoking the jests as did the "pop-gun bills" themselves. In confirmation of this view it will be remembered that in the Sixty-second Congress Mr. Chairman Underwood introduced particular bills for particular schedules, beginning with "Schedule K"—the wool schedule. Underwood's bills were as truly "pop-gun bills" as were Springer's. Nobody ventured to ridicule Underwood or his bills, because that able, suave, sedate, and level-headed statesman does not invite ridicule; and what is a good deal more, it was widely known that he carried a fist of steel in a velvet glove. Watching him in action, a person realizes that "a man may smile and smile and be a fighter." Consequently, his opponents were chary of trying any funny business with him. A bit of contemporaneous history vindicates Judge Springer and his pop-gun bills. Our Republican friends in this (the Sixty-sixth) Congress are bringing in separate bills for separate items. They are the successors of the men who poked so much fun at Springer's pop-gun bills.

The arrangement with Springer appears not to have been a continuing one. As Crisp had no opposition among Democrats for his second term as Speaker, he was

hands-free in making up his committees, and promptly appointed William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, chairman of the Ways and Means, thereby *ipso facto* making him Democratic floor leader, at the same time demoting Springer to the chairmanship of Indian Affairs—which was a severe jolt for the veteran Illinoisan.

It was rumored, and to some extent believed, that President Cleveland demanded of Mr. Crisp Wilson's appointment as a condition precedent to his not setting up a candidate of his own for the Speakership in opposition to Crisp. Whether that be true or whether Crisp himself preferred Wilson will never be known unless Cleveland or Crisp left data on the subject yet unpublished—which probably they did not. My own opinion is that the story is apocryphal, for Mr. Speaker Crisp was as much a man of his own head as was Mr. Cleveland. Individually I have never believed that rumor for the all-sufficient reason that Mr. Speaker Crisp was stronger in the House than was President Cleveland, and could have been re-elected in spite of the President, even had the President desired to defeat him, of which there is no evidence.

At any rate, the West Virginian secured the greatly coveted prize, and instead of being called to take a higher seat—as was a certain man mentioned in the Bible—Judge Springer was called to take a lower seat at the feast. He made no outcry and did not complain—certainly not in public—but proceeded to discharge the duties of his new chairmanship faithfully and well, making, as usual, frequent speeches. He was a man of wide information, a useful legislator, and of perfect integrity.

The vexed and vexing Silver question having been disposed of at the extra session, the Federal Election laws repealed, and the committees appointed, the decks were cleared at the regular session for the Tariff bill—the reform of the tariff being the main thing for which it was

supposed that Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic Congress were elected.

The tariff question, like the poor, we have with us always. Promptly Mr. Wilson introduced his bill and it was reported as soon as the House convened after the Christmas holidays. A protracted, angry, and somewhat futile debate ensued. Every section, every item, every line was discussed *ad libitum*—many of them *ad nauseam*. All the arguments ever used, from the building of the great Chinese wall and the tariff system of Augustus Cæsar, were brought forth, revamped, and reburnished—all the heavy and bearded anecdotes, from Epictetus and Æsop to Mark Twain and Bill Nye, were resurrected from their tombs "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Of course Mr. Wilson was the principal debater on his side, but he was aided powerfully by the Democrats of his committee—Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, since Governor of his state and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Peru; Henry G. Turner, of Georgia, one of the most incisive speakers in the House; William Bourke Cockran, of New York; William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska; John C. Tarsney, of Missouri; Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, subsequently ambassador to St. Petersburg, and others not of the committee.

On the other side were the leviathan of Republicans—Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine; John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, one of the ablest men the Keystone State ever sent to Congress; Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, subsequently and for many years a United States Senator, with a voice like an Æolian harp; Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, one of the toughest debaters in the land; Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, subsequently a United States Senator, endowed with abundant oratorical gifts; Samuel Walker McCall, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, "a scholar in politics"; Gov. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, whose head was filled to bursting with facts,

the predestined father of the "Dingley Tariff bill"; Sereno E. Payne, of New York, a splendid man, author of the Payne Tariff bill; Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, a handsome old gentleman possessed of vast information and a dreadful temper; Col. William Peters Hepburn, a powerful speaker; and others, as the sale bills run, "too tedious to mention." 'Twas a battle royal and ran for many weeks. As it passed the House it was a fairly good bill from the viewpoint of a man honestly in favor of a tariff for revenue—but what the Senate did to it was something awful.

I participated somewhat in that debate, and my experience may help young Representatives get a foothold.

In the Silver debate I was compelled to speak at night or not at all—a very unsatisfactory performance. If a man is any sort of a judge of his own speeches, I pronounce the one on Silver among the best speeches I have ever made in Congress. But there were few members present—that's always the case at night, except in the closing days of a session—and only one man in the Press gallery. A great many persons do not know it, but the Press gallery gives Representatives the big end of their reputations, and the members of the Press gallery rarely attend at night. Worse still, it was Saturday night, and, so far as receiving any considerable notice of a speech is concerned, Saturday is the worst day in the week to make it, because the Sunday papers are crowded with other things. So I determined that I would not speak at night on the tariff—a subject touching which I knew more than any other subject.

I had learned enough of House procedure to know that the seventeen members of the committee would speak without limit—which meant at least two hours each on the average, and that old members generally would be treated liberally in the matter of time.

I felt under compulsion to speak on the Tariff bill, to

save my bacon at home. The truth is that I made more speeches in my first Congress than in any two subsequent Congresses, and for this reason: During my long-drawn-out and bitter contest with Colonel Norton for the nomination, as heretofore set forth, among other things I charged that he had not taken as active a part in the proceedings as he should have done. His reply was that a new member was compelled to take a back seat for two terms. Otherwise the veteran members would make it so hot for him that it would do him much harm. I countered on that, with the rash declaration that some men were created to occupy back seats, but that if a man had in him the stuff out of which statesmen were made he could go to the front whenever he got ready! That tickled the audiences, but was a source of trouble subsequently, for if I did not make good on that extravagant assertion, Norton's friends would make my life miserable and probably defeat me for renomination. It will be remembered that it was painfully close betwixt him and me in 1892. In the mean time some men who supported me that year, disappointed as to securing offices, had turned against me, so that my situation was decidedly critical.

Consequently, being determined to express my views on the tariff in the daytime and at length, I made up my mind to speak all I desired under the five-minutes rule —the best rule on the subject of speechmaking ever devised by the wit of man. You cannot, in the very nature of the case, have an exordium or a peroration to a five-minute speech. You must seize the subject in the middle and cram as much of thought as possible into that brief period. It might well be called a condenser of language. Moreover, it is an elastic rule, and except in the rush days at the close of a session, when time is more precious than rubies, if a member is making a good five minutes' speech he can usually secure an extension for another five min-

utes, perhaps more. There is this advantage for a member speaking under the five-minutes rule instead of in the general debate—there is almost certain to be a larger attendance of members of both the House and the Press gallery, especially if the bill is of any considerable importance.

Having discovered these facts, I carefully, studiously, and laboriously prepared the best and strongest tariff speech that I could write—an hour and a quarter long—rewrote it, polished it up, boiled it down, cut it into five-minutes sections, and committed it thoroughly to memory. I did not ask the managers for time in the general debate, but patiently waited for the five-minutes discussion to begin. Then I went in. Here is what happened: One day I spoke five minutes and quit; another day I spoke ten, my time being extended once; another day I spoke fifteen; another day twenty; and the last day I spoke thirty-five minutes under the five-minutes rule. Then I got together the various parts and printed them as one speech.

From that day to this I have never had any trouble getting all the time I wanted—perhaps more than was good for me.

One of the big questions in the construction of that Tariff bill was whether it should contain an income-tax provision. The Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means decided that it should, but not unanimously, for William Bourke Cockran, a Democratic member of that committee, famous as an orator, led the fight against it and made a terrific onslaught upon it—very much to the disgust of the Democratic brethren. His speech against the income tax somewhat dimmed the glory of his speech a few weeks before, in favor of the Wilson Tariff bill proper, which set the House on its head and which so thrilled the giant Senator Coke of Texas that he took Cockran in his mighty arms on the

floor of the House and hugged him as though the brilliant New-Yorker had been a baby. Some sensational newspaper man declared that Coke kissed Cockran, but that was a pleasant fantasy.

The embrace which Coke bestowed upon Cockran was the most spectacular feature of that debate, except when Harry St. George Tucker and W. J. Bryan carried Mr. Chairman William L. Wilson out of the hall on their shoulders, as heretofore described. It was noticed, however, that nobody embraced Cockran when he finished his anti-income-tax speech. Notwithstanding the opposition of Cockran and others, we incorporated the income tax in the Tariff bill. Though the Senate cut and carved the Wilson Tariff bill in a most cruel way, it left the income-tax feature in it. So it became the law of the land—destined to be killed by a five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court—which decision, under the peculiar and suspicious circumstances under which it was rendered, became a stench in the nostrils of all decent people. The opponents of the income tax claimed that it was unconstitutional. It was decided at the first hearing by a bench of eight judges—four for and four against its constitutionality—Mr. Justice Shiras voting for its constitutionality. Of course the tie-vote left the income tax in full force and effect. Mr. Justice Jackson, of Tennessee, was at home suffering from what proved to be his last sickness. Because he was originally a Whig and had been appointed to the Supreme Court bench by a Republican President, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the opponents of the income tax erroneously concluded that were he present he would cast his vote against the constitutionality of the income tax—thereby making a majority against it. So they moved for a rehearing and secured it. Mr. Justice Jackson came to Washington with the seal of death upon his face, thereby making a full bench of nine. The rehearing was had in due course. When the de-

cision was rendered by the full bench, there were two surprises: Mr. Justice Jackson had voted to sustain the constitutionality, and Mr. Justice Shiras had flopped to the opponents of the income tax, and therefore by a vote of five to four the income tax was held to be unconstitutional, null, and void.

It immediately became part of the Democratic creed, but it was not again placed upon the statute-book until a constitutional amendment was adopted authorizing Congress to levy an income tax.

By an interesting coincidence three great Tennesseeans figure most conspicuously in the income-tax legislation: Benton McMillan was author of the income-tax provision of the Wilson Tariff bill, Mr. Justice Jackson voted with almost his last breath to sustain its constitutionality, and Cordell Hull is father of the present income-tax law, part of the Underwood bill, most assuredly a proud record for the Old Volunteer State.

Democratic opinion in the House on the tariff ranged all the way from Beltshoover of Pennsylvania and certain other members who were as much high protectionists as Reed, Dingley, Burrows, and Payne to out-and-out free-traders, Tom L. Johnson, William Bourke Cockran, and John DeWitt Warner being the leading lights in that small but select company. The extremists at both ends of the line gave Chairman Wilson much trouble, but the bulk of the Democrats supported him loyally on most items of the bill. What he and they wanted was to enact a tariff law which would raise sufficient revenue, distributing the burden as evenly as possible. He found the road to a tariff for revenue only as hard as the Jordan Road to travel. Out of it all, with unfailing courtesy and patience equal to Job's, he got a bill which measurably complied with Democratic desire and expectation. Had his bill become a law, and had it become a law early enough for people to appreciate its workings, many of

the Democratic Congressional victims of the landslide in 1894 would have been re-elected—perhaps enough to have controlled the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress; but alack and alas! the Senate, which was Democratic nominally by the narrowest of margins—really non-Democratic—changed it for the worse in almost every feature, and, what was more disastrous, the Senate did not pass any bill at all until late in August, while the business of the country was going to the dogs by reason of the uncertainty of what would be in the bill when it became a law. Doctor Johnson said in his famous epitaph on Goldsmith that "he touched nothing that he did not adorn," so it may be truly said that the Senate touched no part of the Wilson Tariff bill that it did not injure—from the standpoint of men who believed in a tariff for revenue.

At that time a full Senate consisted of eighty-eight members, but there were three vacancies, and so the Senate stood forty-four Democrats, thirty-eight Republicans, and three Farmers' Alliance men. The Democrats had a majority of only three in the Senate, and could also rely on the vote of Vice-President Stevenson. Consequently, about all a Senator, particularly a Democratic Senator, had to do to raise the tariff on any item in which he or his constituents had an interest was to make his demand coupled with a threat, veiled or unveiled, that if he did not secure all he wanted he would vote against the bill. The leaders in that sort of work were Senator David Bennett Hill, of New York, and Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, two of the most astute of mortals and among the most skilful of politicians. They were men of great experience in public affairs, Hill having been mayor of Elmira, a member of the Legislature, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor for three terms, as well as a strong contender for the presidential nomination. He was a disciple of Samuel J. Tilden, who was a disciple of

Martin Van Buren, who was a disciple of Aaron Burr. Senator Gorman had been a United States Senator for many years, besides having held many minor offices in state and nation. He had been in politics all his life, beginning as a Senate page—a position secured through the kindness of Stephen A. Douglas, one of the greatest men of his time, and who has received a very cold deal in history. Being very prominent in the national committee in 1884, Gorman was accorded the lion's share of the credit for Cleveland's first election, but subsequently their relations became badly strained—a fact pregnant with woe for Democrats. Most Democrats had a warm place in their hearts for Gorman—especially Southern Democrats—because they believed that he, more than any other man, had defeated the Force bill—which they both hated and dreaded. He was generally considered of presidential stature. In 1894 Gorman was one of the three handsomest men I ever saw. He had a Greek head and face, and his mind had all the sinuosities of the Greek intellect. He was in the prime of manly beauty, at the zenith of influence and fame. He was universally regarded as the tactician and strategist-in-chief of the Senate Democrats. While not an orator, he was a forceful speaker and a masterful organizer of men. In Maryland he was supreme. His discomfited enemies dubbed him "Boss" and charged him with being the owner and operator of a machine which he ran with utter ruthlessness; but he pursued the even tenor of his way unruffled by their rancor and abuse—bland, courteous, kind, successful.

Hill was new to the Senate, but a veteran in politics. He was referred to as a possible, even a probable, President. These two men—Gorman and Hill—joined hands to remodel the Wilson bill to suit their fancy—both animated by a cordial dislike of President Cleveland. Ranged with them were Senator Murphy of Troy, New

York, whose specialty as to tariff matters was collars and cuffs—whom President Cleveland had endeavored to have defeated for the Senate—and Senator James Smith, Jr., of Newark, New Jersey, a city with more sorts of manufacturing industries than any other city in America. Senator Smith was rated as a millionaire manufacturer of patent leather, was engaged in several other kinds of business, employing hundreds of men, and enjoyed the reputation of being generous to his employees and a public-spirited citizen. Senator Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, and the Louisiana Senators generally co-operated with Gorman, Hill, Smith, and Murphy.

Parenthetically I saw and heard Senator Gorman on one occasion, when his conduct and words convinced me —by subsequent reflection—that he was an exceedingly wise man.

While the war with Spain was brewing, every few days some House Democrat would move, or try to move, to recognize the Cuban Republic, or something of the sort. One morning we lacked only thirty-four votes of succeeding. Many Republicans were growing restless and uneasy—and in increasing numbers. After the vote was taken certain Republicans came to us and said that unless President McKinley did thus and so in a week eighteen of them at least would vote with us, which would have given us one majority. Such a definite proposition as that on such a serious subject could not be ignored. Somebody carried the news over to the Senate. Just as the House was adjourning that evening a Senate page ran in and told Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, Democratic House leader, that the Democratic Senators on the Committee on Foreign Relations were having a meeting in the rooms of Senator Jones of Arkansas, and for him to come over with the Democratic members of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and any other Democratic members he desired. Twenty-

five Democratic Senators and Representatives met together for consultation on the important question as to whether the House Democrats should join with the disgruntled House Republicans and pass a resolution recognizing the Cuban Republic—which meant war. Senator Gorman presided informally. Of the twenty-five men present twenty-two were unqualifiedly in favor of the alliance, one was on the fence, and Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, who fought valiantly in the Confederate Army for four years, and who bore several honorable scars, bluntly and briefly declared that the plan was absolutely nonsensical and that he was against it.

Gorman listened to us all, and wound up the meeting in these words: "I will tell you gentlemen what you are about to do. You are going to join hands with a lot of sorehead Republicans to force a war upon a President who does not want war—a war bound to be ended in a hundred days by the complete triumphs of American arms. All the glory thereof will redound to President McKinley and the Republican administration. People will forget that you Democrats practically forced it, and will give you no credit. The war will furnish the President with ten thousand fat offices with which to satisfy Republicans heretofore disappointed as to patronage. The Democratic party will be effaced from the map, and I'll be damned if I will be a party to any such idiocy!" He hit the bull's-eye, and no mistake. During our sixteen years of wandering in the wilderness without manna and without quail I often thought of that sententious and prophetic utterance.

After sore travail the Senate passed its bill, or, more properly speaking, passed the Wilson bill with several hundred amendments, and sent it back to us. In effect the Wilson bill had been chopped into mincemeat. The original Wilson bill, loaded down and disfigured by the Senate amendments, was turned over to the tender

mercies of the conferees. They had an unseemly wrangle lasting many weeks. After much weary waiting, a conference report was brought in which at first the House, under the lead of Mr. Chairman Wilson, rejected. More conferring—more wrangling. Pending this, Mr. Cleveland wrote his celebrated "Dishonor and Party Perfidy" letter to Chairman Wilson, which rendered "confusion worse confounded." Finally the House surrendered to the Senate, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and swallowed the nauseous mess, hook, line, and sinker, most Democrats figuratively holding their noses, a few brave souls, such as Tom L. Johnson, voting against it. The bill was sent to the President, who in high dudgeon declined to sign it. He sulked for ten days, thereby permitting it to become a law without his signature. Congress loafed during the ten days in order that the bill might become a law, for if the President did not sign it and Congress adjourned before the ten days expired, the bill would fail to become a law. Had Mr. Cleveland signed it promptly when sent to him, at least fifty Democratic Representatives who were defeated by narrow margins—of whom I was one—would have been re-elected. So soon as the bill became a law times began to improve, and ten days more of improvement would have helped largely at the election. As it was, we had to face a people disheartened by the panic and angry from disappointment. We had to carry the odium of the bad features forced into the bill in the Senate, and had everywhere to meet the presidential charge that we had acted with "dishonor and party perfidy." The result was inevitable. The Republicans carried every close district such as mine and many which in 1890 and 1892 had given large Democratic majorities. They achieved a sweeping victory, converting a big Democratic majority in the House of the Fifty-third Congress into a Republican majority of enormous proportions in the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress.

The Senate was also transformed into a Republican body. So, during the last half of his second term Mr. Cleveland "had on his hands a Congress" Republican in both branches.

In the retrospect, it seems to me that, had the President and the Congress started out deliberately to turn the government back to the Republicans—which of course they did not—they could not have devised a plan better than the one pursued.

It was inevitable that during the short session of the Fifty-third Congress the Democrats, after such a thorough drubbing, should be sore and in wretched humor, wrangling, jangling, snapping, quarreling about anything and everything.

As the Breckenridge-Heard row was the most stormy scene that I witnessed in the House during that short session, and as both men were my personal friends, I propose to describe it exactly as I saw and heard it, premising with the statement that while it was an affair to be regretted all round, Breckinridge and Heard both acted in such a way as to convince all men of their physical courage and good common sense.

It was district day, and Heard, as chairman of the District Committee, was entitled to the right of way. Heard, as a matter of courtesy, yielded to Governor McCreary of Kentucky, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to make a conference report, not to be debated and to consume not over twenty minutes. But, in submitting his report, Mr. Chairman McCreary made a few remarks which provoked others in reply, and thus over an hour of Heard's committee's time was consumed. Others wanted to speak, among them Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge. In defense of his committee, and on the advice of many leading members, Heard opposed further debate on McCreary's report and demanded the previous question. Whereupon he and Colonel Breckenridge

got into a conversation which constantly grew hotter, until both men got mad.

Heard exclaimed, "It is better for the House to transact the necessary business of the committee than to give the gentleman an opportunity to make a buncombe speech."

Breckinridge shouted, "You are a dirty pup!"

Heard replied, "You are a d——d liar!"

Then bedlam broke loose. Every member was on his feet in an instant. Colonel Breckinridge left his seat, walked down the aisle, crossed the area in front of the Speaker's stand, and started up the big aisle toward Heard's seat. Colonel Breckinridge was about five feet ten, stockily built, weighed about two hundred, was very muscular, and not past his prime. His full beard was the color of snow, and his face, always rubicund, was flaming scarlet that morning. He had the finest head of yellowish-white hair in America, and it floated in the breeze like the plume of Navarre. Like a mad bull he was endeavoring to get to the Missourian, who, slender, frail, and erect as an Indian, stood in his place calmly awaiting the infuriated Kentuckian. Heard looks more like a Methodist bishop and talks less like one than any other man in America.

I never knew what was going through Heard's head at that trying moment, but as he evidently was no match for Breckinridge in a slugging-match, and as he clearly meant to meet him, my private opinion always has been, and is now, that he fully intended to stick a knife into his antagonist as soon as he was close enough. Several members interposed. Speaker Crisp was white with rage, and pounded his desk with his gavel so viciously that the head flew off and hit the abdomen of a page, who was the only person damaged in the flesh. Crisp yelled for the sergeant-at-arms. It took several minutes to arouse that somnolent official. In the mean time the big

aisle was a whirling, swirling, howling mass of Congressional humanity. Above the roar rose the Speaker's voice, shouting: "The sergeant-at-arms will arrest those men and bring them to the bar of the House."

At last Col. Ike Hill seized the mace—his badge of authority—nicknamed "the silver buzzard" by the irreverent, and rushed up the aisle. The most active man he saw was Lafe Pence, of Colorado, who was then not much bigger than Tom Thumb, and who was holding, like a bull-terrier, one of Colonel Breckinridge's huge arms and was being flopped around in the air by the enraged Kentuckian. So Colonel Ike seized Lafe and dragged him down to the bar of the House. Lafe solemnly swore he'd never act as peacemaker again. Finally Breckinridge and Heard were led down to the Speaker's stand and asked to explain matters.

Colonel Breckinridge then made his statement, and concluded by saying: "The gentleman from Missouri should retract his remark, so offensive to me, for that cannot stand between the gentleman from Missouri and myself."

Colonel Heard made his statement, which he concluded as follows: "I simply did my duty in the matter, which gave offense to the gentleman from Kentucky, and without any purpose to slight him or any other individual member. He grossly insulted me, and by his offensive remarks provoked my retort, of which he complains. Believing myself justified in using the language I did, I will never withdraw nor qualify it until he withdraws that which furnished the provocation."

Thus it will be seen that their explanations did not explain, and there were still great gobs of blood on the moon. As everybody knew that both Heard and Breckinridge were "dead game," a street duel was expected, and all were anxious to avert it. I think the blessing vouchsafed to the peacemakers in the Sermon on

the Mount must forever rest on Alexander Monroe Dockery and Judge Goodnight, of Kentucky, for that day's work. Also on Colonel Hatch, Governor McCreary, Ashur Caruth, and Speaker Crisp. They prevented a shooting-scrape — perhaps a double homicide. While Breckinridge and Heard went on with their routine duties, the above-named gentlemen held peace conferences in the Speaker's room, and, after considering all the facts, circumstances, and language, it was agreed that Mr. Speaker Crisp should prepare a statement of the matter. This he did with such skill, friendliness, and judicial fairness that both the belligerents accepted it like men and without a murmur. In pursuance of the arrangement and program effected by Speaker Crisp, Dockery, McCreary, and others, late in the afternoon, Colonel Breckinridge arose and made a most graceful and happy speech, "asking pardon of the House, including the gentleman from Missouri." It was handsomely done, amid universal applause. Heard as handsomely responded, as generously retracted, and was as warmly applauded. At the conclusion of his remarks he went over to Breckinridge's seat, and Breckinridge met him in the aisle, where they cordially shook hands.

Heard said, "Billy, when men's beards get as gray as yours and mine, they ought to have more sense than to quarrel like boys."

"Yes, John," replied Breckinridge, "but it sometimes seems to me that the grayer we get the less sense we have."

In this happy manner—entirely honorable to both—ended a decidedly ugly quarrel. Somebody moved that all reference to the trouble be omitted from *The Record*, and it was so ordered. Thus Peace spread her white wings over the House, and all was again lovely and serene.

The next day it so happened that almost under Colonel Breckinridge's nose two members were on the verge of

fisticuffs. The venerable Kentuckian rose and, stretching out his hands after the fashion of Reverend Doctor Chadband blessing his people, in dramatic manner commanded the peace. The House broke into a roar of laughter and applause, and "grim-visaged War smoothed her wrinkled front."

CHAPTER XIII

Gorman, Cleveland, Vest, Harris, Jones, Wilson, Hill, Breckenridge, and Others—Free Documents—Pensions.

DEMOCRATIC senatorial leaders always claimed that they secured by their amendments, not all the tariff reform they wanted, but all that was possible under the peculiar circumstances. Senator Hill placed his opposition to the Tariff bill avowedly on the ground of the income-tax feature. He offered, if that were eliminated, to join heartily with his brother Democratic Senators in making the best tariff bill possible, but so long as that was retained he would fight it to the end—and he did. It was retained, and he never did vote for it. Hamilcar, so the histories relate, took his young son Hannibal and made him swear, with his hand on the altar, eternal enmity to Rome. From Senator Hill's words and acts it may be fairly assumed that he had sworn eternal enmity to the income tax.

His defection reduced the Democratic voting strength on the Tariff bill in the Senate to forty-three—precisely the number required to pass a bill.

Cleveland's friends claimed that Hill's opposition to the bill grew out of his animosity to the President. Their feud was entirely personal, and was as bitter as that of Blaine and Conkling. Just how it began nobody appears to know. Here are some admitted facts which throw some light on the vexed and vexing subject.

In 1882 Cleveland and Hill ran on the same ticket for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of New York, re-

spectively. Both were elected by enormous majorities, but Hill led Cleveland by about eight thousand votes. The chances are that that apparently insignificant fact, little noted at the time, planted in their hearts the seeds of mutual hatred. When Cleveland became President in 1885, Hill succeeded him as Governor, and remained in that position by election until the first day of January, 1892, to take his seat in the Senate. His term in the Senate began technically March 4, 1891, but he so thoroughly detested the Lieutenant-Governor, Jones (of "Jones: He pays the freight" fame), who would have become Governor had he resigned sooner, that he clung to the governorship until his regularly elected successor was inaugurated. In 1888 Cleveland, Democratic nominee for President, lost New York, and with it the Presidency, by fourteen thousand votes, while Hill was reelected Governor of New York by nineteen thousand plurality.

Thus was fuel added to the flames. Cleveland's friends loudly asserted that Hill had knifed him, and many of them believe it to this day, though Hill said repeatedly during the campaign that if either he or Cleveland had to be defeated, let it be himself.

In 1892 both Cleveland, then a private citizen, and Hill, a United States Senator, were candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination. The New York Democratic State Committee called a convention to meet at Albany February 22d, to select delegates to the Chicago National Convention, and the delegates were instructed for Hill and to vote under the unit rule. I have always thought that the outstanding feature of that state convention was that Governor-Senator Hill, in his speech of thanks, quoted the opening lines of Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, lead Thou me on!"

The Clevelanders immediately set up the cry of "snap

convention"! And it rang throughout the land. They sent a contesting delegation to the national convention. The members were never seated, but they talked a great deal, thereby aiding materially in nominating Cleveland —the only man ever nominated for President without the vote of his own state.

All men knew that Senator Hill was a masterful tactician, strategist, and organizer, but nobody expected him to become one of the most powerful debaters in the Senate, and yet that was precisely what he did.

David B. Hill was one of the most masterful politicians the Empire State ever produced. Being a bachelor, he devoted his whole life to law and politics in about equal proportions, and succeeded in both fields. While not an Apollo Belvedere, he was a good-looking man, about five feet seven or eight inches tall, weighing about one hundred and sixty-five, with jet-black hair, mustache, and eyes, and olive complexion. He was very bald, which, strange to say, did not make him look old. He was graceful in action, gracious in manner, with a countenance of unusual shrewdness. He was a bitter fighter, which was demonstrated when, after long contests, he defeated two of Mr. Cleveland's New York nominees for positions on the Supreme Bench, claiming boldly and bluntly that they were not good Democrats. "It's an ill wind that blows good to nobody." President Cleveland grew weary of nominating New-Yorkers for Senator Hill to butcher, so he nominated Senator Edward D. White, of Louisiana, now the revered and well-beloved Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

During the long-drawn-out fight on the conference report on the Tariff bill, I witnessed a most thrilling and dramatic scene in the Senate—a hot trial of a question of veracity betwixt President Cleveland on the one side and Senators Gorman, Harris, Vest, Jones of Arkansas, and Voorhees on the other. It came about in this wise:

When it became apparent that no bill except the Senate bill could be passed, Senators Jones, Harris, and Voorhees claimed to have interviewed President Cleveland and Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, recognized as the head tariff reformer in America, and to have submitted the case to them, and that they both advised the acceptance of the proposed Senate amendments rather than to get no Tariff bill at all.

Senator Vest did not claim to have interviewed Cleveland, but vowed that he would never have agreed to the Senate amendments had he not been assured that they were acceptable to the President and to Mr. Secretary Carlisle. So, believing these men had helped add the Senate amendments to the House bill. On August 19th the bill was still in conference. On that day Mr. Chairman Wilson had read in the House the President's famous "Party Dishonor and Perfidy" letter, dated August 2d, in which hot shot was poured into the Senate Democrats for placing in the bill the Senate amendments which the aforementioned Senators vehemently asserted that the President and Secretary Carlisle had agreed to accept. The President's letter, and the claims of the Senators as to what he and Carlisle had said to them, raised a question of veracity. So on August 23d Senator Gorman delivered a most scathing and scorching speech about the bad faith or lack of veracity of the President. It was vehement, caustic, and blistering. In the midst of it he called on Senators Vest, Harris, and Jones to corroborate his statements, which they did promptly with most astounding emphasis. It was a most remarkable performance.

In his speech the great Marylander referred to Senator Hill as playing the rôle of Iago. The next day Senator Hill gave this amusing and brilliant adaptation of the death scene in "Julius Cæsar"—as good use as was made of any of the Shakespeare plays in debate, equaling if

not exceeding the use which both Hayne and Webster made of "Macbeth" in their famous debate. Senator Hill said: "Mr. President, I have thus discharged my duty from my standpoint. The Senator from Maryland yesterday started to describe me as the Iago of Shakespeare, and then he withdrew the comparison. That reminds me of the senatorial conspiracy of years ago in the Roman Senate, when a senatorial cabal conspired to assassinate the great Roman emperor. If I were disposed to make comparisons I might speak of the distinguished Senator from Maryland as the 'lean and hungry Cassius.' [Laughter.] You recollect what Cæsar said of him. He said, 'He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.' [Laughter.]

"I might speak of the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Jones] as Marcus Brutus—'honest Brutus.' Right here I want to say a word. During all the tariff debate, during all the preparation of this bill, that Senator has exhibited most wonderful patience and sagacity; he has treated every citizen and every Senator with the greatest respect. No matter how this debate may terminate, no matter whether this bill passes or not, I say the Senator from Arkansas—and in paying this compliment I do not discriminate against any one else—has won the esteem and respect of his countrymen everywhere. I will call him 'honest Brutus.' Cassius I have already referred to. [Laughter.] Casca was the distinguished Senator who struck the first blow last Friday [Mr. Vest]. Trebonius, the Senator from Indiana [Mr. Voorhees]—testy, probably a little petulant—'good Trebonius.' Metellus Cimber, the distinguished Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Harris]. [Laughter.]

"Mr. President, when yesterday they stabbed at our President and sought to strike him down, they made the same plea as did the conspirators of old, that they struck for Rome—for their country. They said they did

it, not that they loved Cæsar less, but that they loved Rome more; not that they love their President less, but that they love their party and this Senate bill more. [Laughter.] I can say with Mark Antony:

> "What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
> That made them do it; they are wise and honorable."

(Laughter and applause on the floor and in the galleries.)

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whose profession, as stated by him in his autobiography in *The Congressional Directory*, is "Literature," is much in the habit of adorning his speeches with quotations from the poets. While in the House, in a bitterly contested election case from Alabama he said, among other things: "We have testimony, for instance, in the city of Selma, that nine men voted who were not there. Most of them were dead. We know, sir, on the highest literary authority that

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The sheeted dead did much better than that in Selma, Alabama—they voted."

Farther along, commenting on the fact that a man named Elam was recorded as voting, though he was murdered some months before, the Senator made this pat quotation:

> "The time has been
> That when the brains were out the man would die,
> And there an end. But now they rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools: This is more strange
> Than such a murder is."

WILLIAM L. WILSON

The French had a confirmed fashion of nicknaming their kings. Charles Martel means Charles the Hammer; Charlemagne, Charles the Great; Louis the Ninth is always Saint Louis; Louis the Fourteenth, Le Grand Monarque; Louis the Sixteenth, Louis the Locksmith, and Louis the Eighteenth, Louis the Hog.

Then there were Charles the Bold, Charles the Fat, Charles the Mad, Charles the Simple, Charles the Bald, Charles the Wise, Charles the Victorious, John the Good, Philip the Fair, Louis the Pious, and Louis the Lion.

The first of the Bonapartes is the "Last of the Cæsars," the "Little Corporal," the "Man of Destiny," and "Napoleon the Great," while Victor Hugo, in order to even up things in history with Louis Napoleon for the butchery of December, whereby he overthrew the Republic and established the Second Empire, dubbed him "Napoleon the Little."

Of all the titles ever bestowed upon a French ruler, that most to be desired is the one given to Louis the Fifteenth of "Louis Bien Aimé"—"Louis the Well Beloved."

William L. Wilson was the well beloved, indeed the best beloved, in the House of the Fifty-third Congress. He was chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means and therefore ex-officio Democratic floor leader.

If he had an enemy on the whole face of the earth, I never heard of it. I don't see how he could have. Brave as a lion, he was gentle as a woman. In his youth a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, he never alluded to that bloody and heroic chapter in our annals. Most assuredly he did not belong to that large and constantly increasing army of heroes, "invisible in war and invincible in peace." With fame world-wide, he was as unassuming as the plainest citizen of the farthest backwoods.

With opportunities for growing rich beyond the dreams

of avarice by prostituting his high position to personal gain, he was still poor when he died, and had not Mr. Cleveland taken him into his official family, after ten years of most distinguished service in Congress, he would have been compelled to begin his law practice over again in the mountains of West Virginia.

Since the long agony of Garfield, the sickness of no man has produced such widespread sympathy as that of the chairman of Ways and Means. A sympathizing nation watched by his bedside in spirit when he was at death's door in a foreign land. Since Blaine met his Waterloo in November, 1884, the defeat of no candidate has created such universal sorrow as did Wilson's. In hundreds of thousands of homes it was not only regarded as a public calamity, but as a personal bereavement.

Twice in his career Mr. Wilson's experience has demonstrated that defeat for office is sometimes a blessing in disguise, as in each instance he was promoted—just as the purblind politicians who gerrymandered William McKinley out of a seat in Congress helped considerably in making him President.

Years ago Wilson was beaten for the nomination for Circuit judge by Charles James Faulkner, afterward United States Senator from West Virginia. Soon after that mishap he was sent to Congress. Had he succeeded in securing a place upon the woolsack no doubt he would have made an able and upright judge, but his reputation would have been circumscribed to a comparatively small area.

After the tariff barons boodled his district he was elevated to the Cabinet, the most popular of all Mr. Cleveland's appointments.

Mr. Wilson enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being a graduate of old Virginia University—the great nursery of Southern statesmen; of having been a professor in the Columbian University at Washington, as well as presi-

dent of the University of West Virginia, and of having declined the presidency of both the University of Missouri and the University of Texas. In this regard his career resembles and eclipses those of John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, and James A. Garfield. After going out of the Cabinet, he became president of Washington and Lee University, and died in that high position.

It would have been nothing but fair for Missouri to have taken Mr. Wilson for her own, as she has contributed to West Virginia's roll of statesmen two Governors—Jacob and MacCorkle—and four Senators of the United States—Hereford, Kenna, Elkins, and Sutherland.

Mr. Wilson had one of the most wonderful memories ever possessed by any human being since the days of Cyrus the Great, who is said to have known the name of every man in his vast armies. I do not believe that astounding tale about Cyrus. It is too much for human credulity.

Among Mr. Wilson's most precious keepsakes was a small gold watch, presented to him when a child at a Baptist Sunday-school, as a prize for committing to memory the entire Book of Proverbs. As a task in mnemonics I would rather undertake to memorize the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and all the Epistles. Somebody once sagely remarked that the dictionary was a very interesting work, but that "it changed subjects too often." That's precisely the difficulty with King Solomon's Proverbs when one undertakes to learn them by heart. If any person who is proud of his memory doubts the truth of this, let him try it.

In personal appearance Mr. Wilson was much more the profound scholar than the ideal statesman. Slender, graceful, not above the middle stature, with an exquisitely shaped head, a Greek nose, a handsome, genial, kindly face, dark, laughing eyes, a fine crown of iron-gray hair, and a long, drooping mustache, he would have

been picked out in any assembly by a judge of human nature as a man of great mental capacity and of highest intelligence. To see him pitted against "the Big One" from Maine, as he frequently was, always reminded me of the story of David and Goliath.

Wilson was as learned, as witty, and as humorous as Reed. He was more eloquent. Reed wielded the battle-ax; Wilson, the Damascus blade. He prepared his speeches with greater care and polished them more highly. In delivery he was more pleasing, in manner far more gracious and captivating.

The only reason why so many of his mots and repartees are not quoted is that by reason of his tenderness of heart he could not make up his mind to say a thing that hurt, while Reed had no sort of hesitancy in breaking bones. On the contrary, he delighted in seeing the wounded kick and flutter.

I have frequently witnessed Mr. Wilson speaking under great provocation, but I never heard him make but one sharp, biting, personal retort on his tormentors, and, such was his unconquerable amiability, that he stopped and recalled it instanter.

The dramatic element in oratory affects an audience perhaps more than any other. The greatest oratorical tournament this world ever saw was during the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

As a fitting climax to his spectacular speech, Sheridan managed to fall back in a fainting fit into the arms of Edmund Burke. Mr. Wilson was above any such histrionic trick as that; but at the conclusion of his closing speech on the original Wilson Tariff bill, before the senatorial artists had so carved it that its sponsors disowned it, there happened one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in any parliamentary body on earth when William J. Bryan, "the Boy Orator of the Platte," and Harry St. George Tucker, the young Virginia Hotspur, took the

brilliant West-Virginian on their shoulders—very much against his will—and carried him in triumph to the cloak-room, amid the plaudits of the members and the shouts of the galleries.

That was a great day for Wilson and the country—and that triumphal procession deserves to live on immortal canvas.

He was exceedingly sensitive. Isador Strauss, who went so gallantly to his death on the *Titanic*, served in the House of the Fifty-third Congress, and loved Wilson as a brother, told me this incident in 1912: He said that Wilson had worn himself out in his long and nerve-racking labors on the Tariff bill, and when he learned that President Cleveland was sore displeased with the results he broke down utterly, placed his arms on the table and his head on his arms, and cried like a child. Here was this delicately built man, who had faced death on a score of battle-fields from the first Manassas to Appomattox with unflinching courage, weeping copious tears because his political chief was not satisfied with what he had done, when as a matter of fact he had done the best he could under the circumstances, and with the men whose votes he had to have in order to pass any Tariff bill at all. I haven't even a shadow of doubt that his toil on that ill-starred bill and the pronounced disapproval with which it met, as evidenced by his own defeat and the slaughter of his friends, ruined his health and hastened his death—for he was still a young man when he went to join his fathers.

The question is often asked, "Do speeches ever change votes in Congress?" Since the sun set that day I have been prepared to answer that question emphatically in the affirmative. That thirty minutes' speech, and the indescribable and contagious enthusiasm it engendered, brought at least twenty kickers into line. It should be studied carefully by all budding statesmen and embryo

orators, as a model. When the roll was being called, as certain names were pronounced by the clerk and the responses were "aye," John DeWitt Warner, the great free-trader, said to me, "An hour ago those men had no more idea of voting for that bill than flying."

On that occasion Mr. Wilson had every conceivable motive to nerve him to the supreme effort of his life—ambition, rivalry, patriotism, love of truth, as fine an audience as the most fastidious could desire, and the certainty that the next morning his words would be published in every great daily printed in the English language.

Expectation was great, and the expectation was fully realized, for he spoke as one inspired. In that half-hour he established the high-water mark for eloquence, both for himself and the House of Representatives.

POPULAR DELUSION AS TO PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The government of the United States is the most extravagant that ever was or ever will be on earth—chiefly because this is the richest nation under the sun. Among other things, it maintains the biggest and best-equipped printing-office known among men since Gutenberg invented movable types.

Most persons believe that a Representative or Senator can get all the books, documents, speeches, and government publications he wants free—which is absolutely incorrect. Of books, documents, etc., each Representative has a certain quota, and no more—usually twenty-six. A Senator's quota is considerably larger. So far as speeches made in the House or Senate are concerned, the government prints them in the daily *Congressional Record*, of which each Representative has fifty-one placed to his credit—a Senator a few more; but if either a Senator or a Representative desires copies of his own speech or somebody else's, he must pay for them out of his own

pocket. He may have them printed at the Government Printing Office or elsewhere, and it is considerably cheaper to have them printed elsewhere, as the Government Printing Office figures on a basis of ten per cent. net profit to the government. During my first term a certain editor, not in my own district, not even in my own state, wrote me asking that I send him ten thousand copies of another man's long speech. He was so ignorant as to believe that the government prints speeches free. I declined, on the ground that they would cost at least one hundred dollars and that I was too poor to afford it. I explained the whole thing to him in as kind a manner as possible, but it made a mortal enemy of him and he has never lost an opportunity to assail or slander me since. He is now holding a fat Federal job!

Of all the books ever published by the government, *The Horse Book* was the most popular. It is now out of print. I once gained a lawsuit by reason of having read that book. A man drove a livery-stable horse to death and declined to pay for him. I brought suit for the liveryman, and we tried the case before a justice of the peace, where, as the saying is, "everything goes." The defense was that the horse died of the bots. It is generally believed that bots eat through the walls of a horse's stomach and kill him; but *The Horse Book* says that all horses raised in the country, and over three years old, have bots, which do them no harm. As soon as the horse dies, however, they eat through the walls of the stomach. Hence the popular fallacy that bots kill horses. I read that chapter to the jury, thereby securing a verdict for my client.

During my first year in Congress I had an experience about the *Agricultural Year-Books* which cost me several good dollars and cut my wisdom teeth—on that subject at least. I had never read one in my life. I took as sober truth the frequent assertion of newspapers that they

were flat, stale, and unprofitable—dry as a powder-house, fit only to be used as a soporific, a sure cure for insomnia. It so happens that a Representative's quota of the *Year-Books* is the largest of all books—nine hundred and ninety-four. As tutored by the newspapers, I regarded the *Year-Books* as a nuisance, never dreaming that anybody actually wanted them. So I told my secretary to send them to the first nine hundred and ninety-four farmers he could think of—which he did. Then I had a sad and sudden awakening. I began to receive requests for them. I went down to a second-hand-book store and bought copies to supply the demand, which continued until I purchased four hundred. I then bought one for myself and read it. To my utter surprise I found it what Horace Greeley called "very interesting reading." Since that expensive experience I keep my quota of the *Agricultural Year-Book* in stock until they are called for, and I read them religiously.

Once upon a time an amusing thing to the public, an aggravating thing to Col. R. H. Bodine, then Representative in Congress from the Second Missouri District, happened to him, touching Chickens bulletins. The Agricultural Department issued a bulletin on chickens, illustrated with fine pictures of a trio of every known breed of chickens. Colonel Bodine distributed his quota of bulletins to the housewives of his bailiwick. One of his constituents, Major Henry A. Newman, was an incorrigible joker, a political enemy to Bodine. So he informed the people that the pictures of the chickens in the bulletin were pictures of the chickens which the government was distributing free, and all they had to do to secure a trio of any breed desired was to write Colonel Bodine, who would promptly and gladly send on the poultry. The consequence was that Colonel Bodine was flooded with letters asking for chickens until his "condition was rendered intolerable"—to use the phraseology of divorce

statutes and petitions. It kept himself and his clerk on the jump for several weeks, writing letters explaining that the government was not engaged in the free coinage of poultry, and that therefore he had no chickens to send them. The situation was growing tense and serious, when it leaked out that Major Newman was at the bottom of the scheme. Then the whole thing ended in a loud guffaw throughout the district.

Incidentally, and as a palpable *non sequitur*, it may be stated that the bulletins of the Agricultural Department are among the most popular of government publications.

If when I first came to Congress I had known that I was destined to remain in the House half a lifetime, and had preserved all the queer letters I have received, publishing them in a book precisely as they were written, they would have made a unique and interesting volume. Some of the requests are amazing.

Most of the things printed in *The Congressional Record*, or as public documents or in book shape, are valuable if they could only be delivered to the persons interested in the subjects treated. Of course the privilege of printing in *The Congressional Record* and in the shape of documents and books is abused.

One of the most glaring abuses was in printing the so-called Jefferson Bible in full red Turkey morocco. Of this document each Representative's quota was twenty-six. I had at least two thousand requests for it. People were led to believe, by the hullaballoo in the newspapers, that it was a newly discovered book written on the subject of religion by Thomas Jefferson, touching whose religious opinions there is an unending controversy. But he never wrote a word of this so-called Jefferson Bible. What he did do was to cut all the sayings of Jesus out of a Greek Testament, a Latin Testament, a French Testament, and an English Testament, printing them in four columns side by side in a blank-book. The reason he

did that was, he said, that what Jesus said was all right, but that the apostles and disciples muddled it. Any one who could read the four languages could have duplicated his performance, and the Jefferson Bible could be of no sort of use to any one who could not read the four languages aforementioned. By order of the House, however, it was printed as a public document. In the upper left-hand corner of the wrapper, in great block type, were printed these words: "The Morals of Jesus, by Thomas Jefferson."

An aggravating feature was that if you put a dozen copies in the mail without registering them, you were fortunate if half reached those for whom they were intended.

For a long time I was opposed to members printing in *The Record* words, editorials, articles, and speeches not delivered in the House; but I finally changed my mind on that subject. I concluded that it was preferable to let them be printed rather than be compelled to listen to them.

Another reason why I changed my opinion in this matter is that some speeches of much value, printed in *The Congressional Record*, were never delivered in Congress, the most remarkable case perhaps being the famous Silver speech of John G. Carlisle, most frequently quoted of all his speeches. He wrote it in the quietude of his library and inserted it in *The Record* under "a blanket leave to print" granted to all members on a particular bill.

LIBERALITY AND MISTAKEN PUBLIC OPINION AS TO PENSIONS

The Federal government is the most liberal one on the face of the earth in granting pensions—too liberal, many persons say. It is a huge pension roll and it requires vast sums of money to pay the veterans their stipends.

It goes without saying that a country which steadfastly refuses to maintain a large standing army must have a liberal pension system for her volunteer soldiers.

A great many people believe that a large percentage of the men drawing pensions are not entitled to them. No doubt there are some, but after twenty-five years in an official position, which tends to make one familiar with the facts, I am of the opinion that the number drawing pensions who are not doing so rightfully is somewhat exaggerated. Appearances are frequently deceptive—decidedly so in this matter as in many others. So are the records.

It is said that "an open confession is good for the soul." I am willing to make one. Prior to entering Congress I had never paid any attention to the pension question. I had so often heard it said that a large percentage of pensions should not be allowed that naturally I believed it. Consequently, as soon as I was elected I began to save up material for an anti-pension speech, which material I have yet—unused and never to be used. I went to Washington, kept my ears open, listened to the discussion of private pension bills, and discovered, very much to my surprise, that the beneficiaries of most of the bills were entitled to pensions, but were shut out by some technicality. For instance, the law then provided for a service of ninety days. Of course there had to be a general rule on the subject, and the rule read ninety days. It happened that an entire battalion, recruited in my district, served eighty-nine days. Now I defy anybody to show any substantial reason why an eighty-nine days' man was not as much entitled to a pension as a ninety days' man—the cases being on all-fours in other respects. That's an example of how a deserving soldier might be shut out by technicalities. I observed other facts of similar tenor, and began to examine with an open mind into the case of each applicant from my bailiwick, and

where there was merit in the claim I attended to it, and by so doing have kept several old soldiers and soldiers' widows out of the almshouse and have ameliorated the condition of many more and of many orphan children—for all of which I ask nobody's pardon.

Here are some interesting and enlightening experiences which I have had. At Louisiana, Missouri, lived an ex-soldier of the Civil War, named Frederick Wiseman. He was over six feet in his stockings, weighed over two hundred, and appeared perfect physically. He was as fine a specimen of physical man for his age, apparently, as could be found. He was drawing a small pension and asked me to secure an increase. One day I met him on the street, and he said: "You think that because I am a smashing-big man that there's nothing the matter with me, but I am so badly ruptured on both sides that I hardly ever walk the few blocks from my home to my office, or back again, without being compelled to dodge out of sight to arrange my truss." I investigated his statement and found it to be absolutely true. Then the only question to be settled was whether his rupture was of service origin.

One day in the long ago, when I was a candidate for the first office I ever held—city attorney of Louisiana, Missouri—I was down at the Chicago & Alton R. R. depot, and was introduced to Tom Folwell as "Captain" Folwell, who was working on the section. I noticed that he had a bad squint in one eye. When my friend who had introduced us and I got out of ear-shot, I inquired why he called Folwell captain. "Because he was a captain, and what's more he is one of the real heroes of the Civil War." Then he told me that Folwell was the first man who took a transport past Vicksburg, and that General Grant promoted him from the ranks to a captaincy for that hazardous performance. He explained that the way Folwell came to have that squint in his eye was

that when the Confederates were bombarding his transport a cannon-ball hit it, knocking the timbers to pieces, and that a splinter hit Folwell in the eye, giving it that permanent squint. For many years the injury simply disfigured him without damaging his eyesight, but as he grew older he began to go blind in that eye. During my early service in Congress he was advised by a "mutual friend" to ask my assistance in securing him a pension; but in that far-away day political lines were sharply drawn in Missouri. I was a Democratic Congressman and Captain Folwell was a stanch Republican, and his reply to our friend's kindly suggestion was that there was no use in applying to me, because he knew that I would do nothing for him. I kept on going to Congress, and his eye, together with his health, got worse and worse. So, after I had been in Congress several years he wrote me asking that I introduce a special bill for him, which I did gladly, because I believed he was honestly entitled to it; but it was too late. I secured the passage of the bill through the House, but he died before it could be passed through the Senate. If Captain Folwell had served under Napoleon and had performed such a feat as he performed at Vicksburg, he would have been decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In Bowling Green, Missouri, lived an old soldier named Preston, a plasterer by trade, who had been a private in an Illinois regiment. He was an intense Republican, possessed a considerable gift of speech, and during campaigns would make political speeches in the small towns and school-houses. To him all Democrats—particularly myself—were anathema. He laid on and spared not; but as old age came creeping on him he began to go blind. He applied to the Pension Office for a pension, and was refused. Here was his case: At Resaca, or Kenesaw Mountain, or somewhere in that campaign, the Confederate batteries were, from high ground, shelling the

Federals. The brigade to which Preston belonged was ordered to lie down in order to escape injury. While he was lying on his stomach a shell exploded above him and a piece of it made a bad raking wound in his hip, tearing the flesh and fracturing the bone. Hence his failing vision. The Pension Office doctors, however, declared there was no possible connection between a wound in his hip and his eyesight, and laughed him to scorn. So he came to me as a *dernier ressort*, notwithstanding his verbal assaults upon me in his stump speeches. He related his story as I have given it above, and, knowing very little about anatomy, I told him that I agreed with the Pension Office doctors that his hip injury was in no way responsible for his blindness. He asked me if I would believe what Doctor Reynolds, the oldest physician in town, also the leading Republican, would say. I indicated my faith in any diagnosis Doctor Reynolds would make. So we went to see him. He was a plain, blunt man of wide experience and positive opinions. He "cussed" the Pension Office doctors through all the colors of the rainbow as a job lot of ignoramuses, swore that Preston's blindness was caused by the nervous shock of the shell-wound in his hip, and promptly made affidavit to that effect. Two other local physicians did the same thing.

I took the affidavits, and when the Congress opened I introduced a private bill for him. One day I sat down by Gen. David B. Henderson, a splendid gentleman of Iowa, subsequently Speaker of the House. He was just out of a hospital, where a section of his leg had been amputated. He gave me his experience. At Corinth a rifle-ball went through his ankle, and the amputation was made a few inches above the wound. Necrosis of the bone set in, and his leg was thereafter amputated piecemeal every few years. He said that when the surgeons were preparing to make the last operation they debated

as to whether they would amputate his leg at the hip-joint, but abandoned that idea because ninety per cent. of those upon whom that operation is performed die of the shock—the hip-joint being the second largest nerve center in the body. General Henderson's statement confirmed me in the belief of the correctness of Doctor Reynolds's diagnosis. I went out and got Preston's bill reported. The very morning I was going to call it up for passage I received a telegram from Doctor Reynolds saying that the night before Preston had suddenly died of total paralysis—which vindicated his diagnosis of the case.

In my home town there lived a Union soldier named Foley, who had a long, deep scar across his face and the upper part of his nose. He was a painter by trade—an industrious man. When he was nearly sixty he began to go blind. He applied for a pension on the ground that the cut on his face—which he alleged was made by a Confederate saber—was the cause of his failing eyesight. The Pension Office rejected his claim by reason of the fact that he had no hospital record. He came to me to secure the passage of a private pension bill for him. I told him why the Pension Office turned him down. He said, "I was never in a hospital in my life. When I received this saber wound I was a healthy young chap, twenty years old, serving in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac. One day a lieutenant took about twenty of us on a scouting expedition. We encountered a squad of Stuart's cavalry and had a battle out in the woods, in which I was slashed across the face by a saber. The lieutenant had taken a course of medical lectures, had been a clerk in a drug-store, and carried a small pocket-case of scissors, needles, etc., as first aids to the injured. As soon as the skirmish ended he washed my wound, sewed up the gash, and put some sticking-plaster on it. Being in good health, the wound healed

by what the doctors call 'first intention,' and I never lost even a day's service on account of it." I told him that that was a very fine story, if he could prove it. He inquired what evidence was necessary. I replied that it would be necessary to produce the affidavit of the lieutenant, if he were living, and if possible the affidavits of two members of the squad. He declared that that would be difficult, as he had lived in the West for thirty years and had heard nothing of his companions in arms, but that he would try. In less than two months he secured the affidavits of two privates and of the lieutenant, who was then a practising physician out in Kansas. With these affidavits, together with the affidavits of three reputable physicians that his growing blindness was caused by the saber cut, I secured the passage of a private bill for the old man's relief.

One of the most difficult things to do in Congress is to have the charge of desertion removed from a soldier's record. Nobody has any respect for a deserter—nobody should have. Union and Confederate soldiers in Congress join forces in fighting bills to remove charges of desertion. A case has to be made as clear as crystal to appeal to them. There is no other charge which a soldier so angri y resents. Many soldiers, however, at the close of the war stood on the rolls marked as deserters who were really not deserters. When absent on roll-call—absence unexplained—they were noted as deserters by the orderly sergeants, and they remained in that status where the orderly sergeants were lazy or careless. There are two ways by which to remove such charges. First, the Secretary of War may do it in certain cases, if he wishes so to do. In cases perfectly plain he generally does so. Second, in all cases Congress can remove the charges.

I had one experience about removing the charge of desertion which was both interesting and illuminating.

William D. McLean was my neighbor and friend. When I first entered the House he asked me to look after his pension claim, which I did, and which the Pension Office rejected on the ground that there were three charges of desertion against him. Then I appl ed to the Secretary of War to remove the charges—which he refused to do. Then I introduced a private bill for his relief. At the end of twenty years the charge was removed by Act of Congress.

Here is McLean's story: A green Scotch lad, he landed in America about the beginning of the Civil War, and promptly enlisted, served four years, and, as the facts ultimately proved, was a good soldier. The way the three charges of desertion happened to stand against him was this: He was sent to a hospital because of wounds or sickness. As soon as he was able to get out he did not hunt up his old regiment, but promptly enlisted in the first that came along. In that way he served four years, but in four different regiments. Because he did not know where his companions in arms lived, it was extremely difficult, well-nigh impossible, to verify his story; but finally it was accomplished, his record was cleared of the three charges of desertion, and he was granted a pension which ought to have been granted a score of years before, as there was ample proof that he was entitled to it, by reason of injuries received in the line of duty. I hope that "Mac" will live many years to enjoy his stipend; but he enjoys more having his military record cleared than he does his pension.

It will surprise many persons to know that the Pension Office, instead of winking at fraudulent claimants, is on the constant lookout for them. If there is any doubt in a case a pension is never granted until by investigation the claim is ascertained to be just. If after a pension is granted there is a hint that the beneficiary is not honestly entitled to his pension, a departmental agent is sent to

the pensioner's neighborhood to gather all the information possible, and if the preponderance of evidence is against the pensioner he is separated from his pension. I am fully aware that many good citizens never heard of all this, and believe that the Pension Office puts in a large part of its time encouraging unworthy claimants in getting on the rolls, but I have stated the plain and exact truth about it, the skeptics to the contrary notwithstanding. I am not guessing at it. I know whereof I speak.

In my county a man drew a pension for several years by reason of varicose veins. One of his comrades got mad with him and tipped the Pension Office off to the fact that his disease was not of "service origin," but antedated his enlistment—which, if true, barred him. A special pension agent was sent out to investigate, and upon his report the man's name was struck from the roster of pensioners. His neighbors appealed to me to have the case reopened, stating that he was a thoroughly honest man, in bad condition by reason of his varicose veins, which they declared were of service origin. At my request, incorporating their statement, the Pension Office reopened the case, sent another special agent, who reinvestigated the case with the same result—separation from the pension roll.

I had a neighbor from East Tennessee, named Honeycutt, who drew a pension for more than a quarter of a century, and then came to grief. His case is another illustration of the ancient saying that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." In an evil hour for himself, he sued his old wife for a divorce, whereupon she promptly informed the Pension Bureau that her husband had served two years in the Confederate Army prior to his service in the Union Army, and therefore was not entitled to a pension—all of which, upon investigation, turned out to be true, and Honeycutt was separated from the government pay-roll, though there was no doubt about his service

in the Union Army or about his disabilities being of "service origin." Most assuredly his wife played even. She evidently agreed with Lord Byron, who said, "Sweet is revenge!" And he ought to have known, for he was one of the most revengeful of mortals.

In my district there was an old soldier almost stone-blind. He was as poor as Lazarus, had a large family, and was a charge on the community. He applied for a pension, and of course his neighbors, upon whose charity he and his family lived, were anxious for him to get it; but the Pension Bureau would have none of him, deciding after thorough investigation that his blindness was not of service origin, but the result of his own gross immorality subsequent to his discharge from the army.

The district which I represent is inhabited by many old Union soldiers and many old Confederates—much as the Englishman takes his ale, "'alf and 'alf." There is absolutely no animosity between them. The soldiers of the Civil War discovered years and years ago what certain lachrymose orators and writers are just finding out at this late day, that this is in very truth a reunited country. It may surprise some of the haystack brigade, whose skins and homes were safe during the war between the states and who still nurse their hatred, that in almost every case where a Union soldier writes me to secure him a pension or have his pension increased his ex-Confederate neighbor also writes asking me to do all in my power to aid his Union-soldier friend. They seem to take pleasure in doing so. Most assuredly, so far as the old soldiers are concerned, "the war is over."

Those who paid close attention to the debate on the Army bill at the beginning of our war with Germany may have noted that I was somewhat responsible for carrying an amendment preventing substitutes or buying out by paying a commutation tax, as was done on an extensive scale during the Civil War—a most un-

patriotic and disgraceful thing. The amendment was offered by Representative Carl Hayden, of Arizona. I helped him secure its adoption by making as vigorous a five-minute speech as I knew how. Why I took so much interest in Hayden's amendment was that one of my constituents wrote me to get him a pension for the amazing reason that his substitute was killed in battle! Suffice it to state that he is still pensionless. The recollection of that astounding experience caused me to back up Hayden. I was determined that future Representatives should not be pestered about pensions for men who send substitutes, and that the rich and poor should fare alike in this war.

CHAPTER XIV

The Fifty-fourth a Do-nothing Congress—Henderson—Polling the House—Tammany speech—Doctor English—Underwood.

CONGRESSES during whose life presidential elections are held rarely transact much business. They are devoted chiefly to politics. The Fifty-fourth was no exception to that rule.

It is narrated by a more or less veracious chronicler that when Thomas Brackett Reed was nominated by the Republican caucus for Speaker of the House in that Congress, in his speech of acceptance he naïvely remarked: "The Fifty-first Congress is famous for what it did do, while the Fifty-fourth will be notable for what it does not do!" Had Speaker Reed been all the major prophets rolled into one, he could not have made a more exact prediction; for it did nothing except mere routine work, such as passing appropriation bills.

No doubt he was supremely happy on that occasion. In the Fifty-first Congress he defeated William McKinley for the Speakership nomination by only two votes, and was elected by only a few more. In that Congress his career in the chair was one of storm and stress. In the caucus of the Fifty-fourth he was nominated by unanimous vote—to him a most gratifying performance. His party followers constituted almost two-thirds of the House. The Democrats had adopted his code of rules, in essence if not in letter; and as he had no more parliamentary revolutions up his sleeve, he looked forward to two years in the chair full of peace. Without exaggera-

tion, or bad taste, he could have repeated Alexander Selkirk's boast:

> I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.

He could therefore spend much of his time and energy in chasing the *ignis fatuus* of a presidential nomination, which he did, to his lasting unhappiness.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

The most notable incident of the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress was that in it Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, began his long and distinguished public career, and was promptly and expeditiously flung out on a contest. But he returned to the Fifty-fifth, and has kept on returning to House or Senate ever since. If he felt hurt, as no doubt he did, he could have taken hope from the fact that one of his most eminent predecessors, as chairman of Ways and Means—William McKinley—suffered the same fate, only to come back and to rise to the dizziest heights.

Senator Underwood comes by his political and law-making talents naturally. They are hereditary. His grandfather was a Senator of the United States from Kentucky, and one of his uncles was Lieutenant-Governor thereof. He himself was one of the most successful and popular parliamentary leaders the House has ever known. He is already in the front rank in the Senate—in fact, he was in the front rank immediately upon being sworn in. His name is forever linked indissolubly with a great Tariff bill, part of which—the income tax—will endure as long as the Republic lives. He therefore, in a certain sense, has already become a historic personage, though still a comparatively young man as statesmen are rated.

Shortly after he was translated to the Senate I asked him if he would be on the Finance Committee, which corresponds in some of its functions to the Committee on Ways and Means in the House. I naturally supposed that he would desire that assignment. He replied by telling an apt anecdote. He said:

"Down in Kentucky there was a cobbler who unexpectedly inherited a large sum of money. He locked up his shop and went out in search of pleasure—in all sorts of wild dissipation. Finally he spent all of his money, and returned to his humble cobbler's bench. Not long afterward a lawyer went to his shop and informed the cobbler that he had inherited another fortune. He looked up from his bench and said: 'My God! must I go through all that again?' And that's the way I would feel about another Tariff bill!"

MR. SPEAKER HENDERSON

While Speaker Reed's defeat for the Republican presidential nomination embittered his heart during all his remaining days, and ultimately caused him to quit public life, his successor, Col. David Bremner Henderson, of Iowa, was spared heartburning on that tantalizing subject by reason of having been born in Scotland—being made by the Constitution ineligible to the Presidency. Consequently, having achieved the highest position to which he could attain, he was content and happy in the Speakership.

He was a handsome and commanding figure, and was fully six feet tall. With a splendid face, a symmetrical body—neither too fat nor too lean—with a magnificent shock of iron-gray hair, he compelled attention at any place, in any crowd, or at any time. He had a clarion voice, which completely filled the great hall of the House of Representatives, and was always heard gladly both

by the members and the galleries. He was an intense, and sometimes a dramatic, orator. He was a frequent debater, and his long service, together with his wide information as to legislative matters, gave much force to his utterances.

In his first service in the army he lost a foot at Corinth. It was amputated just above the ankle. As soon as he was well he raised a regiment, and served as its colonel to the end of the war. Necrosis of the bone set in, and his leg was amputated piecemeal, from time to time, until it was all gone. Generally he wore a cork leg, but used it so skilfully by aid of a heavy cane that few persons observed that he was lame. When that leg became tender he used crutches. At such times he was extremely irritable and belligerent.

When we had up the Cuban Reciprocity bill, Speaker Henderson was bitterly opposed to it. Among those who stood with him in that matter was the late Representative Walter P. Brownlow, of Tennessee. All of a sudden Speaker Henderson and the Republican leaders, under White House pressure, changed sides. Among those who changed was Brownlow, who was blessed with a fine sense of humor. I was sufficiently familiar with him to take liberties. So, meeting him in the cloak-room, I said: "Brownlow, I hear you have changed sides on the Cuban Reciprocity bill. How did that happen?"

He replied, very solemnly: "I wanted to show Dave Henderson that I can jump a fence as easily with two legs as he can with one"—which was an adequate, if peculiar, explanation.

One reason why Colonel Henderson was elected Speaker was his uniform kindness to new members—which is gratefully remembered by many men to this day. There are few situations in life in which a man feels more lonesome than does a new member when he first arrives in Washington to assume his new honors and duties.

Hon. Charles B. Landis, of Indiana—universally called "Charlie"—an exceedingly brilliant orator, told me that when he first reached Washington, after being authorized to write M. C. after his name, he was awfully lonesome, and bluer than indigo. One day when he was in a particularly unhappy frame of mind he met Colonel Henderson in the Speaker's lobby, and Henderson asked him why he was moping around and was so disconsolate. Landis poured his tale of woe into the ear of the brawny, big-hearted Iowan, whereupon Colonel Henderson slapped him on the back and said: "Cheer up, my boy, you will soon come to the front and make the gray-haired veterans sit up and take notice. You've got the stuff in you to do it. Don't fret or sulk. Don't be a 'Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance,' but go in and show them what a country Hoosier editor can do. I'll back you for all I'm worth."

Charlie declared to me that Henderson's little speech did him more good than all the sermons he had ever heard, and from that day he loved the bluff, hearty Scotchman—and, truth to tell, he was worthy of his love.

I studied the story told me by Landis, and acted on it ever afterward. I took new members—particularly Democrats—under the shadow of my wing, and explained to them those things which a Representative can learn only by experience, as to the conduct of business and how to force their way toward the front. While I did that to strengthen our party in the House and without thought of the Speakership, I have no sort of doubt that one result of that line of conduct helped me attain that position. It certainly aided me very much when as minority leader I organized the Democratic minority into a superb fighting body.

While I was serving my second term, when Colonel Henderson was chairman of the great Committee on the Judiciary, I fought one of his bills, tooth and nail. When

the fight was over he hobbled over to my seat and said, "Clark, did you fight that bill because you were against it or because you are mad at me?"

I replied, "Colonel Henderson, I was dead against the bill; that's why I fought it, and not because I have anything against you, which I have not." Then he made some kind, personal remarks, and we were close friends to the day of his death.

My wife is of Scotch extraction on her mother's side, and she is an old-school Presbyterian. For these reasons she and Speaker Henderson became fast friends. Once at a White House reception they were arguing politics. Henderson, with great vehemence, was denouncing Democrats in general—and Southern Democrats in particular—whereupon Mrs. Clark said: "Mr. Speaker, you ought not to be so hard on Democrats and Confederates. If you had lived down South, you perhaps would have been both."

He replied, "I don't have a bit of doubt about it, madam, not a bit. I always stay with my friends"—which was true, and which was one of the causes of his wide-spread popularity. That was the chief reason why he pulled through the Democratic storm of 1882 by the skin of his teeth, when the Hawkeye State for the first and last time since the close of the Civil War sent a delegation to the House a majority of which were Democrats.

Until quite recently there was a sort of glee club in the House, which filled up the long waits between conference reports on the last night of a session with songs, such as "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Old Black Joe," "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." The chief singers were Tawney of Minnesota, Hamilton of Michigan, Watson of Indiana, Burnett of Alabama, and Conry of New York. Colonel Henderson helped out with his deep

bass. When he felt like perpetrating a solo he generally chose "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea," which he rendered with great éclat from both House and galleries. These musical services have been partially discontinued, because death, promotion, and accident have removed the musicians.

Henderson possessed a really magnificent bass voice, and had he been properly trained he might have made fame and fortune on the stage; but most assuredly if he could not have done so there was one member of the Fifty-ninth Congress who could have accomplished that feat, not by singing, but by whistling.

That was Hon. Frank Fulkerson, of St. Joseph, Missouri. He is perhaps the champion whistler of the world, and can imitate any bird, animal, or musical wind-instrument whatsoever. He was a favorite member of the House glee club, and on his last night in the House was the chief performer; but alas and alack! he couldn't whistle himself into a second term. The farmers of the Platte Purchase turned deaf ears to his unequaled whistling.

Speaker Henderson was one of the most grateful of mortals. He never forgot a man who did him a kindness.

For nearly ten years I wrote a three-thousand-word weekly letter for the American Press Association. Every Thursday morning, no matter where I was, that letter was in the New York office. They stereotyped it and sold the plates, accounting to me monthly. In a general way it was to be a Democratic letter, but I reserved the right to write on any subject or about anybody, just as I chose. I would not have written for them or for anybody else on any other terms.

It so happened that there was a rich man named Miller who secured the introduction of a bill into the House in several Congresses making it unlawful to print advertising matter on the American flag or to use the flag for

advertising purposes. Miller was an enthusiast on the subject, and made a hobby of his bill. While Henderson was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Miller's bill was referred to that committee, and there were hearings on it.

Miller alleged that on one occasion Henderson said: "I hope the time will come when every pound of meat shipped from this country will be wrapped in the American flag, not to teach foreigners patriotism, but to teach them to eat American meat," which alleged utterance made Miller hot through and through. So he got him up a pamphlet handsomely printed in colors, arguing in favor of his bill, giving extracts from speeches, newspapers, and interviews. Among other things he quoted the alleged utterance of Henderson and proceeded to dance a war-jig on him. That was in a vacation of Congress. Things political being dull and being fond of Henderson, I took up the cudgels in his defense in one of my syndicate letters, winding up by declaring that it was preposterous for Miller or anybody else to undertake to impeach Colonel Henderson's patriotism, because he had given proof conclusive of his love of country by losing a foot at Corinth and by risking his life on a score of battle-fields.

I wrote it for my own satisfaction, never supposing that Henderson would see it and never dreaming that he would one day be Speaker. It turned out, however, that the Democratic paper in Henderson's home city of Dubuque printed my letter every week. Consequently Henderson read my defense of him against Miller's assault, took his pen in hand, and wrote me a four-page letter of thanks, which was hard to decipher, but which I have yet, as a reminder of his big, generous heart. From that day to the hour of his death he did all he knew how to promote my fortunes. It is a pleasure to write or think of him.

One of the most pathetic features of the great historic pageant at the funeral of Hon. Richard Parks Bland was the walking together of United States Senator James H. Berry, of Arkansas, and Gen. David B. Henderson, of Iowa, since the Speaker of the House of Representatives—Berry on his crutches and Henderson on his cork leg, each having lost a leg at Corinth on the same day, the one in the Confederate Army, the other fighting under the starry banner of the Republic.

General Henderson's spirit of good-fellowship was handsomely illustrated as we rode out to the graveyard. Senator Berry discovered that somehow he had lost his pocketbook, containing all his cash and his return ticket. As soon as this fact was announced, and before any one else could offer any assistance, Henderson ran his hand down in his pocket, pulled out a roll of greenbacks, counted out three ten-dollar bills, and in spite of Berry's protest forced him to take them. There was genuine American brotherhood for you!

It is rare that any utterance of a Speaker of the House, while actually occupying the chair, is flavored with humor or spiced with wit. Mr. Reed indulged his penchant in that regard very gingerly while presiding, though occasionally he could not resist the temptation. The same is true of Speaker Henderson. In the closing days of the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress the House was obstreperous, and Speaker Henderson pounded the desk with his gavel until his right arm must have been sore for a week after final adjournment. When the House was in a most uproarious mood, Hon. Page Morris, of Duluth, began to speak in a very low tone. Hon. John J. Lentz, of Ohio, arose to a question of order, stating that he couldn't hear what Morris was saying. That point had been made so often that day that Speaker Henderson's patience was threadbare.

He gave his desk a thundering whack and, looking at

Lentz, said: "I can give you order"; then, looking at Morris, roared, "but I can't give you lungs!" That sally put everybody in a fine humor, and order was restored.

Strange things happen toward the close of a session. For instance, Tuesday, June 5, 1900, was made by legislative fiction to include Wednesday, June 6th, so far as the House record was concerned. According to my way of thinking, as the legislative day of June 6th began, theoretically, at least, at noon, it was necessary for the House to go through the performance of adjourning at that hour, if for no more than a second, and formally to begin the legislative day of June 6th, but the House continued in session past twelve.

About 1 P.M., June 6th, being still in operation as June 5th, I rose to a question of order and said: "Mr. Speaker, is this yesterday or to-day? Under the rules were we not bound to adjourn at twelve, meridian?"

"Oh no," replied Speaker Henderson. "It is all right. Legislatively speaking, this is yesterday, but by the calendar it is to-day!" which was received with laughter and applause.

'Most everybody knows that General Henderson lost a leg during the Civil War, but very few know that by reason of some disease of the bone he was compelled to have that leg, or portions of it, amputated five or six times. Beginning just above the ankle, the surgeons cut off his leg piecemeal until they nearly reached the hip-joint. Few soldiers ever suffered more physical agony from wounds received in battle than did General Henderson. Nevertheless, he was as great a lover of peace as was Sir Robert Walpole. Some years ago Henderson was the orator-in-chief at a national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Indianapolis, and began his address with this splendid sentence: "My theme to-night is war; I hate it." That mot would form a fitting epitaph for this citizen-soldier.

At the end of a session most of the tilts, hard knocks, unpleasant episodes, and ugly scenes are forgotten, and everybody seems disposed to jollify. In the interludes of business, while waiting for conference reports, members musically inclined congregate in the area in front of the Speaker's stand and sing popular songs.

On June 7, 1900, the boys were singing, and when the Speaker came in to adjourn the House they began to sing "The Speaker's a Jolly Good Fellow." That touched his big heart. He ascended to his place, gave his desk a whack, and then, with a tear in his eye and a smile on his face, said, "The choir will come to order; likewise the House."

The committee appointed to wait on the President, to inform him that the House was ready to adjourn, having reported, Speaker Henderson delivered this neat and cordial valedictory, thoroughly characteristic of the man:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, we will in a few moments complete our session's work. It has been a session of earnest, patriotic effort, of unremitting toil. This House has demonstrated that men may meet on great fields of contest and part as friends. This body has considered many great, novel, national questions. That fervor which enters into debate on the eve of a great national conflict has been present, but guided by intelligence and manly courage.

"At the opening of this session I took this chair with that fear and apprehension which every conscientious man should feel. I appealed to you for support and kindly aid. Not for one moment have you forgotten that appeal. Your sustaining influence has made it possible to consider these mighty problems of the hour and never allow the legislator and the gentleman to sink below the high level of manhood.

"In parting, I wish you from my heart a pleasant vaca-

tion, and hope that you may all return to the duties of the next session refreshed in body and in mind."

Did Speaker Henderson exert much influence in legislation? My answer, from observation, is that he did. In my judgment the Porto-Rican Tariff bill never would have passed the House except for his influence.

When I was Democratic minority leader I accidentally learned how to poll the House in the easiest, best, and most accurate way possible. During the Christmas holidays most of the members leave Washington. The few who remain then have a golden opportunity to break into print. In the holiday season of 1908–09, while the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill was in the process of incubation, and while news items were scarce as hen's teeth or angels' visits, it popped into the head of some newspaper correspondent to discover whether the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee intended to offer a substitute Tariff bill. So he went around interviewing members. By some strange mishap, he never succeeded in interrogating any Democratic member of the Committee on Ways and Means, who would be compelled to do the work of preparing a substitute Tariff bill, if any such substitute was to be offered; but among others who yielded to his invitation to illuminate the question was Representative Henry D. Clayton, subsequently chairman of the great Committee on the Judiciary and now a Federal judge. He gave out a flaming interview, declaring that we would offer a substitute Tariff bill, covering every item from "agate to zinc." The last three words were winged words, and were head-lined in every newspaper in the land, and this interview reached into the remotest corners of the country.

The papers hammered on it until a great uproar was created—in fact, a perfect furor outside of Congress—and a vast volume of talk in Congress. It was the resounding theme of every tongue. Of course such a thing

was unheard of till then. Moreover, it would entail a vast amount of labor, investigation, and trouble. In addition to all that, if we offered a substitute Tariff bill the Republican majority, instead of defending their own bill, would attack our bill. However that may be, the talk was so persistent that, as the top Democrat on Ways and Means as well as minority leader, I concluded that it was my duty, in both capacities, to find out what the Democratic sentiment of the House was on that important question.

So, by accident, I hit on this plan: I wrote the dean of each Democratic delegation and asked him to convene his delegation and poll them on the question of a substitute Tariff bill, stating that while it would entail much labor on the Democratic members of Ways and Means, we were willing to do the work if the House Democrats so desired.

Being myself the dean of the Missouri delegation, I called a meeting of it. When we had assembled I stated the reason for the call and asked them how they stood. At first all except one was enthusiastically in favor of a substitute Tariff bill. I told them that, that being the case, I desired to know their opinions as to the tariff rates on the various multitudinous items. First, I asked what rate they wished on zinc, lead, and iron. Three of them quit suddenly. I then asked what rate they suggested on lumber. Two more kicked over the traces. I then asked what tariff they thought should be levied on wool. Three more reneged. In an hour they left me alone in my glory—every one of them being against a substitute Tariff bill! The deans made their reports to me, showing the Democrats to be opposed—two to one—to a substitute Tariff bill, and that was the last of it.

The plan of polling the state delegations separately possesses this vast advantage over a general caucus: As a rule the members from a state have something of a

community of thought and interest. It is a private performance in which the newspapers are not interested. The members sit down and reason calmly together. No inflammatory speeches are made in the presence of a large number of persons. No extravagant promises or threats are made in the heat of debate, which they think that they must stick to, right or wrong, out of self-respect. No wounds are made into which salt may be rubbed.

A great many folks, including Representatives in Congress, are of the same mental habit as the man who, by a slip of the tongue, declared a horse was seventeen feet high instead of seventeen hands high, and through pride of opinion stuck to it for evermore. Pride works tremendous results in this world. Alexander Pope was within the shadow of a great truth when he wrote:

> What the weak head with strongest bias rules
> Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Ever since my experience with the substitute Tariff bill, whenever I have desired very much to know the Democratic opinion of the House, I have had it polled by delegations. The last time I tried it was in the last days of the Sixty-third Congress, on the Shipping bill. President Wilson was in sore distress about it, and one night he came out to my house to see me. He told me his troubles, gave me his views at length, and I gave him mine. He finally asked me if it could be put through the House caucus. I replied that I did not know, as I had paid no attention to it, but that I had learned by hearing bits of conversation that there was much opposition to it.

Then President Wilson asked if I thought that, in the event of its being indorsed by the caucus, it would pass the House. I made the same reply. I then told him that in forty-eight hours I could ascertain with something approximating certainty the answer both as to caucus

and House, if he so desired—which he did. Within the forty-eight hours I wrote him that it could be passed through the caucus after a bloody fight—and it was bloody, sure enough—and that it could be passed through the House after another bloody fight.

It turned out that my diagnosis was absolutely correct. The caucus which considered that bill lasted till the chickens were crowing for day, and was of the old-fashioned Kilkenny cat variety, the only one of that bad and bloody sort which we have had in nine years.

Though it passed the House, the bill did not become a law in that Congress—more's the pity.

I hope that my illustrious friend, Judge Henry D. Clayton, may live many years full of happiness and prosperity, but if he reaches the age of Methuselah and is interviewed every day, the chances are a thousand to one that he will never utter any three words which will be so widely quoted or create such a hubbub as did his "agate to zinc."

MY FIRST TAMMANY HALL SPEECH

Of all the experiences of my life prior to being sworn into Congress, the one which created the most comment, and for which I was most praised as well as most criticized, was the delivery of a speech in Tammany Hall, July 4, 1893. The newspaper comments ranged all the way from suggestions that I would some day be President to comparisons with Jesse James—certainly a sufficiently extended range to please most folks.

It came about in this wise: Early in June I received an engraved invitation, signed by the Big Four of the Wigwam, to be present on the birthday of the Republic and make a "short speech." I doubted the advisability of going, but my wife insisted that it would turn out well. So I replied that if the invitation was more than a stock

MRS. CHAMP CLARK

invitation to all new Democratic Congressmen, and if I supposed they really wanted me, I would accept, inasmuch as I would be in Washington about that time on public business.

When I left my Missouri home in the last days of June I had not heard from them, and asked my wife to forward their answer, if any came, to my Washington address, which she did. I received it July 1st. En route having abundant leisure, I had written a brief speech on "The Trans-Missouri Democracy," but when, upon the receipt of their letter, I looked for my manuscript, to my dismay and disgust I discovered that I had lost it.

As I was desirous of sending proofs to friendly home newspapers—never dreaming that any New York paper would publish it—I secured a pencil and scratch-block, hunted up a job printing-office, chartered a messenger-boy, and sent the speech to my printer, sheet by sheet, as fast as I could write it, reproducing the lost speech from memory as nearly as possible. By night I had the proofs in the mail for home consumption. In the mean time I notified the committee that I accepted their kind invitation. They replied, asking when I would arrive and where I would stop. I replied that I would stop at the Hoffman House, arriving *via* the Pennsylvania road at such an hour on the 3d. Nobody met me at the depot or hotel.

I registered and asked their prices.

"Two dollars a day and up," replied the swell clerk.

"Are meals included?" I timidly inquired.

"No!" snapped His Royal Highness. I felt abashed in that august presence, and I took a two-dollar room up close to the rafters.

My utter greenness as to prices in New York must be charged up to the fact that that was my first visit to that delectable city. I felt very lonesome and came near taking the first train for the West. Having several hours

of daylight left, I went up to my little room, where it was stuffy and intensely hot, pulled off my outer clothing, lay down on the bed, and began committing my speech to memory. At dusk I went down to the street, hunted up a humble restaurant, and ate a modest supper. After that I went back to my tiny room, stripped, put on my nightshirt, and went at my speech again.

About eleven o'clock a colored bell-boy poked his head in the doorway and said, "Some gemmen wants to see you, Mustuh Clark." I told him that I had gone to bed, but to tell them to come up. They did so—a quartet of roya souls—Col. John R. Fellows, Amos J. Cummings, "Little Phil" Thompson, and Tom Coakley. So I received two Congressmen and one ex-Congressman in my "nightie," just as George M. Dallas received the delegation which notified him of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

Their jolly laughter dispelled the gloom into which I had fallen by reason of what I considered neglect. As soon as they had introduced themselves Colonel Fellows asked, "Why are you up here in this cubbyhole?"

I replied, "Because I do not want to go broke on hotel bills."

He said, "You are Tammany's guest while here and you don't pay a blamed cent." Then turning to the bell-boy he roared: "Go tell that upstart of a clerk to move Mr. Clark into such and such a suite"—a suite big enough to have housed Brigham Young and all his wives.

As soon as I could dress, the five of us repaired thither. Colonel Fellows was hotly criticizing his friend, "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, who was on the program for a "long talk," for failing them at the last minute. He swore that without Allen the Fourth-of-July oratory would be dry as a powder-house. What was equally unfortunate, so the colonel alleged, was that there was no one else available as a substitute for John, to deliver a "long

talk." I bashfully inquired what they considered a "short talk" and a "long talk."

Colonel Fellows said that the limit on a "short talk" was ten minutes, and a "long talk" thirty. So they substituted me in place of Allen for a "long talk."

As they were leaving the room I called Mr. Thompson back. Though I had never seen him before, I knew all about him. His father and mine were old-time friends, and he was among those I cast my first vote for when he was a candidate for Circuit attorney in Kentucky. I told him that my speech presented, without hedging, the views of Western Democrats as compared with the views of Eastern Democrats, much to the advantage of the Westerners, particularly on the coinage question, which was then a burning issue; that I was determined to deliver it, and wound up by asking him to read it and tell me how he thought it would be received, as I had never spoken in the East. He hastily read the speech, which contained not a scintilla of wit or humor.

After perusing it he said, "Your views are forcibly stated, and some of them will not please your audience; but I understand you can tell an anecdote well." I replied with becoming modesty that I had some local reputation in that regard. He then said that if I would begin my speech with a couple of good anecdotes, and edge in one occasionally, they would receive my speech all right.

Philip B. Thompson, Jr.—"Little Phil," as he was universally called in Kentucky, to differentiate him from his father, Philip B. Thompson, Sr.—was a brave boy-soldier, a brilliant lawyer, and an eloquent speaker. He was a successful Circuit attorney and a prominent Representative in Congress. He had one unique experience, and another of the most thrilling nature. His father, himself, and his twin brother, John B., Jr., served together in Gen. John H. Morgan's Confederate cavalry. The father made one of his sons march at the head of the

column, the other at the rear, so that they would not both be killed or injured at once. Happily none of the three received a scratch.

He was one of the participants in the most remarkable fight that ever took place in a court-house. During the trial of a case in the Circuit Court-room at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, he, his twin brother, and his father shot and killed old man Davis and his two sons—a performance unparalleled in all the bloody annals of America.

All six were shooting simultaneously in that crowded room. People got under the benches and sought safety wherever they thought they could find it, some jumping through the windows, taking the sashes with them. The presiding judge, Wickliff, huddled down behind the judge's stand. While this fusillade was in progress Col. John B. Thompson, Sr., ex-Lieutenant-Governor, ex-Representative in Congress, and ex-United States Senator, brother to "Old Phil" and uncle to "Little Phil," stood in the aisle jerking his head by reason of palsy. When the shooting ceased, somebody asked him why he didn't get under a bench, as the others did. He replied, laconically, "Because all the places had been taken!"—an explanation which explained.

Col. John R. Fellows, who was a rare and radiant orator, was an Arkansas lawyer and soldier, one of the most successful among the pioneer Southerners who at the close of the Civil War moved on New York in quest of ventures and to seek their fortunes. He was one of Mr. Croker's favorites, and held high office for many years—revolving out of one good berth into another—and generally a better one.

Amos J. Cummings was one of the most popular men I have ever known. Fitz-Greene Halleck's fine lines—

> None knew him but to love him,
> None named him but to praise—

were really true as to Cummings. He had filibustered in Nicaragua with General Walker, yclept by his followers "the Gray-eyed Man of Destiny," who ended by being lined up against a dead wall and shot; Cummings truthfully boasted that he had set type in every state in the Union; learned to be an editor under Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana; served four years in the Army of the Potomac; and finally was a successful lecturer and Representative in Congress. Throughout his varied and exciting experiences his heart had remained tender as a little child's, and he was to the end a lover of his kind. His military hero was George B. McClellan and his hero among statesmen was Mr. Speaker Samuel J. Randall. Had Cummings lived to hear President Theodore Roosevelt dedicate Antietam as a national park, and speak an hour without once mentioning "Little Mac," the victor of that bloody field, there is no telling what Cummings would have done to that soldier, statesman, traveler, discoverer, hunter, politician, and author.

But to return to our mutton. There was a monster audience in Tammany Hall on the Fourth including many men of prominence in every walk of life. On the program ahead of me were Mr. Speaker Crisp and Congressman Benton McMillan. Crisp's fame was nation-wide. When the band had played "The Star-spangled Banner" and he was introduced, that vast multitude rose up as one man and applauded for fully five minutes before he was permitted to begin. As he always did, he delivered a sound, sensible Democratic speech, and was liberally applauded at the close.

Then came Benton McMillan, not so famous as Mr. Speaker Crisp, but a veteran statesman with a splendid reputation and exceedingly popular with the Tammany braves. The great Tennesseean is a fine figure of a man, and standing before that enthusiastic multitude, while the band played "Dixie" and the crowd shouted

itself hoarse, he seemed happy as a clam at high tide.

Having applauded Crisp five minutes, they applauded Benton McMillan three. He sailed in and made a ringing, rabble-rousing, old-fashioned Democratic stump speech, in which species of oratory he is a past-master.

When he had concluded I was introduced. The audience applauded me for about one minute in feeble and perfunctory fashion. The band played "My Old Kentucky Home." I did not really know a soul in that vast audience, and I had stage-fright so bad that I thought my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth in spite of all I could do, and wished most heartily that I had declined the invitation to speak.

While the band was playing, a Missourian down at the reporters' table sent me this encouraging note: "Go in and speak as you would at a picnic in the woods in Missouri and you will make a national reputation!"

At last the band rested from its labors. My stage-fright bothered me very much at first, but, following "Little Phil's" advice, I began with two fetching anecdotes which set the braves to whooping and yelling tumultuously. My stage-fright vanished as suddenly as it had come on, and in five minutes I felt as much at home as if I had been addressing a jury in my own town.

In all my life I have never delivered a speech in better style. The audience applauded rapturously everything worth applauding, and a good many things that were not, but when I was eulogizing the Trans-Mississippi Democrats, telling them how we had been treated by the party as stepchildren, and how we intended to lord it over them in the days to come, they acted as though they had been treated to an ice bath. Then I would throw in something by way of praise of Tammany Democrats, and they would yell like so many Comanches.

While I was at the height of my eulogy on the Trans-

Mississippi Democracy—especially the Missouri Democracy—a policeman as big as the Kentucky giant, sitting in the mouth of the aisle farthest from me, could stand it no longer, and bawled in a stentorian voice, "What about New Yorruck?" I replied, glibly, "New York is all right when it is right, but the trouble is she is wrong about half the time. On the night of the election the whole country inquires, 'How did New York go?' whereas nobody takes the trouble to ask, 'How did Missouri go?' Their inquiry is, 'What is Missouri's Democratic majority?'"

That put my interrogator out of business. I have always thought that I owed an apology to my inquisitive policeman, and would have sent him one had I known his address. At the next election Missouri went Republican.

During my speech I noticed that a very tall, good-looking man with a preacher's coat and collar, sitting in the seventh row of seats, invariably led the applause for me.

The managers invited me into the basement of the Fourteenth Street wigwam to luncheon, after the exercises were over. In the basement I saw my clerical-coated friend standing in the middle of the room, assiduously stowing the refreshments away.

I walked up to him and said: "My friend, I noticed you led the applause for me, and I would like to know who you are." He replied, "I am the Reverend Mr. Forbush, rector of the Episcopal church at Poughkeepsie, but I was born and reared near Middletown, Montgomery County, Missouri, in your district, and I am down to New York for the sole purpose of hearing you speak!"

He was a gracious and kindly gentleman and by his applause helped me through that day's performance.

Being from the rural districts, I naturally arose earlier

next morning than most New-Yorkers, went over into Madison Square Park, and sat on an iron bench, watching the antics of the squirrels in the lovely trees, wondering anxiously what the New York papers would say about my speech. My expectations were very moderate. I thought a notice of ten lines would be about the limit. I hoped it would be favorable, but entertained grave doubts on that head. I was thinking deeply as to what my Democratic enemies in my badly factionalized district would do to me if my speech was pronounced a failure. At last a boy came through the park with an armful of papers, and I said: "Young man, what papers have you?"

He answered: "All of them."

I bought one of each. The first my eye fell on was *The New York World*, with great flaring black lines at the top of the first column, first page, which ran in this wise: "Hark to Champ Clark!" followed by several columns of descriptive matter, cartoons, and the complete text of my speech. Most of the other New York papers gave me considerable space. Later *The St. Louis Republic* hailed it as "A Key-note Speech," and it was head-lined throughout the land.

Such is a brief account of my first appearance and reception in the American metropolis. At first the Eastern papers regarded it merely as a "funny speech," by reason of the anecdotes which Phil Thompson induced me to put into it, and spoke pleasantly of it; but when they came to realize its serious import as to the hopes, intentions, and ambitions of Western Democrats—a prophecy of their domination of the party—they began to abuse me, and some of them have kept it up to this day.

The New York Sun, in order to prove me to be an ignoramus, actually suppressed half a sentence in my speech, which malicious suppression made the other half

bad grammar! Such a performance is a disgrace to American journalism.

It has been thought by divers and sundry persons that my Tammany Hall speech set in motion, or at least gave impetus to, Western Democratic ideas, and drew the lines for the great contest of 1896. At any rate, the ideas which I enunciated that day were incorporated into the 1896 Chicago platform, on which that historic battle was fought.

In the retrospect I think that the most pleasing result of that speech was the lifelong friendship of Amos Cummings, Colonel Fellows, and "Little Phil" Thompson.

Perhaps the most amusing incident pertaining to that trip was that before leaving the capital I asked a newspaper man of my acquaintance, and from Missouri, but who was not very friendly and was in a bad humor about something or other, what was a good hotel in New York. He inquired why I was going to New York, and I told him that I had been invited to make a Fourth-of-July speech in Tammany Hall; whereupon he soothingly remarked, "A new Congressman amounts to precious little in Washington and to nothing at all in New York!"

Although he represented the largest Democratic daily in Missouri, he never asked me a word about my speech, and I did not vouchsafe any information or tender him an advance copy. No doubt he was as much surprised as I was to find that my speech was telegraphed in full from New York to his own paper in Missouri, and published on the front page with big, flaring head-lines, together with my picture, and an elaborate editorial notice of the most laudatory character. He certainly did not achieve a scoop on that occasion, but I pondered his mot as to the little importance attaching to the new members, and entered upon my duties at the extra session in August prepared to be cold-shouldered by what Colonel Cochran, of St. Joseph, Missouri, was wont to

denominate "the old and experienced members"—and I was!

Col. John A. Ely, a native of Missouri, now a Democratic leader in the land of the Dakotas, once became so sick that the doctors gave him up, and informed him that if he had any farewell messages to deliver, or any final arrangements to make toward setting his house in order, he had better be about it, for his time was brief. Whereupon the colonel amazed his intimates by preferring this strange request: "Be sure to bury me in the Swedish graveyard."

A long time he was suspended between heaven and earth, and his friends nearly worked themselves into vertigo trying to solve the problem of why he had chosen that particular place of sepulture, for they knew that while in health he and the Scandinavians, who were generally stalwart Republicans, had not been enamoured of one another.

One night, just as he began to show signs of recovery, Col. Reuben C. Pew, marshal of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, who was watching by the sick-bed, could restrain his curiosity no longer, and determined to clear up the great mystery.

So he said: "John, you are liable to die before morning, and blanked if I don't want to know what made you desire to be buried in that Swedish cemetery."

"Because," replied the jocund ex-Missourian, with a feeble smile—"because that is the last place on earth the devil would go to look for a Democrat."

Congress is, perhaps, the last congregation of men which a person would visit expecting to discover a poet. It is generally taken and accepted that the poetic faculty needs quietude, rural scenes, and an esthetic atmosphere to induce its sustenance, notwithstanding the fact that General Lytle wrote that splendid spirit-stirring lyric, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," in his tent amid the clangor

of arms, the night before the battle of Chickamauga, where he died a hero's death, and where a magnificent monument marks his last resting-place on the field of his glory.

In Britain, where poets are more plentiful than here, they frequently hold official stations. Milton was Secretary of State for Oliver Cromwell. Sir Walter Scott was high sheriff, Robert Burns an excise officer, and Macaulay, before he was elevated to the peerage, represented the city of Glasgow for many years in the House of Commons, and was more than once a member of the Cabinet. Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was a painstaking and ambitious, if not a great statesman; and his son, "Owen Meredith," author of "Lucille," the most famous poem of his generation, has been governor-general of India. In France a poet is as liable to be found in the National Assembly as anywhere else.

Versifiers or rhymesters are not rare birds in Congress, for anybody with a reasonable command of the English language can write in perfect meter and rhyme. That's a comparatively easy performance—purely mechanical. John Quincy Adams was a great hand at that sort of composition, and he had about as much real poetry in his soul as a marble statue.

Some years ago the delegate in Congress from Wyoming inflicted on the House a two hours' speech in blank verse, and it appeared in *The Record* next morning with the legend "copyrighted, all rights reserved"—which produced a tremendous uproar and precipitated a fight to expunge it—not that anybody wanted to infringe his copyright or circulate that wonderful document, but because the members thought such action was in derogation of the dignity of the House.

General Garfield, who among presidential scholars ranks with Thomas Jefferson and the younger Adams, was a felicitous writer of verses, some of which might

perhaps, without great exaggeration, be ranked as poetry.

In the Fifty-third Congress, however, a genuine poet of no mean attainments in the art of which Byron was the most proficient master sat side by side with that grim old soldier, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, and the multimillionaire, Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania.

That was Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, whose great age, as well as standing in the world of letters, is shown by the fact that he was both a contemporary and rival of that most brilliant, weird, and erratic of all American poets, Edgar Allan Poe.

Doctor English had one failing in common with most literati—incapacity to judge of the relative merits of his own productions.

Milton lived and died in the erroneous belief that "Paradise Regained" was superior to "Paradise Lost," the truth being that few read the former under any conditions whatever, and none would read it save for the fact that they are dazed by the resplendent glories of the latter.

When Southey finished one of his boresome epics he would exclaim: "That will establish my fame forever—that will outlast 'Paradise Lost.'" He always despised his minor pieces. Yet nobody ever read his epics. Even their very titles are forgotten, while those of lesser poems are still remembered.

Incomparably the greatest poem written by Thomas Campbell—indeed one of the greatest ever written by anybody—is "The Pleasures of Hope." There are passages in it which will be read with delight as long as the English language is studied. Nevertheless, Campbell always persisted in considering it as one of his crudest works.

He fretfully said, "I was first introduced into society as 'the author of "The Pleasures of Hope,"' I was mar-

ried as 'the author of "The Pleasures of Hope,"' and no matter what I do or say I can't escape from the hateful title of 'the author of "The Pleasures of Hope."'"

His biographer adds, rather sardonically: "I could not help smiling when I visited the cemetery where the great poet sleeps and saw chiseled upon his tombstone, 'Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope."'"

So with Doctor English. Though quite a prolific author, his fame rests solely on one popular song—"Ben Bolt"—which has been sung by two generations of lovers, which has been used as one of the leading features of "Trilby," which Doctor English hated most heartily, and the mere mention of which affected him very much as the shaking of a red rag does an infuriated bovine. Name the poem to him and he would flare up at once and yell: "Damn 'Ben Bolt'!" in most unpoetic fashion.

Musical experts and critics of poetry have been searching long for a song which will be as thoroughly a national American air as "Die Wacht am Rhein" is German, the "Marseillaise" is French, or "God Save the King" is English. So far, according to their own statements, they have failed utterly. They claim that there are tenable objections to "Yankee Doodle," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Mr. Lincoln declared with great good sense and good humor that the Union armies captured "Dixie" along with General Lee, and it is gradually becoming popular in all sect ons of the country.

Scores of poets and composers of music have tried their hands at producing for us a national hymn or anthem, both easy to sing and to play on any musical instrument, inspiring in sentiment, pleasant to the ear, and soul-stirring. So far they have not succeeded, but they are still trying. During my four terms in the Speaker's chair at least fifty authors have sent me the result of their labors under the impression that the Speaker of the House

has been somehow authorized or empowered to select a national hymn or anthem.

The critics assert that "The Star-spangled Banner" is simply a description of an exceedingly exciting event in our history, wholly local in character. Everybody knows that. The critics, however, go farther and assert that the words are commonplace and the music inadequate; and as to singing it, that is well-nigh impossible; but surely they must admit that when rendered by a brass band it is magnificent. The vast majority of people would so vote were a plebiscite held on that subject.

As to good Doctor Smith's song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the critics say that he localized it by lugging in the Pilgrims, and that while the Pilgrims were estimable folks, no doubt, most Americans are not descended from the Pilgrims. Moreover, the critics object to the music, asserting that the air is that of "God Save the King," which we borrowed bodily from the English, who—*mirabile dictu!*—borrowed it from the Germans!

Wonders will never cease. These critics proclaim to all the world that fame and fortune await the American who will write a truly national hymn or anthem worthy of America, without local feature or borrowed music.

My prediction, however, is that we will cling to "The Star-spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" for some time yet.

However that may be, Doctor English tried his hand with this result:

HURRAH FOR YOU, OLD GLORY

Though changes may the world appal,
Though crowns may break and thrones may fall,
Our banner shall survive them all
    And ever live in story.
The rainbow of a rescued land,
Where freemen brave together stand,
With truth and courage hand in hand,
    Floats proudly here Old Glory.

REFRAIN:

Old Glory, Old Glory,
Floats proudly here Old Glory,
Old Glory, Old Glory,
Hurrah for you, Old Glory.

In days we fought with George the Third,
When independence was the word
One voice from rising manhood heard
As well as old age hoary;
One purpose then we had in view—
To form of states a union true,
And eyes and hearts were turned to you,
Our banner grand, Old Glory.

With you we scorn both lord and lown,
We heeded not old England's frown,
We fought the bulldogs of the crown
And smote the skulking Tory.
Long may your folds above us wave,
Cheered by the honest and the brave,
And gently may the breezes lave
Your rippling sheet, Old Glory.

Symbol are you of right and law,
Whether in peace the bad to awe,
Or leading on where freemen draw
Their swords in battle glory:
Each day to us the more endears
The flag that now for many years
Has filled our hopes and banned our fears,
Your stars and stripes, Old Glory.

A cloudy sky for you has been
When brothers met in battle din,
And strove supremacy to win;
But that's an olden story;
For time goes on, and here to-day,
If foreign foes invite the fray,
We boys in blue and boys in gray
Will rally round Old Glory.

REFRAIN:—Old Glory, etc.

CHAPTER XV

Fifty-fifth Congress—Spanish War—Dingley bill—Ohio feuds in general—the Sherman-McKinley-Hanna feud in particular—Sherman and Alger.

THE Fifty-fifth Congress is noted for a few important events, two of which were the Spanish-American War and the passage of the Dingley Tariff bill. Had not the Supreme Court—by a five-to-four decision which still stinks in the nostrils of mankind—knocked out the income-tax feature of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill, it would have brought in abundant revenue to run the government, and as a consequence Governor Dingley never could have secured the enactment of a bill carrying the high rates of the Dingley bill. After the income tax was eliminated, there was a deficiency in the revenues, and as the Republicans had the President, also both branches of Congress, Governor Dingley had comparatively easy sailing. Times were improving before his bill was passed, and, truth to tell, went on improving even more rapidly after his bill became a law. His bill was given all the credit.

The Spanish-American War, which broke out after the Dingley bill was passed, was not entirely unexpected. The Spanish misrule in Cuba had become both a nuisance and a scandal. So many Americans had business connections in the island; so many Americans were in the Cuban army, of whom Frederick Funston was most famous; so many Americans were resident in Cuba; it was so close to our shores; the cruel despotism of the Middle Ages practised almost in sight of Key West; sympathy for a downtrodden people struggling to be free—all these things created intense interest throughout our country.

In addition to all that, we had for many years cast covetous eyes on Cuba. Its possession was very near the heart of Thomas Jefferson, and the Ostend Manifesto is one of the most famous documents in our history—though nothing came of it. But we solemnly pledged ourselves not to annex Cuba, and we kept that pledge—a remarkable altruistic performance—and, having freed Cuba, we brought our army back into our own country. Notwithstanding all the foregoing facts, and notwithstanding the tear-compelling tales of woe which came to our ears from "The Gem of the Antilles," I do not believe we would have declared war against Spain had it not been for the foolish and insulting letter which the Spanish Minister DePuy de Lome wrote about President McKinley, which created a tremendous uproar. The blowing up of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana was the straw that broke the camel's back. The letter enraged the people, without regard to political affiliations, for when a President is sworn in he becomes instanter and *ipso facto* the President of us all, a Democrat resenting a brutal insult to a Republican President as hotly as a Republican, and *vice versa.* Of course, we all reserve the sovereign right to criticize and lambast our own President, but resent outsiders doing so. President McKinley, himself a gallant soldier, was against the war, and hoped to settle the matter by diplomacy; he persisted in his pacific intentions so long as to alienate many Republicans; but when the offensive letter of the Spanish Minister was published broadcast, and the *Maine* was blown up, killing hundreds of our sailors sleeping peacefully in their hammocks, the American people cried out with one accord for vengeance and forced the gentle and kind-hearted President's hand. The war came, and ended in one hundred days in the complete triumph of American arms—Admiral Dewey taking rank with the great sea kings, Colonel Roosevelt laying the foundation of a brilliant public career and world-wide fame, and Gen.

Joe Wheeler going into battle on a stretcher, thereby emulating the far-resounding exploit of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden at Pultava. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, head of our army, the foremost American soldier then living, was not, for "prudential" reasons, assigned to a command where he could distinguish himself. Wherefore? A man does not have to be a Solomon to discover an answer to that question. Millions of people deemed the treatment he received as a great outrage.

Finally, to appease the friends and admirers of General Miles, he was put in command of army forces to invade Porto Rico, but as the Porto-Ricans welcomed our forces with songs and strewed flowers in their pathway, the general had no opportunity to win new laurels. His enemies tried to belittle the battle-scarred veteran by much scurrilous talk, touching the fact that in going to war part of his luggage consisted of a collapsible bathtub—as if a soldier does not need a bath as do other men—but all their flouts and jeers did not convince anybody of sense that he had not been foully dealt with. He had fought bravely on too many fields of slaughter; he had received too many serious wounds; he had shed too much blood; he had achieved too high a rank for a person with a grain of wisdom to doubt the famous warrior's capacity or courage. Many of his countrymen still believe that he was maltreated for fear that new laurels won on the battle-field would make him a formidable candidate for the Presidency.

As a sort of consolation prize, one abiding ambition of General Miles was realized—the rank of lieutenant-general was resurrected for him, and as it turned out necessarily for others. It was not done, however, because those in authority loved him, but to gratify the desire of Gen. Henry C. Corbin. The story is this: For years General Miles, who, during the Civil War, fought his way from a dry-goods clerkship to a major-generalcy in command of

a corps, and who subsequently was one of the most successful Indian-fighters in our history, his most famous feat being the capture of Geronimo, had been striving to be made lieutenant-general; but he and Gen. Henry C. Corbin were in feud, and Corbin being the more wily politician of the two, thwarted the effort of General Miles and most probably would have continued to do so had he not suddenly conceived the ambition to be a major-general—the adjutant-general having been up to that time only a brigadier. Presto, change! The Miles forces and the Corbin forces doubled teams, and each got what he wanted! Some of us tried to make the rank of lieutenant-general apply only to Miles by name, but we could not accomplish it, so that we had a string of lieutenant-generals of whom Corbin was one. Finally, one day we tacked an amendment to an army appropriation bill, restricting the rank of lieutenant-general to veterans of the Civil War. After that we did not have any more lieutenant-generals until the World War began. The feud betwixt Miles and Corbin was a mild and ladylike affair compared with that between Schley and Sampson, both worthy sea-fighters, touching the honors of the brilliant naval victory in Cuban waters, which attracted much attention and created intense bitterness. Both of them are in their graves, but the animosities engendered by their controversy still survive and will probably survive as long as the history of the American navy is read.

One result of the war with Spain was the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, usually called the Hawaiian Islands, by joint resolution. That method was adopted because it was well known that the necessary two-thirds majority to ratify a treaty of annexation could not be mustered in the Senate. In fact, the joint resolution of annexation passed the House only after a battle royal and by a narrow margin. It would not have passed but for the fact that the claim was set up that it was a "war meas-

ure" and that Hawaii is the "key to the Pacific," it being vociferously asserted that at a very reasonable cost "Pearl Harbor" could be made as impregnable as Gibraltar.

It will be remembered that in the last days of the younger Harrison's administration Sanford B. Dole and other Americans, or children of Americans resident in the Kingdom of Hawaii, engineered a revolution which overthrew the monarchy and set up a republic of which Dole, one of the handsomest men of his time, was President. Then in hot haste a treaty of annexation was negotiated between the American Republic and the Hawaiian Republic; but it was hung up in the Senate, and one of the first things President Cleveland did after he was inducted into the Presidency the second time was to withdraw that treaty from the consideration of the Senate. So the annexation scheme was in suspense during his term and during President McKinley's term until the war with Spain began, when Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, then a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, subsequently a Senator in Congress, introduced the joint resolution of annexation. That was the most important action of his long public career, and if the Hawaiians have any sense of gratitude they will erect a splendid monument to perpetuate his memory, for undoubtedly annexation was a most profitable performance for Hawaii, the sugar-planters being enabled thereby to introduce their products into the immense American market free of custom duties for all time to come, which was really the milk in the cocoanut. It is said that there are more millionaires in Hawaii than on any other plot of rural land of the same size on the habitable globe, and nearly every one of them is a "Sugar King"—the sugar which gives them the title of kings being produced by cheap Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese labor. No wonder that the sugar-raisers of Hawaii were red-hot for annexation. "There were

millions in it," more millions than Colonel Sellers dreamed of as a result of his eye-water.

Another important result of the Spanish-American War was that we not only came into possession of Porto Rico, but also of Guam and the Philippine Archipelago, which made us an "Asiatic Power." One consequence of possessing our "Oriental empire" is that we truthfully boast that the sun never sets on our dominions, which is an asset of doubtful value. Incidentally it is apropos to state that the Philippine Islands are the only piece of land that England ever voluntarily relinquished. They had them three hundred years ago and sailed away and left them. Our "Oriental empire," about which we speak so grandiloquently, contains less cultivable land than does the one-third part of Missouri north of the Big Muddy.

As was natural, some scandals grew out of the Spanish-American War. All history shows that in the rush of things in war more or less of scandal is inherent and inevitable. It is an old saying that the poor we have with us always. It might well be added that we have profiteers and thieves with us always. Human nature has not changed one jot or tittle since Adam and Eve were driven from Eden with flaming swords, and it will not change till the earth perishes from fervent heat. It was freely charged that certain rascals in 1898 made princely fortunes by taking advantage of the necessities of the government in the name of patriotism and unloading on Uncle Sam unseaworthy ships and old tubs at fabulous prices—vessels which endangered the lives of soldiers herded onto them. It was also alleged that there was much swindling in the purchase of horses, mules, and every species of supplies needed by the army. The most notorious scandal—one that smelled to heaven—was touching embalmed beef, which outraged the feelings of every right-thinking man, woman, and child in the

Republic. Col. Theodore Roosevelt's celebrated round-robin set the country wild, and the administration was afraid to court-martial him. All these scandals, with others nameless here, forevermore drove the Secretary of War, Gen. Russell A. Alger, out of the Cabinet. Nobody thought for one moment that Alger was dishonest. He was simply the victim of the bad conduct of some of his subordinates. His sin was in being over-confiding in certain of his friends. He was a very rich and a very charitable man, with a creditable war record, having fought his way to the double stars of a major-general. He had been a prominent candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, but there had to be a scapegoat, and he was it. The people of Michigan speedily vindicated him by an election to the Senate of the United States.

John Sherman, who had for years aspired to the Presidency without success, and who led on every ballot but the last for the Republican nomination in the convention of 1888, when Gen. Benjamin Harrison was nominated, was McKinley's first Secretary of State, and General Alger, who was also a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1888, was his first Secretary of War—which must be considered remarkable when it is remembered that in his book Sherman uses this language touching his colleague: "I believe, and had, as I thought, conclusive proof that the friends of General Alger substantially purchased the votes of many of the delegates from the Southern states who had been instructed by their conventions to vote for me." (Page 1029, Vol. 2.) Again, on page 1032, Sherman says, in speaking of Gen. Benjamin Harrison's nomination and his own defeat: "The only feeling of resentment I entertained was in regard to the action of the friends of General Alger in tempting with money poor negroes to violate the instructions of their constituents"; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, Sherman was McKinley's premier, and

Alger his war chief. Sherman published his book, entitled *John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in House, Senate, and Cabinet*, in 1895, but, notwithstanding his severe strictures on General Alger, on March 5, 1897, they sat side by side in President McKinley's Cabinet. Each could have repeated the lines from "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

> So we grew together,
> Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet a union in partition;
> Two lovely berries on one stem.

Verily, verily, politics makes strange bedfellows.

There is an old proverb to the effect that the pot should not call the kettle black. Whether Sherman's charge that General Alger's friends purchased his Southern delegates is true or not, it appears that Sherman's friends, notably Marcus Alonzo Hanna, quartermaster of the Sherman Ohio delegation, as he termed himself—actually manager of the delegation—were pursuing the same tactics to capture Southern delegates for Sherman.

Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, who placed Sherman in nomination in that convention, and who would probably have been nominated himself if he had consented, which he refused to do, says in his book: "Each delegate to the convention was entitled to two extra tickets of admission for each session. The purpose of these extra tickets was to enable those furnished with them to accommodate friends, but the delegates from the Southern states were far from home and short of cash. They had few friends to accommodate, but many necessities that were urgent. Even before the first session of the convention was held rumors were afloat that the Southern delegates were selling their extra tickets and that they were being purchased in the respective interests of different candidates. The names of General Alger and Mr. Sherman were both mentioned in this connection.

"I had no personal knowledge of anything of the kind being done by anybody, until a day or two before the balloting commenced, when I had occasion to go to Mr. Hanna's room to see him about something, and found him there engaged in buying and paying for such tickets. There were a number of negro delegates in his room, and he was taking their tickets and paying them therefor in the most open, business-like way.

"I was greatly surprised by what I saw, and ventured to express displeasure therewith. He defended his action as necessary because the same tactics were being resorted to by others. I quickly left his room, and never returned to it. I also succeeded in exchanging my room, then near his, for another on a different floor, which I occupied until the close of the convention.

"Mr. Sherman, in his *Personal Recollections*, states that he was informed and made to believe that the friends of General Alger were bribing delegates from the Southern states, who had been instructed to vote for him and to desert him and vote for Alger, by buying their tickets. What was done in that respect I do not know, but a glance at the vote cast by the Southern delegates will show that Mr. Hanna did not allow very many of them to get away from him. For instance, out of twenty votes from Alabama, Alger got six, Sherman twelve; Georgia, Alger none, Sherman nineteen; Louisiana, Alger two, Sherman nine; Mississippi, Alger none, Sherman twelve; North Carolina, Alger two, Sherman fifteen; South Carolina, Alger three, Sherman eleven; Tennessee, Alger nine, Sherman seven; Virginia, Alger three, Sherman eleven, and so on to the end.

"I came to know General Alger in later years much better than I knew him at that time. I knew enough of the two men, Sherman and Alger, to know that neither one would have countenanced or permitted the doing of any such thing in his behalf if he had been informed about

it, and I am sure that neither one ever believed that anything of the kind had been done in his behalf. Mr. Sherman says so in so many words in his *Personal Recollections*, and General Alger said so in the most emphatic manner as often as he had occasion to speak on the subject.

"There was much discussion among the delegates as to what was going on with respect to the Southern vote, but I did not hear of anybody denying that Mr. Hanna was purchasing tickets from the negro delegates; certainly there was no denial by Mr. Hanna. An entirely different defense was made. It was that he was only trying to hold delegates who had been instructed by their constituents to support Mr. Sherman. On the other hand, it was asserted that nobody was bound to respect the instructions, for the reason that they had been purchased in the first place, as the tickets were then being purchased. The whole subject is unsavory and disagreeable, and I mention it at all only because of what Mr. Sherman said, and because of what Mr. Croly has said in his *Life* of Mr. Hanna, and to the end that justice may be done to all concerned, including Mr. Hanna, who was so constituted that he was unable to see anything in the transaction except only that he was holding on to what belonged to him and that there was nothing to consider, except only the price he had to pay; and he was not the man to allow that to stand in the way.

"Mr. Croly, after referring to this incident, and quoting from a statement I made at the time with respect to it, adds the following:

"'There is some truth in the foregoing statement. Other members of the convention state that Mr. Hanna had in his trunk more tickets to the convention than he could have obtained in any way except by their purchase from negro delegates. Such practices were common at the time, but they were indefensible, and if they evoked

a protest from Mr. Foraker, he deserves credit for the protest.'

"Mr. Croly seems to have investigated for himself, and to have found confirmatory proof of the truth of my statement. If he made any earnest investigation, he is unjust in trying to minimize by saying 'there is some truth' in my statement. My statement was the exact truth—nothing more, nothing less—and almost any member of the delegation would tell him so."

The real tragedy of McKinley's administration grew out of the appointment of John Sherman as Secretary of State, and his resignation of that high place—which added one more to the many Republican vendettas in Ohio. As nearly as can be ascertained from the mazes of contradiction and the mass of malice, the situation was this: President McKinley and Marcus Alonzo Hanna were bosom cronies and had been for years. McKinley was under deepest obligations to Hanna, both financially and politically—financially because when McKinley found himself in debt in the large sum of sixty-five thousand dollars by reason of having to pay the debts of friends for whom he had gone security, Hanna raised a "pony purse" and paid him out; politically for reasons which all the world knows. It was altogether natural and to his credit that when he came to be President he desired to do something for his powerful and faithful friend, whom he and everybody else rated as a presidential Warwick. He could by his mere *ipse dixit* have given him a Cabinet position, and as a matter of fact pressed him to accept a Cabinet portfolio, especially that of Postmaster-General. Everybody took it for granted that Hanna would be in the Cabinet, as his antecedents indicated that that was the official position for which he was best fitted. To the surprise of McKinley and everybody else, he firmly and repeatedly declined a Cabinet place, but let it be known that he wanted to go to the Senate of the United States.

His biographer, Herbert Croly, says that he had secretly nursed that ambition for several years. As Senator Foraker, who never failed to sneer at Croly and to cast insinuations on Croly's veracity and *bona fides*, corroborates Croly on that one point, it must be accepted as true. No doubt if McKinley could have appointed a United States Senator he would have appointed Hanna; but he could not appoint a Senator, and, what was more and still worse, there was no senatorial vacancy from Ohio. Consequently, while McKinley was amazed at Hanna's ambition for a senatorial toga in preference to a Cabinet portfolio, the two laid their heads together to secure the creation of an Ohio senatorial vacancy. It was absolutely preposterous to suggest to Gov. Joseph Benson Foraker that he decline or resign the senatorial term—his first term—to begin March 4, 1897. He had been fighting a long time to reach the Senate, having given John Sherman the senatorial fight of his life in 1892. Foraker, whatever his faults, was the most brilliant of the whole batch of Buckeye statesmen of that era. He hated Hanna most savagely for several reasons, principally because Hanna had bolted his nomination for a third gubernatorial term in 1889 and had managed Sherman's fight for re-election to the Senate in 1892. He also was jealous of McKinley, believing firmly that he should have been elected President instead of McKinley. So it would have been sheer madness to have suggested to the fiery, proud, eloquent, brilliant, sensitive, and ambitious Foraker to make way for Hanna, his arch-enemy. But as a senatorial vacancy must be created to satisfy Hanna's ambition, and as Foraker was utterly hopeless, it was made by inducing John Sherman to resign from the Senate and to accept the Secretaryship of State. Hanna was first appointed his successor after much pressure was brought to bear on Governor Bushnell, whose nomination for Governor Hanna had bitterly fought. There was a red-hot

row, much intrigue, much manipulation, but Hanna was appointed, while Foraker, who had made Bushnell Governor, like Saul of Tarsus at the stoning of Stephen, stood by consenting, very much to his subsequent regret. In January, 1898, Hanna was elected for both the short and long terms, after one of the bitterest and most scandalous fights in American history. All sorts of charges of bribing and corruption, kidnapping and general deviltry on both sides filled the air. Hanna's enemies filed charges in the Senate, where he was acquitted, or, as his opponents expressed it, "whitewashed." Men wondered why he preferred a senatorship to a Cabinet position, and they wondered still more why Sherman, who had been a Representative in Congress for six years, a Senator for thirty-two years, Secretary of the Treasury for four years, and had been elected to the Senate for six years more, of which term two years remained, was willing to relinquish his seat therein, with whose duties he was thoroughly familiar, to assume the duties of a position of uncertain tenure, and with whose duties he was unfamiliar, since he had devoted the whole of his long and laborious life to economic questions. Men still wonder why he consented to the change. What the inducements were and what pressure, if any, was applied to him will probably never be divulged. I do not know, and I have never seen anybody who would give the inside history of that mystifying transaction. It is difficult to conceive that he believed that being Secretary of State would add one cubit to his stature as a statesman, and it is equally difficult to conceive that pressure could have been brought to bear on him, as he was at the age of seventy-four in possession of a curule chair with every reason to believe that he held his place in the Senate by life tenure.

Having accepted the premiership of the administration in March, 1897, to the surprise of the political world in the spring of 1898, he utterly amazed it by suddenly re-

signing. His unexpected action set all political tongues and heads to wagging. All sorts of guesses were made; all sorts of reasons were assigned; all sorts of predictions were indulged in; all sorts of whispers and innuendoes were heard as to a new Republican feud in Ohio, and all the Ohio feuds, both Republican and Democratic, and they are almost numberless—were dug up and burnished into new life. Finally the politicians ranged themselves into two groups, one claiming that the venerable Sherman had been foully dealt with, asseverating that after being lured from the Senate by the bait of the Secretaryship of State in order to make room for Hanna, and having been used for the purposes of the McKinley-Hanna combine, he had been forced to resign from the Cabinet. What the Shermanites said about McKinley and Hanna was simply awful. The McKinleyites and Hannaites retorted that they had only performed a necessary public and patriotic service in ridding the Cabinet of Sherman's presence, that he was in his dotage, had incipient paresis, and that his senile babblings during a time of war were not only aggravating and humiliating, but most decidedly dangerous to the country. The Shermanites countered by swearing the charges aforesaid to be a pack of malicious and preposterous lies hatched for the purpose of justifying their cruelty to Sherman. The battle raged with great volubility and intense acrimony. Even the stirring events of the Spanish War did not induce people to cease from wrangling and jangling about Sherman's resignation. He died in a little over two years after retiring to private life, a sorely disappointed man. No doubt the dispute as to his political taking-off still goes on in the outlying precincts of Ohio, and will never end so long as the names of McKinley, Hanna, and Sherman are remembered among the Buckeyes, for they dearly love a feud.

In his *Life* of Hanna Croly seems to prove that not only was Sherman glad to be Secretary of State, but he

was anxious that Hanna should succeed him in the Senate—so anxious, in fact, that he would not agree to resign his senatorship until Governor Bushnell had, after much pressure and very reluctantly, agreed to appoint Hanna —which the Governor did and which he bitterly regretted to his dying day.

Croly also states, and seems to prove it, that sundry persons endeavored to dissuade McKinley from appointing Sherman, because of his failing condition mentally and physically—especially as to his memory; but, according to Croly, McKinley—urged thereto by Hanna—replied that few people knew of Sherman's failing strength; that he was universally regarded as an eminent statesman; that his appointment as Secretary of State would give immense prestige to his administration; and that by giving him a vigorous, clear-headed Assistant Secretary of State to do the real work he would have the benefit of Sherman's famous name and sage advice, and things would work out all right. Consequently Sherman was appointed, and Judge William R. Day, of Ohio, his chief assistant. When Sherman resigned, Day became Secretary of State, headed the American Peace Commission to Paris, was subsequently United States Circuit Judge, and is now a member of the Federal Supreme Court.

Whatever may be the exact truth, one thing is as clear as crystal, and that is that Sherman himself thought he had been badly manhandled, and retired from the Cabinet in high dudgeon, hating both McKinley and Hanna till death took him.

Hon. Theodore E. Burton, a fine, scholarly man of Ohio, now of New York, who was both a Representative and a Senator in Congress, says, in his *Life of John Sherman:* "It cannot be denied, however, that he left the Cabinet with a degree of bitterness toward President McKinley, more by reason of his practical supersession than for any other reason, but also with the belief that

he had been transferred to the Cabinet to make room for another in the Senate." Burton appears to be an unprejudiced witness.

Senator Foraker, who hated both McKinley and Hanna savagely, and who was not intensely enamoured of Sherman, in his *Notes on a Busy Life*, in speaking of Sherman as Secretary of State, says:

"As the weeks and months went by Mr. Sherman noticed that he was not conferred with and deferred to with respect to the important matters he had in charge to the full extent he thought he should be. He felt offended. Just what may have been said by him to the President or by the President to him I do not know, but I do know that no one in Washington official life was surprised when, finally, upon the declaration of war with Spain, Mr. Sherman tendered his resignation and the President accepted it.

"Mr. Sherman continued to reside in Washington most of the time until his death in October, 1900. During all the time he was in the Cabinet, and thereafter until his death, he never lost an opportunity to show me the warmest friendship and the strongest good-will. He did not come very often to the Senate Chamber, but he visited there a number of times during this period. In each instance, when I did not happen to see him as he entered, he at once sent a page to notify me he was there and to request me to come and sit with him on a sofa in the rear of the Senators' seats, provided for the accommodation of those entitled to the privileges of the floor.

"On no one of these occasions did he ever speak to Mr. Hanna, or ever speak of him, so far as I am aware, except only once, when he asked me if Senator Hanna was then in the Chamber. The Senator was in his seat and I pointed him out to him, but he did not ask to see him or speak to him on that occasion, or engage in any conver-

sation whatever in regard to him. He came several times to my residence. He was always extremely cordial and talked much about the business of the Senate, its agreeable character, and how much he had enjoyed his service there. But he never, at any time, except in the one instance mentioned, made any inquiry about Senator Hanna or mentioned his name in any connection whatever; neither did he ever, on any occasion, speak of the President or his administration or any of the policies he was pursuing. He always, in his conversation with me, was silent with respect to both, and what they were doing, as though he had never heard of either.

"I know, however, from others with whom he did talk, that he felt deeply offended and that, when he took occasion to speak on the subject, he usually said what for him were very bitter things. I know that his family shared this feeling to such an extent that when I attended his funeral at Mansfield I was told by one of the relatives that some flowers had been sent from the White House and that they had refused to receive them.

"Having heard all this, I was less surprised than I would otherwise have been when, on the first day of March, 1902, while en route from Washington to New York, I met on the train Gen. Nelson A. Miles, whose wife was a daughter of Judge Charles T. Sherman, the Senator's brother, and was told by him that he had been carrying in his pocket for some time an autograph letter written by Mr. Sherman to somebody, he did not know to whom, but for some reason not mailed to the party for whom it was intended, but carefully filed with other papers that were to be made public after his death; that he was authorized to give it to me for such use as I might see fit to make of it. He then produced the following letter, which on my return to Washington I placed in an envelop, where until now it has ever since remained, on which envelop I indorsed 'The within letter delivered

to me by General Miles on train en route to New York, March 1, 1902.'

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *8 November, 1898.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your note of the 6th inst. is received and I give you my hearty thanks. No doubt I ought to have remained in the Senate during my term, which would not have expired until the 4th of March next. At that time I regarded McKinley as a sincere and ardent friend whom I had assisted and whose election I had promoted. When he urged me to accept the position of Secretary of State I accepted with some reluctance and largely to promote the wishes of Mark Hanna. The result was that I lost the position both of Senator and Secretary, and I hear that both McKinley and Hanna are pitying me for failing memory and physical strength. I do not care for their pity and do not ask them any favors, but wish only to feel independent of them, and conscious that, while they deprived me of the high office of Senator by the temporary appointment as Secretary of State, they have not lessened me in your opinion or in the good-will of the great Republican party of the United States.

"Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN."

Finally Croly says: "In spite of Senator Sherman's professions of gratitude, he never mentions Mr. Hanna's name in the lengthy account of his final election to the Senate, which appears in his *Reminiscences*. Indeed, Mr. Hanna's name never appears in the entire book. The volume was published in 1895 and 1896, so that Mr. Sherman's later grievance against Mr. Hanna, if grievance it was, could have had nothing to do with the omission."

Mr. Croly, in his book, reveals an astonishing fact touching the relations between McKinley and Hanna which few, very few, people ever heard of. That is that more than once there was a slight alienation of feelings betwixt the twain. The reason he assigns is more amazing than the fact, and that is that McKinley was jealous of Hanna's increasing fame and fearful that he (McKinley) would be overshadowed by it!

Croly states two things about them repeatedly, with much positiveness—that they were both against the Spanish War and both against Roosevelt's nomination as Vice-President.

I have gone into this McKinley-Sherman-Hanna matter at length partly because it is one of the most mysterious transactions in American history and partly because, when I was a very young man, I attended the Cincinnati Law-school and got the hang of Ohio politics. For two generations there has been more politics in Ohio than anywhere else on earth, and I have somewhat kept the run of things in that state. Somebody who, according to the life tables, has thirty or forty years to live should write a book about "Ohio Political Vendettas, both Democratic and Republican." In interest it would double-discount all the books ever written about the mountain feuds in Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia. He would have superabundant materials in the relations of Allen G. Thurman and Vallandigham, Allen G. Thurman and his illustrious uncle, "Rise Up" William Allen, Pendleton and Payne, Chase and Wade, Sherman and Garfield, Sherman and Foraker, Sherman and McKinley, Sherman and Hanna, Foraker and Hanna, Foraker and Taft, Foraker and Sherman, Payne and Brice, John R. McLean and Tom Johnson, Foraker and Harding, McLean and Hoadley, and others *ad libitum*.

For years Ohio has been in the "presidential belt" for several reasons: First, because of its central location; second, because, while it has been reliably Republican, the bosses permitted it to go Democratic often enough in off years to maintain for their own benefit and behoof the fiction that Ohio was doubtful; third, because until quite recently they had an election every year which kept them in practice, figuratively speaking, they slept on their arms with one eye open; fourth, because Ohio had an extraordinarily able set of public men, made able to a

large extent by the constant campaigning of the annual elections and the limelight resulting therefrom. Ohio had such a plethora of aspiring statesmen that they jostled one another and were in one another's way. For example, either Chase or Wade would have had a reasonable show for the presidential nomination in 1860 had Ohio been united on one of them. Either Allen or Thurman might have won in 1876, but both running put Ohio out of the reckoning. The same remark applies somewhat to Payne and Pendleton. In 1880 Sherman was a presidential candidate, and Garfield walked away with the glittering prize, very much to the disgust of Sherman and his friends. Sherman was again a candidate in 1884, but the Ohio delegation was split. In 1888 he had for the first time a solid delegation on the surface from his own state, though one big Ohio paper declared that only fifteen of them were for him at heart. However that may be, they voted solidly for him so long as he seemed to have a ghost of a show, and even after that. Mark Hanna was hoping to nominate McKinley if Sherman failed, while Foraker offers persuasive evidence in his book that he could have been nominated himself had Sherman been generous enough to withdraw when Sherman knew he had no chance to win and when everybody else in that convention knew the same thing. Even after Foraker knew that his presidential cake was dough he prevented Taft from getting a solid delegation from Ohio in 1908.

Foraker seems to me to be the most pathetic figure in Ohio politics. He was an exceptionally handsome and brilliant figure. He was rated as a presidential possibility for twenty-five years. More than once he appeared to be a presidential probability; but something fatal to his ultimate ambition always happened. Twice he placed John Sherman in nomination for President. Twice he placed McKinley in nomination for Governor, and twice

for President, all of which must have been exceedingly distasteful to him. He was nominated for Governor four times, elected the second and third times, defeated the first and fourth. Had he been elected the fourth heat in 1889 he would in all human probability have defeated Sherman for the Senate in January, 1892, and might have been nominated for President later that same year; but Sherman defeated him decisively for Senator, which gave his presidential aspirations a solar-plexus blow. Finally he attained the Senate March 4, 1897, the same day that his less brilliant and less eloquent rival, McKinley, reached the White House.

John Adams, who had a temper of his own, and who hated Alexander Hamilton, of New York, boss of the Federalists, with absolute ferocity, once declared with much heat, while President, that "New York politics is the devil's own mess." It is really a pity that "the Sage of Braintree" did not live long enough to render an opinion upon the intricacies, plots, counterplots, and betrayals of Ohio politics. The ordinary span of human life is not sufficient time in which to understand them. It may well be doubted if anybody ever did completely comprehend them in their entirety and minutiæ.

So far as men and measures discussed in this book are concerned, I have endeavored to write the truth and to treat them fairly. Here is the truth, so far as I can ascertain it from amazingly contradictory evidence about Marcus A. Hanna.

In private life he seems to have been kind-hearted, even affectionate. Physically he was a large man, and had a pleasant, though not a handsome, face. He had been solely a successful business man, amassing a large fortune while still in his prime, never running for office until 1897, when he was a candidate for United States Senator. Until he was appointed to the Senate, he had participated in politics for his friends only, by electing

delegates to state and national conventions, by attending as a delegate himself, and by managing campaigns as state and national chairman. His friendship for McKinley grew out of a chance meeting while the latter was of counsel in a lawsuit against him. He managed McKinley's campaign for both nomination and election. Croly says he paid all the expenses for the nomination out of his own pocket, which is hard to believe. Carrying the election was dead easy, as he had the biggest campaign fund in the history of the Republic. Nevertheless, as he was chairman, he reaped a great reputation. No doubt his friendship for McKinley—love would be a more fitting word—lured him into presidential politics in 1896, for he had been trying for twelve years to find a presidential opening for his idol. No man in American history was ever more savagely abused in public speech or the public press. He was openly and constantly charged with buying the Presidency for his protégé. Homer Davenport, in his cartoons, covered him with dollar-marks till people came to regard him as the almighty dollar incarnate.

One day during the extra session of Congress in 1897 I sent my little seven-year-old son, Bennett Champ, over to the Senate with a note for Senator Cockrell. In a few minutes he came running back with his eyes bulging out, and exclaimed: "Daddy, I saw Senator Mark Hanna over there, and he didn't have any dollar-marks on him!" He was only a child, but his report tends to show how thoroughly the dollar-mark cartoon had done its work.

When he entered the Senate he had never made a public speech in his life, though verging close on sixty. No one dreamed that he would become a strong senatorial debater, and yet that is precisely what he did. He was panoplied with the prestige won as national chairman, but his enemies claimed at first that he was listened to and tolerated as a debater simply because he had a great pull with the administration and was McKinley's spokes-

man; but it gradually dawned on the American mind that he was a really strong speaker. The fact that the great canal was dug across the Isthmus of Panama instead of across Nicaragua was due more to him than to any other man. Those who heard him on the stump united in testifying that he was a success in that sort of speech-making—which is astonishing when it is remembered that he was threescore before he began to speak in public on the stage. Another remarkable fact is that millions of people thought that his glory was only reflected from McKinley and that when McKinley died Hanna's light would be gradually dimmed until it completely disappeared; but as a matter of historic truth he was a bigger man after the President's death than he was before. Long before he died all the elements of opposition to President Roosevelt were rallying to his support for the presidential nomination. When all the facts are considered, his career after he entered the Senate must be taken as another evidence of the theory that the average American rises equal to any emergency in which he finds himself placed.

It will be remembered that a Republican administration conducted the war with Spain, and one would naturally conclude that the glamour attaching to that brief and highly successful conflict would give the Republicans prestige so great as to enable them to elect the House of Representatives in the Fifty-sixth Congress easily and by an overwhelming majority. Not so, however. Quite the contrary. When that Congress convened they had only thirteen majority. A change of seven would have given the Democrats control. I have always believed, and believe now, that President McKinley's speaking tour through the Central West won the victory for the Republicans. Ostensibly he eschewed politics; but everybody goes to hear and applaud a President—any President. His speeches engender enthusiasm, and enthusiasm

is as contagious as smallpox or the bubonic plague. McKinley was not only a prince of stumpers, but was Republicanism in human form. He stirred his audiences to the depths.

So eminent a Republican as Col. William Peters Hepburn told me that the President's speeches elected him and captured the House of Representatives.

CHAPTER XVI

McKinley and Roosevelt.

IT is absolutely certain that in our entire history no two men so utterly unlike in every particular—in thought, education, manner, personal characteristics, physique, tastes, methods, and public experience—ever ran for President and Vice-President on the same ticket as William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. In every way they were startling contrasts. If the Philadelphia Republican National Convention of 1900 had deliberately searched the land from sea to sea for the sole purpose of finding two eminent men who were the perfect antipodes of each other, they could not have succeeded better than when it selected the Major and the Colonel as their standard-bearers.

McKinley was one of the gentlest, most modest, most diplomatic, and most gracious of all our public men. Roosevelt was brusk, abrupt, self-assertive, positive, and the most aggressive of mortals. McKinley took everything by the smooth handle, was a master in the art of pouring oil on the troubled waters. Roosevelt accomplished his purposes by the lion's paw and the eagle's claw. McKinley, in kindly fashion, persuaded men to comply with his wishes. Roosevelt batted them over the head with his big stick, drove straight to the mark, and compelled acquiescence in his purposes, plans, and ambitions. McKinley was of the brunette type, with finely chiseled features, and with an astonishing facial resemblance to Napoleon—a fact of which his followers

made much capital and his opponents much fun. Roosevelt was of the blond type, with rugged features, evidencing the dynamic force of which, beyond all question, he was possessed—physically resembling no other historic character whatsoever. Mentally and physically he was *sui generis*. McKinley acted on the philosophy that molasses catches more flies than vinegar. Roosevelt believed in calling a spade a spade. The word "liar" was familiar to his tongue, and he founded the Ananias Club, chose its members, and thrust them in. McKinley was delicately framed, weighed about a hundred and sixty, and was five feet seven and one-fourth inches in stature, but he had a way of walking, expanding his chest and carrying his head which made him appear taller and larger—in which he resembled Gen. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. Roosevelt was nearly six feet tall, weighed above two hundred, had a magnificent body—which he kept in prime condition—and was strong as a bull. McKinley was of sedentary habit, while Roosevelt took more exercise than any other occupant of the White House. He was as striking an example of what physical culture and outdoor life will do in converting a spindling boy into an exceedingly robust man of rare endurance as could be found betwixt the two seas. He bounced about like a rubber ball and was fond of associating with athletes, of whom he was one. McKinley's studies, reading, and speeches all ran to economics. Roosevelt's touched all subjects of human interest. He seemed as much at home in one place as another, and spoke with equal cocksureness and vehemence on all topics, whether before the learned Academicians of the Sorbonne, or in Guildhall explaining to the gaping and dumfounded Britishers how to govern Egypt, or making a stump speech in the great cities and on wide prairies of his native land. The chances are that McKinley never dreamed of writing a book, and that it would have been about such a book

as *John Sherman's Memoirs*, one of the dullest of all books, if he had attempted it. Roosevelt was a voluminous author on a variety of subjects—always interesting, if not profound. McKinley was not a collegian. Roosevelt was a Harvard man. McKinley was a devout Methodist. Roosevelt was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. McKinley was of Scotch descent. Roosevelt, on his father's side, was of Dutch extraction, while his mother was a Miss Bullock, of Georgia. McKinley taught school, practised law, was prosecuting attorney, long-time Representative in Congress, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Governor of Ohio. Roosevelt was a member of the Legislature almost before his beard was sprouted, Police Commissioner of New York, Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York, and Vice-President. McKinley was reared on a farm. Roosevelt gathered health and strength as a cowboy in Dakota. With neither was the road to the White House smooth all the way. McKinley was unseated in a contest in the House and finally beaten for re-election. Thomas B. Reed defeated him by only two votes for the Republican nomination for Speaker, when the nomination was equivalent to the election. Roosevelt was defeated for the mayoralty of New York, and sadly confided to his friends, so it is said, that his political career was at an end—which it is difficult, indeed impossible, to believe.

They were both soldiers—McKinley in the Civil War, ending with the grade of major; Roosevelt in the Spanish American War, with the rank of colonel. Both capital stump speakers and of different styles; both stanch Republicans—each after his kind. Both masterful politicians by methods wide apart as the poles.

I have always said that had McKinley lived out his second term he would have completely disorganized the Democrats by a process of political seduction, in which

he was an adept. There were thirty or forty Democrats in the House completely under his spell, with the number constantly growing. Roosevelt stirred the fighting blood of every Democrat worthy of the name. Many were his personal friends, but he cudgeled Democrats so unmercifully that they fought back with might and main.

Defeat, while never pleasant, is sometimes a blessing in disguise. No doubt McKinley was bitterly disappointed when Reed achieved the Speakership over him, but it was the best thing that ever happened to him, for Reed appointed him chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, thereby enabling him to fasten his name onto "the McKinley bill," which was one of the principal factors in the slaughter of the Republicans in 1890 and 1892, and, strange as it may seem, was one of the most potent arguments in favor of McKinley's nomination and election to the Presidency in 1896. Another thing that helped him amazingly was the stupidity of the Ohio Democratic Legislature, which gerrymandered him out of Congress in 1890. The American people like a square deal, and the Ohio folks did not take kindly to the idea of treating in that manner a man who had risen so high in the councils of the nation. So they unanimously nominated him for Governor in 1891, and again in 1893, and triumphantly elected him both times, which gave him the coign of vantage in 1896.

Everybody knows what Parson Burchard did to James Gillespie Blaine. McKinley was determined that no such *faux pas* should happen in his campaign. It will be remembered that McKinley did not go around the country making speeches, but that numerous delegations of his supporters made the pilgrimage to Canton, where he addressed them from his front porch. That method of campaigning has lost its vogue because there are no more free railroad passes!

Former Representative James T. McCleary, of Minne-

sota, an ardent admirer of McKinley, once told me how determined McKinley was that he should not be "Burchardized," as was "the Man from Maine." So he absolutely refused to be addressed by any visiting orator unless the orator's speech was submitted to him in advance. If there was anything objectionable or of even doubtful propriety in the speech, he would send for him and tell him that in a general way his speech was admirable. Then in the friendliest manner possible he would say: "Of course, you are here for the sole purpose of helping to elect me, and that is why you have prepared this excellent speech—for all of which I am profoundly grateful. Now permit me to suggest that here is a sentence which might perhaps be used to our disadvantage. Do you not think it should be erased?" Of course the aspiring orator would agree to the deletion. He could not do anything else, as the possibility of offending the probable President was, above all things, to be avoided. Consequently McKinley would order one of his staff to take a blunt-nibbed pen and so thoroughly efface the undesirable sentence that no human eye, even if aided by the most powerful microscope, could decipher it. With such care it is no wonder that no fatal accident happened in McKinley's canvass. Had Blaine censored the parson's speech he would have been President instead of Grover Cleveland, for there can be no shadow of doubt that Burchard's three words of alliteration changed more than the five hundred and odd votes necessary to be changed to send the Plumed Knight to the White House.

Blaine always asserted that he did not hear Burchard's fatal alliteration—which is probably true; but suppose he had heard those three words which shut the White House doors in his face—what then? How could he, on the spur of the moment, have said anything to cure the injury wrought by the preacher without at the same time alienating as many voters as he gained? I have worked

on that problem in mental gymnastics a good deal, but I have never been able to solve the riddle.

Gen. Winfield Scott acted as his own Burchard in his remark about "the hasty plate of soup," and his scornful declaration that he "never read *The New York Herald.*" His illustrious namesake, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, "the Superb," performed the same office for himself by his remark to the effect that "the tariff is a local question." That and Charles A. Dana's malicious squib that "General Hancock is a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds," greatly militated against his election.

In line with what Mr. McCleary told me is the following extract from Mr. Croly's *Life of Senator Marcus A. Hanna.* Speaking of the paucity of letters and telegrams passing between Hanna and William McKinley, he says:

> Only about a score of letters and some four telegrams . . . and the great majority of these are trivial in character. . . . Mr. McKinley was in all his political relations an extremely wary man. He early adopted the practice of not committing to paper any assertions or promises which might subsequently prove to be embarrassing; and even in the case of important conversations over the telephone he frequently took the precaution of having a witness at his end of the line. It is scarcely to be expected that any letters of his will be of much assistance, either to his own biographer or that of any political associate, in spite of, or rather because of, the fact that McKinley late in his life wrote too many of his letters with a biographer so much in mind. All important matters were discussed between the two men in private conference. Later they were connected by a special telephone service.

In quoting that excerpt Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, in his *Notes of a Busy Life*, adds this cryptic remark:

> One might infer from these comments that if the dictagraph had been known in his time, McKinley would have supplied himself with one for use in his conferences.

There is an old saying which runs in this wise: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some

have greatness thrust upon them." So far as can be ascertained, very few men have deliberately gone after the Vice-Presidency, because the nomination of candidates for the Presidency generally determines the nominations for Vice-President. Usually it is given as a sop to some prominent member of the defeated faction. Among those who sought it and captured it are Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, and Garrett A. Hobart. Whitelaw Reid secured the nomination, but was defeated at the election.

Colonel Roosevelt has always claimed that he did not desire the vice-presidential nomination. "If so," his enemies and detractors ask, "why did he wear his military cocked hat to that convention? Simply to attract attention?" If so, he overdid it and attracted so much attention, engendering so much enthusiasm, that it enabled that astute politician, Thomas Collier Platt, aided and abetted by the astuter politician, Matthew Stanley Quay, to force Senator Marcus A. Hanna's hand and compel the nomination of Roosevelt. Platt's sole aim was to get rid of Roosevelt and shelve him in the Vice-Presidency. It is said that Roosevelt was furious, though it was a streak of pure good luck and made him President—which otherwise he might never have been. Senator Platt was happy as a boy with his first pair of red-topped boots at having "shelved Roosevelt"—which, as it turned out, was to lead to his own political undoing. He was hoisted on his own petard. My own opinion is that Roosevelt was honest in saying that he did not want the Vice-Presidency. Why, then, the military cocked hat? Because he wanted to set people to talking about him so as to aid him in grabbing a presidential nomination in 1904. From the time when he first learned there is such a high and mighty office he began chasing it.

He was as active as a cat, energetic as a steam-engine, industrious as the law of gravitation, ambitious as Cæsar,

So long as life lasted he was a factor—an important factor—in human affairs.

One reason why McKinley was at all times in perfect peace, if not in absolute accord, with Congress was that he had served many years in the House and understood thoroughly and well its idiosyncrasies, its prejudices, its jealousies, its clannishness, and its *esprit de corps;* and one reason why Roosevelt had such an uproarious and unpleasant experience with the Congress was that he had never served in either House or Senate, did not understand them, and did not care a fig what they thought, thereby creating superfluous and unfortunate frictions and antagonisms. The one was a diplomat; the other a fighter.

The late Richard W. Austin, of the Knoxville, Tennessee, district, once the home of both Andrew Johnson and "Parson" Brownlow, was a most lovable man who boasted that he never voted for a tax or against an appropriation. By his familiars he is called "Alabama Dick," because while a citizen of that state he had the temerity to run twice on the Republican ticket for Congress against Gen. Joe Wheeler, which most Democrats considered a species of sacrilege. Austin found the political pastures greener and more lush in East Tennessee, where there are more Republicans to the square inch than anywhere else on earth.

Austin was fond of telling stories to illustrate the rich humor of his long-time friend and erstwhile colleague, Walter P. Brownlow. Everybody knows that while in the House President McKinley was a strong advocate of silver. So was Brownlow. Austin said that in 1896 Brownlow was stumping East Tennessee and making red-hot speeches for McKinley, but also whooping it up at a lively rate for free silver coinage. Mr. Chairman Marcus A. Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, heard of it, and in great perturbation of spirit wrote Brownlow to

cut out his advocacy of silver, since Major McKinley was running as the Sound Money candidate on a gold-standard platform. Brownlow answered somewhat in this wise: "Dear Mr. Chairman, I regret exceedingly if I have offended. The most eloquent Silver speech I ever heard fall from human lips was made by Major McKinley some years ago. I did not know he had changed his views, and was going up and down quoting his remarks on the coinage question. I will, however, conform my speech to your suggestions, but I beg of you that, should he again change his views, you will telegraph me notice in advance so that I can still work in harmony with our great leader!"

When Colonel Roosevelt chose he could make himself very agreeable indeed. His large and varied store of information, his peculiarly emphatic style of conversation—which frequently ran into monologue—his experiences as hunter, soldier, traveler, discoverer, public speaker, statesman, author, cowboy, his intense earnestness, his amazing success in many fields of human endeavor, his rare and infectious enthusiasm—these things rendered him a unique and commanding figure in any company. With his friends he was free and easy, not being overloaded with dignity.

When in 1903 he made his long electioneering trip to Oregon, he traveled through my Congressional district for about one hundred miles *via* the Burlington Railroad. My constituents asked me to introduce him at the various stopping-places, which I was glad to do. He and I were on good terms, and it was a courtesy I owed him. I did not suppose that anybody would try to hurt him, but I thought I might prevent the over-enthusiastic or overstimulated from annoying him with demonstrations too intimate or too boisterous in their nature. I met him at Hannibal, where he addressed a fine audience, composed largely of Democrats, who cheered him to the echo and "threw high their sweaty caps in air," for he was very

popular in Missouri—a fact mathematically demonstrated when he carried that rock-ribbed Democratic stronghold in November, 1904, by thirty thousand majority, being the first Republican presidential candidate to carry it subsequent to 1868. I have been told that he was very proud of that fact—his pride being thoroughly justified, for it was far more a personal than a political triumph.

When we boarded his special train he invited Howard Elliott, Judge Adams, Judge Dyer, United States Marshal Morsey, and myself, with perhaps some others, to lunch with him in his private car. It was an entirely informal affair. Merriment was unconfined. He was in high feather, being hugely pleased with his reception in Missouri. Everybody chipped into the conversation.

It so happened that while on his long journey one of his small sons had the measles. The boy wanted to go to the barn to see his Shetland pony. His mother would not let him go, fearing that he might catch cold. So the little chap induced the colored hostler to take the tiny pony into the White House basement, put him into the elevator, and hoist him up-stairs to his room. I asked the President what he thought of that performance. "Bully!" he exclaimed. "By George! it's the funniest caper I ever heard of. Don't you know that boy thinks more of that colored man than he does of me?" and he threw his head back and laughed so uproariously as to be heard above the rattle of the train. I told him that was usually the case with boys reared with colored folks.

I had an experience with him which demonstrated in a pleasing way his kindness of heart. At a certain stage of the pre-convention canvass it looked as though Senator Marcus A. Hanna would give the President a hard tussle for the Republican nomination. Of course it was none of my business who won among the Republicans, but I believed the Republican nominee would secure the

election, and also believed Roosevelt to be the better man of the two. Therefore I wanted to see him nominated. The Republican situation in Missouri did not look propitious for him. The Hanna men constituted only about two-fifths of the Republicans in the state, but they were seasoned veterans, well organized, while Roosevelt's followers, constituting about three-fifths, were leaderless and unorganized. I concluded that a friendly tip from a disinterested Democratic friend well acquainted in the state might help him. So one morning I went over to the White House, accompanied by my son, Bennett Champ, lately a colonel in our army in France, then a chunk of a boy. After talking to the President about two or three small matters of official business I said, "Mr. President, some time before long, if you can find a few minutes of leisure, let me know and I will come down and tell you something to your personal advantage of a political nature." He replied: "Wait till I can get rid of these people"—waving his hand toward a bevy of folks—"and we'll have that talk now." After his visitors departed he and I, followed by my young son, went into his private room. He and I sat down on a sofa, and I began to explain to him how to capture the thirty-six Missouri delegates to the convention by sending for a half-dozen men whom I named, and setting them to organizing his forces, etc.

He had a magnificent stuffed eagle on his table, and my son was examining the splendid bird with much pleasure and curiosity. Right in the middle of my explanation of how he could bag the Missouri delegates the President noticed the boy's admiration of his eagle. He left me, went over to where the boy and eagle were, explained what sort of eagle he was, where he came from, who presented him, how he was differentiated from all other eagles, and how he was made to stand erect. Then he delivered a short lecture on taxidermy that would have

done credit to any professional in the land. The boy was delighted, and so was I. Then the President came back to the sofa and I finished my message, for which he thanked me very cordially and on which he said he would act. Senator Hanna, however, died shortly after, and the colonel had no opposition for the nomination.

Most assuredly the President who would take such pains to please and instruct a little boy whom he had never seen before and would probably never see again was a kind-hearted man. That is one of my most pleasant memories of this most extraordinary man.

It is generally believed that Colonel Roosevelt monopolized the talking part on all occasions. He did generally, but not always. Once a bunch of distinguished Missourians, headed by Walter Williams, dean of the Missouri School of Journalism, one of the most brilliant men in the state, came to Washington to invite the President to deliver the address to the graduates of the University of Missouri. They stopped at the Willard and asked the Missouri delegation in the House and Senate to accompany them and back up their invitation. I happened to walk over to the White House with Williams. En route I asked him who was to speak for them. He replied that he was. So I said: "I will give you a word of caution. The President has the reputation of doing all the talking in such matters. If you let him break in on you you will never finish your speech." Williams evidently pondered my words in his heart, for as soon as I introduced them he began his remarks, and shot them into the President with the rapidity of an automatic pistol. The latter several times lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, shook his head, opened his mouth, and started to speak, but Williams kept firing into him till he got through—very much to his own surprise and to that of the President, and of everybody else within ear-shot. Truth to tell, I think the President admired Williams for

his nerve. At any rate, he seemed in high good humor, and after some jovial remarks promised to accept the invitation, provided he did not find it incompatible with public business.

This same Walter Williams was author of the finest epigram made in a quarter of a century. Among other things he was superintendent of the biggest Sunday-school in America. One morning in a speech to his flock he said, "Young gentlemen, Fame has snatched men from the plow, the forge, and the carpenter's bench, but Fame never reached over a picket fence and yanked a dude out of a hammock."

On another occasion I was at the White House to keep an appointment with President Roosevelt. The Texas delegation was ahead of me to urge the appointment of ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers as Panama Canal Commissioner. It was hot weather, the doors were open, and, while not eavesdropping, I could not help hearing what they were saying. As I had served in the House with Sayers, I was anxious to know how they came out. As they were leaving I inquired. One of them said: "We don't know. I don't see how the President ever learned anything, for he persists in doing all the talking. He does not give anybody else a chance. We told him that all Texas wanted Governor Sayers appointed Canal Commissioner, and started in to tell him about Sayers—but we never got any farther. He took the conversation away from us, told us all about the Governor and all about the Canal; how he was going to have it constructed, and how much it would benefit the world in general and America in particular. He expanded on the history of canals, especially the Suez Canal. He wound up by giving us an extended biography of Count De Lesseps—but what the prospects of Governor Sayers for that canal commissionership are I don't know!"

I had an experience with him which illustrates his

wonderful memory and industry. Once upon a time seven cadets at Annapolis were court-martialed and dismissed from the Academy. Among them was one whom I had nominated—son of a Republican postmaster, who had won it in a competitive examination which I ordered. The boy wrote me that he had not had a fair trial. Consequently I went to Mr. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte to examine the transcript of the proceedings. The boy was charged with having stood five other cadets on their heads—not a monstrous crime, but everybody was tired of hazing, and he was thrown out. I read every word of the testimony (seven pages closely typewritten legal cap) and found that the evidence fully sustained the five counts of guilty by the court martial. As his offenses were not heinous, I inquired of Mr. Secretary Bonaparte if he thought the President would approve the findings of the court martial. He said, "Yes."

A few days later somebody told me that the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in the House was going to introduce a joint resolution authorizing the President to reinstate two of the seven expelled cadets, and that my cadet was not one of the two. I went to the chairman and asked him if the report was true. He said it was. I told him I would defeat his resolution if it was the last act of my life. I was willing all should get back or all should stay out, but that they should not make fowl of some and fish of others. He gave up the idea, and I heard no more about it.

Just two days before the session ended, however, I learned that Senator Hale of Maine, chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, had secured the passage of a Senate joint resolution authorizing the President to reinstate any or all of the seven, as appeared to him best for the public service—a polite way of whipping his Satanic Majesty around the stump. Next morning I went to see the President. I knew that if I did not save

my cadet before the House passed the Senate joint resolution I could not save him afterward, because the President and I were both billed to leave Washington the moment the Congress adjourned, and that I would have no chance to see him. In my interview with him I said: "Mr. President, if the Hale resolution about those seven expelled naval cadets passes the House, do you purpose to reinstate my cadet?" "No, sir; no, sir," he replied. "He is a bad egg and I will not reinstate him." "All right," I answered. "I will kill the resolution. As there are only two days left, I can kill it, and will kill it." Then he started in to tell me about my cadet's case. I said: "Mr. President, if you are not going to reinstate him there is no use in wasting your time talking about it." He replied that he was going to tell me for his own satisfaction. Thereupon he repeated substantially the entire transcript of seven closely typewritten pages of legal cap, and wound up by saying: "He was convicted on five counts, and if you and I had been sitting on that court martial we would both have voted for conviction."

Then he proceeded to repeat the transcripts in the other six cases. Among other things he said: "You know that I am not seeking opportunities to please Senator Tillman, but his cadet was guilty only of a bare technical violation of the rules. If the court martial had had any sense it would have given him some slight punishment and would not have expelled him. I am going to reinstate him in spite of Senator Tillman, if the Hale resolution passes the House"—which it did not do, for I killed it dead as a door-nail.

I left the White House marveling at such manifestation of the prodigious memory of the President, who had so many more important things to carry around in his head. I wonder yet how he found time in his multitudinous employments to digest those forty-nine pages of transcripts of trials of seven naval cadets.

Here is another illustration of President Roosevelt's industry and many-sidedness. One morning at the White House I was third in the procession, or reception line. Representative Granger of Rhode Island, a mild-mannered man, had with him a half-dozen prominent Jews. They presented a petition signed by thousands of their brethren, asking that the President send our fleet into the North Sea to overawe the Russians and to compel them to treat the Jews with justice. He flew into a passion, and the way he roasted Granger and the Jews was enough to make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and wound up by exclaiming loud enough for a large roomful of people to hear, "What in God's name would the world think of us if we undertook to bully the Russian government into changing its policy toward the Russian Jews, while we are constantly lynching colored citizens down South?" —which greatly abashed Representative Granger and his friends. They departed sorrowfully.

Next entered "the august presence" a handsome, fashionably dressed, intelligent woman of Hibernian extraction, with whom the President seemed to be acquainted, for he greeted her most cordially. She started in to discuss with him the relative merits of certain Irish poets. He cut her off in the middle of a sentence by saying: "My dear madam, I have no time to discuss the Irish poets to-day, but if you will buy the current number of such and such a magazine you will find a forty-page article which I wrote on 'The Irish Sagas'!" Whether she bought one I do not know, but I did, to see if he was stringing her to be rid of her. Sure enough there was the article. Again I wondered how he found time to do such things as that; and the mystery has never been cleared up.

Sometimes he seemed to be animated by the imp of the perverse, touching which Edgar Allan Poe wrote some

weird stories; and he appeared to enjoy shocking people as much as Poe did. When the corner-stone of the vast marble pile denominated the House Office Building was laid the President was the orator of the day. He was in fine fettle. It was a lovely day in May. The audience was large and distinguished. The ladies were decked out in their best bibs and tuckers. The men wore their Sunday clothes. We were all there to have a good time. The President sailed in. He made a flamboyant Fourth-of-July speech for ten minutes, an uplift speech for fifteen, skinned the muckrakers within an inch of their lives, and delivered a few light taps on Democratic ribs. The mouths of the eminent Republican magnates were spread in smiles reaching from ear to ear. They were having the time of their lives, when suddenly, without any connection whatever with anything he had said, apropos of nothing, he declared vehemently for both a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax. The Democrats were jubilant and applauded hilariously, while the smiles froze on the faces of the Republicans. They would not have been more astonished if he had struck them betwixt the eyes with a maul. They had to pinch themselves to see if they were awake. The President seemed to be delighted with the sensation he had created and the consternation which he had wrought among Republican statesmen. Their curses on him for that speech were not only deep, but loud.

When I was a very young man attending the Cincinnati Law-school I was at a mammoth Democratic mass-meeting in the Grand Opera House to protest against Gen. Philip H. Sheridan's action in pitching the Louisiana Legislature out of the windows with his bayonets. I should say *one* of the Louisiana Legislatures, for they had two of them—hence the row. At the mass-meeting aforementioned excitement ran high. The Buckeye orators were out in full force. They made the rafters ring, and

split the welkin with their hot and indignant eloquence. At last appeared United States Senator George H. Pendleton—"Gentleman George," as he was universally called—then in the prime of his manly beauty and splendid powers. To witness the ovation given him was worth ten years of peaceful life. I say again that were I to discount the remarkable age of Methuselah I would never forget his opening sentence—"The sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man is the applause of the people"—as exquisite a mot as was ever uttered.

Perhaps President Roosevelt never heard of Pendleton's saying, but he seemed to be of like mind, for it may be safely stated that no man ever more thoroughly enjoyed popular applause than did he—certainly no man ever received more of it. When he made his famous trip down the Mississippi by boat he was met by a tremendous concourse of hysterically cheering people at the St. Louis wharf. He was to speak at the Jai Alai Building some three or four miles from the river. He went out in an automobile, through lanes of shouting people, the rain pouring down in torrents. He stood up bareheaded to return the greetings of the multitude. The committee begged him to sit down under an umbrella. He replied: "No, if these good people are eager enough to see me to stand in this heavy rain for hours, they shall not be disappointed of their pleasure."

On arriving at the Jai Alai he was soaked to the skin. He began his speech with this witticism: "If this speech is dry, it's the only dry thing about me!"

These things which I have set down here are not among his great achievements, but they are pleasant incidents of his busy life.

The important acts and far-resounding utterances on which the towering fabric of his fame is bottomed have been so often printed in books, magazines, and newspapers—so often described and repeated on the stump,

on the platform, in the pulpit, and in the Congress—that to discuss them here would be a work of supererogation. The world knows them by heart; but it gives me unfeigned pleasure to throw these side-lights upon the character and career of the most extraordinary man who has filled the presidential chair.

It may be of interest to state that in 1912 three presidential candidates, President Taft, Governor Harmon, and myself, graduated at or from—or to use the formula of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, "were graduated from"—the Cincinnati Law-school; but the Princetonian walked away "with the bacon."

Of all the fantastic capers that President Roosevelt ever cut before high heaven, the most astounding and bizarre was his performance at the Gridiron Club in January, 1907.

The Gridiron is the most famous club in America. Its active membership is composed entirely of Washington newspaper men and is limited to forty, in that regard resembling the French "Immortals." It has a long waiting-list—also a small number of honorary members. The original design was that it should be a good-fellowship society. While that idea has not been abandoned, it has gradually taken on other and more serious features, some of a political tinge. To attend one of its banquets with its "show," skits, songs, humor, speeches, and impersonations is a rare treat, provided you know positively that you will not be called upon to speak. When a public man is first invited as a guest he knows that he has been recognized as a "comer." Most of the prominent men of two generations have stretched their legs under Gridiron mahogany. Most of the successful public speakers—and some not successful—have exercised their voices in Gridiron banquet-halls.

The invitations are sent without solicitation. They cannot be bought. In fact, an effort to buy one, or an

intimation by any man that he would be willing to pay, is taken in bad part by the Gridironers.

They have two rules: First, "Ladies are always present"—which they never are; second, "Reporters are never present"—and they always are, in large numbers at that.

The first rule is fair warning to all speakers—to use only chaste language.

The second rule is to have guests speak their minds freely—knowing that their remarks will not be reported.

It is a hundred-to-one shot that any orator that violated the spirit of rule one would never receive another invitation to a Gridiron banquet.

Even rule two was violated on one notable occasion, without the club's consent, as I shall relate.

At least one of President Wilson's speeches was published with the consent of the club.

At the January banquet of 1907 a startling and thrilling stunt was pulled off—the most startling and thrilling I ever witnessed, absolutely unique and unprecedented in character, and perhaps never to be duplicated in this world.

I saw and heard a debate before two or three hundred men between President Roosevelt and Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio. According to my judgment—to use pugilistic parlance—the bout ended in a draw, though the sympathy of the majority of the audience was with the Senator because he was attacked by the President and was therefore fighting on the defensive. It is only truth and justice to say that he held his own fairly well that night; but it is also only truth and justice to say that that debate was the culmination of the feud betwixt him and the President, which practically eliminated him as a presidential candidate. No doubt when Colonel Roosevelt recalled that night he remembered the old saw: "He laughs best who laughs last," for his was the final triumph.

The chief matter in controversy betwixt them was the action of the President in discharging a whole battalion of colored troops at Brownsville, Texas, without honor. It was claimed that some ten or fifteen colored troopers shot up the town one night, killed one man, wounded another, fired into a building, and conducted themselves generally in a most obstreperous and offensive way.

Senator Foraker had introduced a resolution to investigate the whole matter, and got it through the Senate. President Roosevelt, not being able to find out, after all sorts of investigations, which particular men committed the outrage, discharged the whole battalion without honor.

In commenting in the House on the Brownsville row, I said, among other things, that it had eliminated Senator Foraker from the presidential equation and defeated him for Senator.

In his book entitled *Notes of a Busy Life*—which, by the way, is what Horace Greeley would have called "very interesting reading," and what Professor Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, would have denominated "richness"—he says that I was right in the first proposition; that is, that the Brownsville affair eliminated him from the presidential race; but that I was wrong about it defeating him for the Senate. However that may be, these two eminent gentlemen had it out at the Gridiron Club, to the utter amazement of all within sound of their voices.

Here is the setting of the scene: A table on a raised platform ran the whole length of the New Willard big dining-room. Those who were to speak, and other extra-prominent people, were sitting at that table. The other tables ran into the speakers' table at right angles, making the famous Gridiron. President Roosevelt sat to the right of the president of the club. Vice-President Fairbanks sat to the left of the president of the club. Some foreign minister sat next to Vice-President Fairbanks.

J. Pierpont Morgan sat next to the foreign minister. I sat second from this long table at the first table on the left of the president of the club. Melville E. Stone, president of the Associated Press, sat in between me and the long table. Dick Lindsay, of *The Kansas City Star*, whose guest I was particularly, sat next to me, all of which putting me within ten or fifteen feet of President Roosevelt. Senator Foraker sat at the foot of the first table on the right of the president of the club, so when he swung out in the aisle to make his speech he faced President Roosevelt directly—at the distance of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet.

In due course President Roosevelt was called on for a speech. He spoke for about thirty minutes with the utmost vigor about railroad-rate regulation, concerning which he was at loggerheads with Senator Foraker. In a general way he spoke about reform legislation, and he did not mince matters.

In the midst of this speech he turned around, shook his fist in the general direction of J. Pierpont Morgan, H. H. Rogers, and other railroad and financial magnates, and in the tersest language possible he told them that they had better join in with him and carry out the reasonable reform measures which he advocated, asserting that if they did not aid him in rational reforms they would fall into the hands of the mob, which would do all sorts of things to them.

After he was through talking on that string, he opened up on the Brownsville quarrel, and made some direct references to Senator Foraker, and undertook to justify himself in the most vigorous fashion for what he had done touching the Brownsville colored troops, stating that he had done what was right and what he conceived to be his duty, and that he would brook no interference from anybody in the discharge of his duties. Of course, the situation was very tense. Everybody knew that he was

shooting at Foraker, as Foraker had been the chief opponent to the Roosevelt policy in that matter. Everybody knew that there was bad blood between them, and had been for some time, and many were wondering whether Senator Foraker would fight back or not. To put it mildly—very mildly—excitement ran mountain-high. As soon as President Roosevelt sat down the president of the club, Samuel G. Blythe, arose and said: "Now is the time for bloody sarcasm. I introduce Senator Foraker of Ohio." Had Mr. Chairman Blythe been all the major prophets rolled into one, he could not have hit the bull's-eye nearer the center.

Foraker was a very handsome man, over six feet in stature, weighing slightly over two hundred pounds, with as fine a shock of iron-gray hair as was ever on a man's head. When he arose to address the club his face was as white as a sheet. Evidently he was mad through and through. In five minutes after he began his speech his face was as red as the stripes on the flag. He should have had his picture taken that night when he was making that speech. If he had done so he would have come down to posterity as James Steerforth wished to be remembered—"at his best." He did not dodge at all. He gave blow for blow, and behind his blows he put all the steam of which he was possessed. He endeavored, in the plainest language possible, to justify his opposition to Roosevelt's railroad-rate bill, and all of his other reform measures that he had opposed. He finally got on to the Brownsville business, and vigorously defended the troops and himself. He denounced the President's conduct as illegal, unconstitutional, and unjustifiable. After expressing the great love he once had for the President, and telling how he helped him get the nomination, he recited how he had been ignored in his recommendations for appointment, and shouted: "This is the only place I am on the same plane with the President. If I go to the

White House he has the drop on me; if I make a speech about him in the Senate he cannot answer it; but I wish it distinctly understood that I am free born, white, over thirty years of age, and the people of Ohio have honored me many times with high positions and sent me to the Senate twice. I did not come to the Senate to take orders from anybody, either at this end of the line or the other. Whenever I fall so low that I cannot express my opinion on a great question freely, and without reservation or mental evasion, I will resign and leave my place to some man who has the courage to discharge his duties." This is a very brief outline of what Senator Foraker said. He spoke about twenty minutes, as nearly as I can recollect.

While Foraker was speaking President Roosevelt was gritting his teeth, clenching his fist, shaking his head, and muttering: "That is not so; I am going to answer that; that is not true; I will not stand for it," and similar remarks. Three or four times he started to get up to interrupt Senator Foraker, and Mr. Justice Harlan and other more or less ancient personages kept him from interrupting Foraker.

The very minute that Senator Foraker sat down the President jumped up like a "jack-out-of-the-box," and without waiting for anybody to introduce him, began his reply to Senator Foraker. It was red-hot. He delivered his blows without any gloves on. He was intensely bitter and very much excited. In reviewing the Brownsville episode, he said something like this: "Some of those men were bloody butchers; they ought to be hung. The only reason that I didn't have them hung was because I couldn't find out which ones of them did the shooting. None of the battalion would testify against them, and I ordered the whole battalion discharged without honor. It is my business and the business of nobody else. It is not the business of the Congress. It is not the business of the House. It is not the business of the Senate. All

the talk on that subject is academic. If they pass a resolution to reinstate these men, I will veto it; if they pass it over my veto, I will pay no attention to it. I welcome impeachment!" It is hardly over-stating the case to say that he took the breath of that great audience away—they fairly gasped.

As President Roosevelt concluded Mr. Speaker Cannon was introduced. Usually he was one of the most popular speakers at a Gridiron dinner; but so great was the excitement that not a soul paid the slightest attention to what he said, except myself, and I was listening to see what he was going to say about the tariff. There was a universal buzz all about the room. President Blythe, seeing the situation, adjourned the club immediately. The guests rushed out two or three in company, and in the elevator and down in the lobby they were all discussing the thing *sotto voce*.

While Uncle Joe was making his speech, I turned to Melville E. Stone and Dick Lindsay and said that I could tell them how to pull off the greatest sensation since President McKinley was shot. I told them to send out a verbatim copy of the debate of President Roosevelt and Senator Foraker, notwithstanding the standing rule of the club. They hooted at the idea, and said that if any one had surreptitiously taken a stenographic report of the debate no reputable paper would publish it. Nevertheless and notwithstanding the thing leaked out. *The Washington Post* said that that was too important a matter to be hushed up by any rule of the club's etiquette.

One strange and interesting result growing out of the excitement created by that debate was that we lost half the dinner, beginning with the hot birds. Usually when I go to a banquet I cannot sleep very well, but that night I went home and slept like a top. Next morning, before I got up, I fell to reasoning about how I came to sleep so well. I first remembered that we didn't have any coffee.

Then I kept running it back until I found that we missed about half of the dinner. What happened was that when Senator Foraker arose to address the banqueters the waiters started in with the hot birds. President Blythe shooed them out of the room. When the President started in the second time the waiters again started in with the hot birds. Blythe shooed them out again, and they never poked their heads inside that dining-room that night again. I think I am entirely correct in stating that that is the only case on record where a President of the United States had a debate with any human being in the presence of a large audience. Finally, it should be stated that President Roosevelt had his way—that the colored battalion was never reinstated.

Senator Foraker persisted in having his name presented to the Republican National Convention in 1908, but received only a handful of votes—sixteen, my recollection is; three of them from Ohio. He states in his book that he knew that he had no show to be nominated; that the reason he was a candidate was he hoped that among them they could muster enough votes to nominate some man like Senator Fairbanks over President Taft.

Lord Melbourne said: "I wish I felt as cocksure about any one thing as Tom Macaulay is about everything." Listening to Colonel Roosevelt or reading his productions, one had the same sort of feeling as to him.

He died at the early age of sixty, undoubtedly the foremost private citizen of the world.

CHAPTER XVII

Colonel Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once said: "I had a corking time while in the White House," and there is no doubt that he did. Perhaps his language in stating his pleasure therein shocked the esthetes, but he cared not a whit for that. He was the youngest of our Presidents, being only forty-three when he was sworn in the first time—young enough to enjoy life and power to the full; and he was not at all squeamish about exercising to the limit all the functions and prerogatives devolved upon his high office by the Constitution and the statutes—and then some.

There was as tory floating around, perhaps apocryphal, but nevertheless illustrative of what the people conceived to be his mental attitude toward the Constitution. He was telling a friend of his anxiety to have a certain bill passed, and his surprise that Senators opposed it because they deemed it unconstitutional. His friend replied that he had some eminent lawyers in his Cabinet and he would do well to seek their opinion.

"Oh," replied the President, "I have done that, and the strange thing about it is that they all say it is unconstitutional!"

The truth is that, not being a lawyer, he had only what Governor Dingley would have denominated "surface information" touching the Constitution, and took about the same view of it as did President Andrew Jackson

when the latter exclaimed, "John Marshall has rendered his opinion—now let's see him enforce it!"

Frederick the Great sometimes kicked the shins of his judges to force them to render decisions agreeable to him. Jackson and Roosevelt did not go that far, but they reserved to themselves the right to construe the Constitution themselves.

Having read all of Roosevelt's writings, according to my way of thinking the two men whom he admired most were Oliver Cromwell and Andrew Jackson. He sadly underestimated Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, and perhaps others of his predecessors; but he sincerely admired the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage—as well he might, for he was well worthy of the love and admiration of all genuine Americans. I always imagined that President Roosevelt deemed himself a sort of combined Cromwell and Jackson. The only really heated argument that President Roosevelt and I ever had was about Thomas Jefferson, he assailing and I defending the author of the immortal Declaration.

There can be no two opinions as to the fact that Roosevelt was one of the most extraordinary characters in our history—extraordinary being the word which most fitly describes him. He tried his hand in more fields of human endeavor than did any other of our Presidents—legislator, cowboy, subordinate civil functionary, soldier, Governor, Vice-President, President, statesman, author, hunter, explorer, discoverer, public speaker—and in all he succeeded excellently well; in some, amazingly well.

He defied and scouted all the traditions of men from Job when he said, "Oh, that my adversary had written a book!" down to the Articles of War. The Man of Uz evidently believed that if a man wrote a book it would rise up to thwart his progress. Roosevelt wrote several, and expressed in them his opinions as to men and things with perfect abandon—many with great severity—but

survived them all, rising to the giddiest heights of power.

For instance, in his *Life of Col. Thomas Hart Benton*, he pronounced this opinion on Gen. Robert E. Lee: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth; and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

That is not only one of the finest sentences he ever wrote, considered entirely from a literary standpoint, but one of the most courageous, considered from a political point of view. He did not write that magnificent characterization of the renowned Virginian because his own mother was a Southerner—a fact of which he was justly proud. It cannot be accounted for by reason of his fellow-feeling for a soldier, because when he wrote his *Life of Benton* he had never donned a uniform, but he blurted it out because it was his honest opinion, and he proposed for the world to know it. More courage was required for him—a Republican candidate for President from his youth up—to write that sentence than to charge the Spaniards in battle array. Many other men held the same idea and voiced it in their own fashion—sometimes to help themselves politically. But while Lee's veterans, who idolized him, together with their descendants, neighbors, and friends, were highly pleased with Roosevelt's lofty and finely phrased estimate of him, they could not help him politically; but in the North, where Republicans most abound, the woods were full of the followers of Grant and Sherman, together with the legions of descendants, neighbors, and friends, who could easily crush the rising and all-absorbing ambition of the embryo Republican President, *provided* they became huffed at his lauda-

tion of Lee, for it must be remembered that it was years ago that he wrote of the illustrious Confederate, and at a time when the passions engendered by the titanic struggle between the states were still at white heat.

The sentence about Lee, in its complete characterization, has always reminded me of Jefferson's opinion of James Monroe, "Monroe is so pure that you might turn his soul inside out and not find a blot upon it"—certainly a sweeping eulogy. If it required courage for Roosevelt to write this of Lee, it also required courage for him to denominate James Monroe as "a mediocre President"—Monroe immortal as the author of the Monroe Doctrine, the political life-preserver of the Western World and the most important contribution to the inchoate Code of International Law—which we forced into that code by strong-arm methods, and which President Roosevelt, as President, not only upheld, but considerably expanded by brandishing his "big stick."

There has been so much written and spoken about him that I will mention only a few of his deeds which seem to me out of the ordinary. The wisest political thing he ever did for himself, in my judgment, was when, coming into the Presidency accidentally, and standing by McKinley's coffin, he voluntarily stated that he would pursue the McKinley policies, which he did, until he was elected and inaugurated in his own right. He even went so far in that direction as to appoint certain men to high positions for the reason that he was made to believe that President McKinley wanted them appointed.

Physically he was as active as a cat, always in perfect fettle, and he thought everybody else—particularly soldiers—should be. As all of them wished to stand well at court, he put many fat, swivel-chair warriors through stunts which made them puff and blow and swear like Jack Tars, but they were careful to do the swearing behind his back—very far behind his back—and well under their breath.

When he issued his ukase that he was going to ride horseback to Winchester, Virginia, and return—which for him was only a holiday performance—and that all field officers in and about Washington should do the same, they were surprised, amazed, astounded, dumfounded; but they were afraid to refuse. So they all rode to Winchester, ninety miles away, and some of the heftiest, who hadn't straddled a horse for thirty or forty years, returned to the finest capital in the world, saddle-sore, muscle-sore, heart-sore, and went to bed for a week, using up so much arnica that the local supply was exhausted—while the world wondered and guffawed, the athletic young man in the White House guffawing loudest of all.

It wasn't so wild a ride as Mazeppa's, or John Gilpin's, or Paul Revere's, but there was more fun in it for the President and for those who did not do the riding. No doubt the Falstaffian officers deemed him crazy, but there was method in his madness. It was a broad hint —very broad—that officers entitled to ride horses should keep themselves fit to do that thing.

Another of his famous equestrian stunts was to take Prince Henry of Germany on a long ride through Rock Creek Park when all signs indicated a heavy downpour of rain, which came and drenched them both to the skin. What His Royal and Imperial Highness thought of that is not known—at least not by me.

Notwithstanding the fact that President Roosevelt liked to unload the burdens of state, and relieve himself from the conversation and demands of big-bore statesmen and insistent pie-hunters, by consorting even in the sacred precincts of the White House with such wild and woolly Westerners as Buffalo Bill, Bat Masterson, Ben Milam, and Buffalo Jones, a habit which some good people, rolling their eyes toward heaven, condemned—he was essentially a preacher, and delighted in sermonizing.

Most of his speeches and many of his messages to Congress were what may not• improperly be termed lay-sermons. His critics claimed they were composed of ancient platitudes, but the people heard him gladly, and he went on his way bruskly, vehemently, and triumphantly.

He played quarter-staff with Gen. Leonard Wood—certainly a man's game—boxed with pugilists, played tennis, and otherwise trained his muscles and his legs so that he kept himself in the pink of condition.

It is told in Washington that, in playing at quarter-staff with General Wood, the President gave him such a thwack on the cranium as to make him limp slightly. Shortly before his death, Colonel Roosevelt stated that in a pugilistic bout in the White House the sight of one of his eyes was destroyed.

He was a law unto himself, and cared little for the proprieties, as was frequently demonstrated—for instance, when he humiliated Gen. Nelson A. Miles by a severe reprimand which hundreds of thousands of Americans resented as brutal; and by promoting Gen. Leonard Wood and Gen. John J. Pershing over the heads of many of their seniors, to the disgust of nearly all the officers in the army.

He almost caused the elderly politicians and statesmen to have apoplexy when, in the spring of 1908, he stated bluntly: "If they do not nominate Taft, they will have to take me"—and in order to escape a third term for him they nominated Taft.

Now that he has gone, it is easy to say kind things about him and to laud his deeds. In the last half of his second term, when he was engaged in batting stand-pat Republicans over the head with his "big stick," certain simple Simons among Democrats began claiming that he was a Democrat, which was all pure bosh. I grew weary of such preposterous talk and concluded to put an end to

it, which I did by the following candid remarks in the House—in which I think I treated him fairly:

"Mr. Chairman, within the last few days we have been edified by a series of somewhat remarkable speeches, evidencing a high order of ability in our membership, on which I most heartily congratulate the country; for no man more rejoices in the honor and glory of this House than I do. These speeches have been devoted chiefly to a discussion of the President's message and of the President himself.

"Views widely divergent as the poles have been freely expressed as to the merits and demerits of this extraordinary man, one of the most extraordinary in American history. In this case, as in most others, the line of safety, fairness, and justice is found *in medias res*. In my county there was a lawyer who so frequently urged courts and juries to take 'a reasonable view' that his saying passed into a proverb. That is exactly what should be done touching the President; but that is precisely what has not been done, as a rule.

"He is such a belligerent personage that his slightest word is a challenge to mortal combat, and he cannot express an opinion on any question under heaven, even on a subject so prosaic and threadbare as the prospective state of the weather, without precipitating a row, his extreme admirers declaring that there never has been such a weather prophet on earth since Adam and Eve were driven with flaming swords from Paradise; and his extreme enemies vociferating that he knows no more about the weather than does the groundhog.

"Upon this issue there would be joined a battle royal, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Colonel Roosevelt laughs to scorn the words of the great Cardinal:

> "Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
> To silence envious tongues.

"On the contrary, he acts on the theory of the bellicose Irishman who said, 'When you see a head, hit it.' He has whacked so many heads that divers reactionary leaders are in the political hospital for repairs.

"Still others of them perambulate the earth with poultices and plasters adorning their craniums.

"His whole public life has been one long succession of spectacular fights. No man was ever more viciously assailed by men of his own party, and none was ever, while still in the flesh, so lavishly lauded by some of the opposing party.

"But the truth is that this extraordinary man has waxed stronger and stronger by waging battle. Even defeat has made him a larger and more commanding figure. Never in his militant career was he more savagely abused or more extravagantly praised than at the present juncture.

"So, amid the swirl of things, the deluge of words, the shoutings of the captains, the beating of tom-toms, the groans of crippled and wounded Republicans, the furious yells of friend and foe, one who is the personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, the man; who is the opponent of Theodore Roosevelt, the politician or the statesman, as the case may be; and who desires to take a 'reasonable view' of the sayings and doings of Theodore Roosevelt, the Chief Magistrate of a mighty people—perhaps has little chance to be heard in this babel of voices.

"But I will have my say, and here it is: Personally, I like him. He has treated me well and I have tried to treat him well. After the manner of strong men, he has pronounced virtues, and glaring faults of character. I have never abused him. I have never grown hysterical in admiration of him. When he is right I support him cordially. When he is wrong I fight him tooth and nail. This line of conduct I have pursued steadfastly in the

past, and I shall adhere to it without shadow of turning even unto the end. It seems to me that that is the way in which he would desire to be treated. He must entertain ineffable contempt for the invertebrate sycophants who grovel before him on all occasions, and who, no matter what he says or what he does, throw high their sweaty caps in air, shouting, 'Io! Triumphe! Io! Triumphe!'

"It is said that 'a king can have no friends,' and it seems that a President of the United States—any President—is in the same unhappy situation. It is claimed that Colonel Roosevelt is better than his party—this he could easily be without running any imminent risk of being translated, after the fashion of Elijah, in a chariot of fire by reason of his goodness.

"But, whatever his virtues, whatever his faults, whatever else he may be, he is not a Democrat; for Democracy means the least amount of government the people can get along with consistent with the fullest enjoyment of their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, while Republicanism means the greatest amount of government that the people will stand, and he of all men is the apostle of the maximum quantity of government.

"Occasionally, very much to the delight of Democrats and the utter confusion of Republicans, he appropriates or absorbs, borrows or seizes, a Democratic idea, and from his high coign of vantage advocates it with tremendous force; for he obeys to the letter at least one Scriptural injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'; and it is the heavy hand of Theodore Roosevelt or his 'big stick' which has driven so many Republicans pell-mell into the cave of Adullam, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and much profane swearing.

"So far as he has advocated Democratic ideas, so far as he has mauled wicked Republicans with his mailed

fist or has thumped them with his 'big stick,' he deserves the unstinted praise and gratitude of all lovers of our country.

"Twice in this speech I have applied to him the word 'extraordinary,' which seems to me the adjective best fitting his character and his endowments. Whether he is a great man I do not know. You, Mr. Chairman, do not know. Nobody knows. There is an old saying, 'Count no man happy till he is dead.' It is a wise and sane rule to acclaim no man great until he is in his grave. We have not the perspective necessary to fix his status in history, and it is sheer folly to attempt it.

"Lord Bacon, the most philosophic of mankind, with clear vision and deep pathos expressed the same idea in his last will and testament when he said: 'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age.' His proud confidence was not misplaced, for his fame has augmented from the day of his death down to the present hour.

"Individually, I wish the President well in the White House till March 4, 1909, when I hope he will quit it forever. I congratulate him, from the bottom of my heart, on turning a deaf ear to those unwise or selfish friends who have endeavored to persuade him to violate the wholesome precedents of one hundred and eleven years; for no President will ever be elected to a third term until the Republic is on its last legs. After he leaves that historic mansion, the goal of so many ambitious hearts, the tomb of so many ardent hopes, I wish him happiness, prosperity, and length of days.

"We can all be honest even if we cannot be great, and if you Republican bigwigs were perfectly candid you would confess that you are not nearly so much enamoured of the President as you appear to be. You grow red in the face, thereby inviting vertigo or apoplexy in exalting him to the skies; for he is still the dispenser-in-chief of

pie; and a Republican statesman bereft of pie is a spectacle to make the angels weep. When I see you trying to apotheosize him by mere lip service, it seems to me 'The lady doth protest too much.'

"When a lad I had a classmate who pronounced the Latin word *vulgus*, which means 'the common people,' 'voolgoose.' By reason of some peculiarity in his vocal apparatus it sounded like 'bullgoose.' So the boys fell into the habit, as a joke, of pronouncing it 'bullgoose.' It is the 'common people' among the Republicans, the *vulgus* of the Romans, the 'bullgoose' of the college boys, that constitute Theodore Roosevelt's shield and buckler among the Republicans. No man has a livelier comprehension of that fact than Republican Representatives.

"I have heard that in the last campaign sundry Republican Representatives sought and obtained from the President certificates of good character to help them pull through. We all know that when the Republican managers came to the conclusion that the result was doubtful he wrote that famous letter to 'My dear Mr. Watson,' which was used as a blanket certificate of good character for all Republican Members of Congress, except the unfortunate Mr. Wadsworth. But even his epistle to Mr. Watson could not prevent the Republican majority in the House from falling from one hundred and fourteen to fifty-five. When 'Uncle Joe' read the returns he must have been in the frame of mind of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, when, surveying a hard-won field, he exclaimed: 'Another such victory and we are undone.'"

In commenting on my speech *The Washington Post* casually remarked: "Champ Clark's speech must have been read at the White House with contending emotions."

I am inclined to think that in that speech, while he was at the height of his career, my description of him was as true as was ever drawn.

He sent so many messages to Congress, of a didactic and critical nature, that toward the last the House received the announcement by his messenger of "A message from the President in writing" with roars of laughter. Finally he sent in one so offensive in its reference to certain members that the House refused to receive it.

When he was inaugurated March 4, 1905, I saw him do a characteristic thing. It was a fine day, clear, but a little too cool, with a stiff north wind blowing. Of course there was an immense crowd. Several hundred officials —including Cabinet members, diplomats, both Houses of Congress, army and navy officers, and other more or less prominent people—were sitting on backless benches, rising tier on tier from the street to the great bronze doors of the east front of the Capitol. The stand from which the President spoke was jammed up against the street, and he was to face the benchers.

Across the street, and separated from it by a cable rope, facing him, were perhaps twenty thousand people of all conditions in life, standing up. Shortly after Colonel Roosevelt began the cable rope broke from the weight of the multitude behind it—or, what is far more probable, somebody cut it—and here came the crowd like a wave of the sea, right up close to the President. He continued his speech to the benchers, most of whom had been hearing speeches all their lives and who consequently did not applaud much.

He turned to *hoi polloi* and shouted one sentence, and they made the welkin ring by such yells that it must have made the man in the moon curious to know what was happening on this mundane sphere.

After that episode he spoke mostly to the howling, enthusiastic multitude, and paid little attention to the more or less listless benchers.

In any fair estimate of this extraordinary man it should be stated that his own life was clean and he never ceased

from trying to induce others to lead such a life. He was chief among the moral uplifters of his day. Men who did not like or indorse his eternal uplift sermons denounced him as the chief of muckrakers.

He was an apostle of conservation of our natural resources, and preached it constantly. I am fully persuaded, however, that the two things on which his fame will rest in the coming time were settling the Russo-Japanese War, for which he was voted the Nobel Peace Prize of forty thousand dollars, and the building of the Panama Canal. He did not originate that Canal project, but he seized it with resolute hand and forced it to a conclusion. The idea of an Isthmian canal had been in the minds of men ever since Balboa had gazed with pleasure and amazement upon the Peaceful Ocean. Roosevelt was severely criticized for what was called his high-handed proceedings in creating the Panama Republic, and even his best friends must admit that his conduct in that matter was precipitate and contrary to the rules in such cases made and provided. But he achieved his desire—the Canal which will remain as his monument till time shall be no more—and it is one of the world's greatest benefactions.

One of the most pleasing features of his character was a sense of gratitude, as the following incident will show. When the forty-thousand-dollar Nobel Peace Prize was given to him he turned it over to the government, to be disposed of in ways suggested by him. But when we entered the World War nothing had been done by Congress toward carrying out his views, so he asked that the fund be returned to him that he himself might distribute it in war charities.

Mr. Gallivan of Massachusetts, who had charge of the resolution, came to me and asked me to recognize him, out of order, to call it up—which I cheerfully and promptly did. When Colonel Roosevelt parceled out the money

he sent Gallivan and myself five hundred dollars each, to promote war charities in our districts—a gracious and grateful acknowledgment of our aid and comfort. There are ten counties in my district, and I gave fifty dollars to the Red Cross in each county.

CHAPTER XVIII

Hay and Roosevelt.

AFTER the close of the Spanish War, in a blaze of glory, and after President McKinley had elected the next House of Representatives by his "swing around the circle," thereby insuring his absolute supremacy for two years more, and his unanimous renomination in 1900, he settled down to as much enjoyment as the head of a mighty nation is permitted to have. His powerful friend, Senator Hanna, was still chairman of the National Committee, with one eye looking to the re-election of President McKinley and with the other looking to his own nomination and election to the Presidency in 1904. Of course, to his own accession to the White House, the re-election of his protégé was a *sine qua non;* and the Senator had sense enough to clearly realize that fact, and in his double capacity as Senator and chairman of the National Committee he knew that he, with the backing of the administration, could put the snuffers on the presidential hopes of certain ambitious Senators; but he reckoned without his host, never dreaming that the young Colonel of the Rough Riders, elected Governor of New York in 1898, would be in his way in 1904. As the war ended in triumph people soon forgot that the firm of McKinley and Hanna were very much opposed to it. McKinley was posed by his enthusiastic admirers as a "Great War President," and he monopolized the glory thereof, except what Dewey, Schley, Sampson, Colonel Roosevelt, Gen. Joe Wheeler,

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson managed to appropriate.

It is barely possible that the reason why both McKinley and Hanna were so bitterly opposed to the nomination of Roosevelt for Vice-President in 1900 was that they had some sort of presentiment that he had his optic fixed on the presidential nomination for himself in 1904, and that if he chose so to do, he would run, Hanna and the National Committee together with the administration to the contrary notwithstanding. Senator Thomas C. Platt, who was not fond of Colonel Roosevelt, and who regarded him as an *enfant terrible*, and did not want him to have anything to do with the control of patronage in New York, thereby poaching on his preserves, desired to get rid of him by "shelving him" in the Vice-Presidency; but he could not budge Hanna from his opposition until Senator Matthew Stanley Quay came to his rescue. Quay turned the trick by letting it leak out that unless Hanna would agree to Roosevelt's nomination he would insist on the convention reducing the representation from the Southern states in Republican national conventions, thereby pulling the foundations from under Hanna's castles in Spain. Shortly the news of Quay's program was carried to Hanna, and immediately thereafter, under compulsion, he gave in his adhesion to the boom for Roosevelt. The Machiavelli from Pennsylvania won. He had made a Vice-President intentionally and a President "unbeknownst" to himself.

As John Hay, Secretary of State under McKinley, subsequently became very much enamoured of Colonel Roosevelt, who as President retained him as his Premier, it will haply add to the gaiety of nations to insert the following somewhat caustic and scholarly letter, written by Hay confidentially to his friend Henry White on June 15, 1900, while Colonel Roosevelt was merely Governor of New York, and when Hay never dreamed that in less than a

week he would be nominated for Vice-President, and that in little more than a year he would be serving in the Cabinet of President Theodore Roosevelt.

"Teddy has been here; have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a somber resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-President, and found, to his stupefaction, that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the major. That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket—that he would be far more valuable in New York—and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, 'Of course not; you're not fit for it.' And so he went back quite eased in his mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*."

In precisely six days, before Henry White, who was in London, could have received the foregoing letter, but after Platt and Quay had pulled off their grand *coup* and had forced Roosevelt's nomination for Vice-President, a sudden and marvelous "change came o'er the dream" of Mr. Secretary Hay, and he changed his tune to the extent of writing this affectionate epistle to Colonel Roosevelt, June 21, 1900:

My Dear Governor,—As it is all over but the shouting, I take a moment of this cool morning of the longest day in the year to offer you my cordial congratulations. The week has been a racking one to you. But I have no doubt the future will make amends. You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you, and although it was not precisely what you and your friends desire, I have no doubt it is all for the best. Nothing can keep you from doing good work wherever you are—nor from getting lots of fun out of it.

We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view. You can't lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.

The most notable sentence in that letter is, "You can't lose us"—which was literally true in Hay's case, as he was continued by Roosevelt in the high position of Secretary of State. It is interesting, but bootless, to philosophize as to what Roosevelt would have done to him had he seen that letter to Henry White before he became President.

After President McKinley's death the two Houses of Congress concluded to memorialize him in joint session, and Secretary Hay was unanimously chosen by the committee on arrangements, of which I was a member, to deliver the eulogy, which he did in a masterly way; but he injected into it a strong Republican stump speech. During its delivery I was sitting next to Representative William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, subsequently Secretary of the Navy, Attorney-General, and a justice of the Supreme Court—as stanch a Republican as there was in the country. I was much surprised that Mr. Hay injected partizan politics into his eulogy, and so was Mr. Moody. When Hay began on steel rails, Mr. Moody turned to me and said, "That is rather raw!"

Subsequently, when the committee met and proposed a resolution thanking Mr. Hay for his speech, I antagonized it on the ground that by injecting partizan politics into his eulogy he had grossly violated the proprieties of the occasion. Nevertheless, the committee reported the resolution to the House, and when it was considered I spoke as follows:

"When Mr. Hay rose to deliver his address he had such an audience as only two other men in the entire history of the government ever had—George Bancroft, when he eulogized Abraham Lincoln, and James G. Blaine, when he pronounced his eulogium upon James A. Garfield—and all of us hope that a similar occasion will never again arise—the death of a President by the hand of an assassin. For the purposes of the orator, Colonel Hay faced the

most magnificent audience that can be assembled on this continent—the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps, a prince of the German Empire and his suite, both Houses of Congress, the head of the army, high officers of the navy, every distinguished man in official and unofficial life betwixt the two oceans that could be crowded into this historic hall, together with much of the beauty of the land. It was such an audience as any orator would be fortunate to address—such an audience as no orator now living will most probably address.

"In many respects I entertain a nigh opinion and a high regard for the Secretary of State. He is a most amiable and accomplished gentleman. From his youth up he has been associated with intellectual giants. For four years he was brought into daily contact with Abraham Lincoln, which in itself was a liberal education. Colonel Hay is himself a great historic personage. He has achieved eminence in two difficult fields of human endeavor—in literature and in diplomacy. He has been ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and is now Secretary of State. In literature he has performed the unusual feat of winning fame in both poetry and prose, such fame as any man in the House or Senate or in the whole country might envy. His Life of Abraham Lincoln, or *Abraham Lincoln; A History*, as it is entitled, is one of the standard historic works of the world; but in my judgment Mr. Hay's literary reputation will rest more on his Pike County ballads than upon anything else he has written. Of their class they are about as good as anything else in the English language. As an earnest of what he might have done in poetry, they lead one to regret that their author deserted the muses for the stormy world of politics.

"Colonel Hay is a seasoned hand at literature. His address was carefully wrought out in his library. What he said was not uttered in the 'heat of debate' or on the

spur of the moment. Consequently he cannot complain if he is held strictly to the highest standard of good taste.

"Not only did he have a distinguished and brilliant audience, but he had an audience entirely sympathetic in its character. I undertake to say, without the fear of successful contradiction, that there was not a man or woman within these walls that day, not a man or woman in his greater audience—the entire American people—who would have objected to any word of eulogy he could have pronounced on William McKinley, however extravagant, for McKinley was a popular favorite—popular with all citizens, all classes, and all parties, in a most extraordinary degree.

"The objection I make to thanking the Secretary of State is not that he delivered a eulogy upon Mr. McKinley—that was what he was invited to do, what he was expected to do, what we all, myself included, wanted him to do—but because with that unequaled opportunity, with that magnificent audience, he departed from the language of eulogy and, disregarding the proprieties, injected into his memorial address a high-class Republican stump speech.

"King Solomon says: 'There is a time for every purpose under heaven.' Of course there is a time for Republican speeches. I do not object to Republican speeches at the proper time. Strange as it may seem, I rather enjoy hearing a good Republican stump speech, although I doubt exceedingly if any Republican in these later days can make a stump speech without committing blasphemy. If the gentleman from Ohio, General Grosvenor, for instance, will make a Republican speech, I will hear him gladly. If my distinguished friend from Indiana, Mr. Landis, will do it, I will be delighted to hear him. If divers men on that side of the chamber would rise and make Republican speeches in this House, I would listen

with pleasure. I have heard my friend from Pittsburg, the Hon. John Dalzell, make Republican speeches on dry economic subjects in this House which came near being epic poems in their character.

"But I will never be willing to thank any man anywhere at any time or in any place for making a Republican speech. That is what we are asked to do in this resolution. I want to say this to the members of the House, because it ought to be said—that as a literary performance Colonel Hay's address will take high rank. There are some phrases in that oration that are of extraordinary excellence and almost entitle him to the dubious honor of being placed in the same class with Grover Cleveland as a phrase-maker.

"I have no objection to the literary character of it, but I am willing to submit it to as good a critic of political speeches as the gentleman from Ohio himself (General Grosvenor), or the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. McCall), or as the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Hitt), or any other man on that side of the chamber who has literary taste, and let him pronounce if Mr. Hay did not violate the proprieties of the occasion when he injected into that eulogy upon President McKinley a Republican stump speech.

"He knew himself he was violating the proprieties, because he states—I cannot quote the language exactly; I have not time to hunt it up—that he craves the indulgence of those that are hearing him, if perchance he injects into the speech remarks that ought not to have been made. Then he proceeded to make a stump speech. For instance, he stated in one place that the very month in which Mr. McKinley was inaugurated steel rails sold for eighteen dollars a ton. I would like very much for some man to state as a literary proposition whether, according to the canons of taste and to preserve the unities of a great historical oration, the fact that steel rails sold at

eighteen dollars a ton in the month of March, 1897, had anything to do with the character of William McKinley or with the feeling of kindness and pride which the American people entertain for him.

"As a matter of fact, if steel rails sold for eighteen dollars a ton in the month of March, 1897, William McKinley had nothing to do with it, because he had not been in Congress since the fourth day of March, 1891. No Republican had been in office in a high executive place for four years in that month, and if steel rails sold for eighteen dollars a ton at that time, and as it was an unprecedented thing in the history of the country, then the credit ought to have been given where credit is due—to the Democrats of this country—instead of trying to filch it for the Republican party. But, from the sentence that opens up with that declaration, until near the close of the address, it was as fine a Republican stump speech as has been delivered on the American continent within the last two years. Again, he states that because Mr. McKinley was a patriot at the beginning of the Civil War, he was necessarily a Republican, thereby broadly intimating that nobody but a Republican can be a patriot, which is an insult to one-half the citizens of the Republic.

"I will tell you what will happen, and I know it just as well as that I am living: If you pass this resolution, every Republican candidate for Congress in the United States will not only circulate this speech as the strongest possible Republican campaign document, but at the same time he will circulate the resolution of Congress thanking him for delivering it.

"When I objected to the unanimous report of the committee, my friend from New Jersey (Mr. Parker) rose and asked me to withdraw it, and I would not do it. I asked for three days to consider the matter whether I would make a minority report, and within the three days I read Mr. Blaine's speech delivered over James A. Gar-

field, as critically and as carefully as any speech was ever read on the American continent.

"The difference in situation was that Blaine delivered his speech under the most difficult circumstances that could possibly have surrounded a human being called upon to speak on such an occasion. Here sat the Republican party, divided into two bitter and warring factions. He had to avoid saying too much in praise of Garfield, and he had to avoid insulting what was called the 'Stalwart' faction of the Republican party. Yet any American citizen could take Blaine's speech and read it from beginning to end without feeling that any impropriety had been committed. It is a magnificent oration. There is not a solitary syllable in it that would offend 'featherhead' Republicans, as they were then called, or a 'Stalwart' Republican, or a Democrat of any of the numberless varieties of that party which there are in this country. Mr. Blaine observed the proprieties and spoke in perfect good taste.

"When Mr. Hay arose to speak he had no difficulty to confront him. He had simply to observe the rules of good taste—literary taste—to observe the canons of literary criticism. But he did not do it. So far as I am concerned, if there is not another man in this House who votes against thanking him for it, I propose to so vote.

"I want to repeat that I am not hidebound on the subject of politics. I am a Democrat, and always expect to be one. Politics has absolutely nothing to do with my opposition to this resolution of thanks. I recognize that every man has the right to his political opinions and to express them on any occasion that is fitting in terms that seem to him right and proper. As a matter of fact, less than two months ago I sat in my place here and led the applause for my distinguished friend from the state of Washington (Mr. Cushman) when he was delivering a brilliant Republican speech; and I performed the very

same kindly office for my distinguished friend from Michigan (Mr. William Alden Smith) when he delivered his great oration on the Cuban reciprocity scheme. But I believe, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, that the House simply sinks its own dignity when it votes to thank a man for delivering a political speech (I care not how classical its phrases) when he ought to have observed all of the proprieties of the occasion which he not only failed to observe, but which he violated in the most flagrant manner."

Of course the thing happened which I prophesied. The whole Republican press—"Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart"—barked viciously at me, aided by certain so-called Democratic papers, always with keen appetites for the crumbs from the White House and Cabinet tables; but I survived their assaults and found vindication for my position and my speech when, in 1908, Mr. William Roscoe Thayer published *The Life and Letters of John Hay*, for on page 381, volume ii, he makes this candid and refreshing statement:

"For pure eulogy which makes no pretense at criticism, his oration on President McKinley might serve as a model—affectionate, dignified, imputing only the best motives, and giving full credit to every good deed. *The laudation of the Republican party*, to which Hay attributed almost every beneficent act in fifty years, except possibly the introduction of antiseptic surgery, must have tickled Hay's sense of humor in the writing, as it surely fed the satisfaction of the thousands who heard it. *Underneath the exuberance of encomium there is still an honest outline of the services of the party.*"

I most cheerfully commend that paragraph by Mr. Thayer as a thorough vindication of my opposition to the resolution thanking Mr. Secretary of State Hay for injecting a Republican stump speech into the belly of his eulogy.

CHAPTER XIX

The gold plank adopted by Republicans in 1896.

THERE is an ancient saw familiar to the ears of men that "History frequently repeats itself," and most certainly it is true. I have already related how, at the Democratic National Convention of 1892, the friends of the then ex-President Cleveland cooked up an elaborate "straddle" on the tariff question, which "straddle" had the support of Mr. Cleveland himself; and how Tom Johnson and Larry Neal—both of Ohio, aided and abetted by other intense souls—took the convention away from the committee on platform and inserted a bold and radical plank—which disgusted Mr. Cleveland so utterly that he asserted that that plank was put in for the purpose of defeating him, but on which he was elected overwhelmingly.

So to the National Republican Convention of 1896 Governor McKinley sent a draft of a platform, prepared by himself and a coterie of his close friends and advisers, the financial plank of which was an ingenious "straddle," designed to please the single Gold Standard Republicans and also to hold the Free Silver Republicans. It was a lovely scheme, if only it had been adopted by the convention, which it was not, and would have worked well—but it did not work at all and was scornfully rejected. When the "straddle" on the tariff was presented to the Democratic Convention of 1892 it was not certain that ex-President Cleveland would be nominated, and, as a matter of fact, he captured the necessary two-thirds of the

delegates, with only ten and one-third to spare. Had not the Missouri delegation voted under the unit rule, he would have been defeated, for in that delegation were fourteen men who were opposed to Mr. Cleveland. But when Governor McKinley sent his "financial straddle" to the St. Louis convention it seemed absolutely certain that he held the nomination in the hollow of his hand; for a very large majority of the delegates were instructed for him; but the out-and-out Gold Standard men, such as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator Thomas C. Platt and Edward Lauterbach, raised such a rumpus that it was freely asserted that McKinley would lose the nomination unless he came down off his "straddle" and agreed to the out-and-out Gold Standard—which he did, because the strong talk of beating him for the nomination so startled and worried his manager, Marcus A. Hanna, that he notified his protégé to agree. It was a fine kettle of fish. The consequence was that McKinley secured the nomination by a majority of 661½ to 84½ for Thomas Brackett Reed, his closest opponent, with a few scattering on the only ballot, and was compelled to make his race on a platform which made the Gold Standard the paramount issue, instead of making it on a platform of his own devising, which made the tariff the paramount issue—though in his heart the tariff was his first love.

All this is decidedly refreshing when McKinley's record on the vexed and vexing coinage question is taken into account. Herbert Croly, Hanna's biographer, who seems to have worshiped Hanna as a sort of fetish, and who does not hesitate one moment to minimize anybody in order to magnify his hero—not even sparing McKinley—says in his book at page 193: "His [McKinley's] own record in relation to legislation affecting the standard of value had been vacillating." The word vacillating is entirely too mild and polite. Some folks called it "wabbling," and accused him of turning somersaults. In a

measure these latter were justified in using the French phrase "*J'accuse.*" McKinley had made some very strong speeches in favor of silver, severely arraigning the Democrats for being unfriendly to silver coinage. In addition he had, while in the House, voted for the Bland Silver bill, and had also voted to pass it over the veto of Rutherford B. Hayes, an Ohio Republican President—which seems to me to have been "going the whole hog" as a silver man—to use a phrase common in the West. As these transactions have grown dim in human memory, and as some over-enthusiastic worshiper of McKinley may, without exact information, rise up to deny that his record is properly set forth herein, it is apropos to state that his vote in favor of the Bland Silver bill is duly recorded at page 241 of *The Congressional Record*, volume vi, of the Forty-fifth Congress, first session, on November 5, 1877; and his vote in favor of passing the Bland Silver bill over Hayes's veto is recorded at page 1418, volume vii, part 2, of *The Congressional Record* for the Forty-fifth Congress, on February 28th, in the year of our Lord and Master, 1878.

Mr. Croly attempts to make it appear that Hanna was, all along, really and secretly in favor of declaring for the Gold Standard, that he outwardly deferred to McKinley's wishes by reason of his wider experience in politics, that he connived at, if he did not participate in, the efforts of the advocates of the Gold Standard men to force a bald declaration in its favor into the platform, and that he wanted them to force his hand—which they very obligingly did. And in this way, according to Croly, Hanna played it on McKinley—all of which Croly appears to think was a credit to Hanna. Some people will not agree with Mr. Croly's valuation of that performance; but, as declaring for the Gold Standard was by far the most important thing that happened at that convention, Mr. Croly, the historian of Hanna and incidentally of McKin-

ley, should be heard in full on that point. Here is what he says in his book:

"Undoubtedly Mr. McKinley himself wanted to subordinate the currency issue to that of protection. His own record in relation to legislation affecting the standard of value had been vacillating. He was a bimetallist, and had stood for the use of both gold and silver in the currency of the United States without inquiring too closely whether the means actually used to force silver into circulation had or had not tended to lower the standard of value. His personal political prominence had been due to his earnest and insistent advocacy of the doctrine of high protection, and he feared that if the currency issue were sharply defined the result would necessarily be (as it was) a diminution in price of his own political and economic stock in trade. Considerations of party expediency reinforced his own personal predilections. His party was united on the issue of protection. It was divided on the currency issue. There were Silver Republicans, and they all came from a part of the country in which he was personally very popular. The sentiment in favor of a single Gold Standard was strongest in New England and the Middle States, which were more or less opposed to his nomination. If he had favored unequivocally a single Gold Standard, his candidacy would have been weakened among his friends, while his opponents would have merely shifted their ground of attack. Not unnaturally, he proposed to evade the issue, by standing for 'sound money,' without defining precisely what sound money really was.

"Mark Hanna's personal attitude was different from that of Mr. McKinley. He was enough of a banker to realize that the business of the country was suffering far more from uncertainty about the standard of value than it was from foreign competition. Ex-Gov. William R. Merriam tells of certain interesting conversations which

took place in August, 1895, on the porch of Mr. Hanna's house, overlooking Lake Erie, between himself, Russell A. Alger, Mr. Hanna, and Mr. McKinley, in which both the political and economic aspects of the progressive campaign issues were thoroughly discussed. In these conventions Mr. McKinley was, in Mr. Merriam's own phrase, 'obsessed' with the idea of the tariff as the dominant issue of the coming campaign. Mr. Hanna, on the other hand, was, in Mr. Merriam's words, 'in favor of committing the Republican party to gold, as the sole basis of currency, and he was anxious and willing to lend his aid to the furtherance of this policy.'"

Inasmuch as Mr. McKinley was the candidate, his views prevailed. Throughout the whole preliminary canvass the currency issue was evaded. The state conventions, in which the candidate's personal influence prevailed, declared for sound money and the coinage of silver in so far as it could be kept on a parity with gold. Conventions such as that of Wyoming instructed their delegates for McKinley, while declaring at the same time for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Mr. McKinley's ambiguous attitude on the currency was helping the canvass in the Western states, and he probably desired as much as McKinley did that any more precise definition of the issue should at least be postponed until after Mr. McKinley's nomination was assured. In no event would he have insisted upon any opinion of his own in respect to an important matter of public policy in antagonism to that of his candidate and friend.

McKinley's opinion remained unchanged until the very eve of the convention. Mr. Kohlsaat asserts that on Sunday, June 7th, he spent hours trying to convince Mr. McKinley of the necessity of inserting the word "gold" in the platform. The latter argued in opposition that 90 per cent. of his mail and his callers were against such decisive action, and he asserted emphatically that

thirty days after the convention was over the currency question would drop out of sight and the tariff would become the sole issue. The currency plank, tentatively drawn by Mr. McKinley and his immediate advisers, embodied his resolution to keep the currency issue subordinate and vague. According to Mr. Foraker, Mr. J. K. Richards came to him at Cincinnati some days before the date of the meeting of the convention, bringing with him direct from Canton some resolutions in regard to the money and the tariff questions prepared by the friends of Mr. McKinley with his approval. Mr. Foraker had been slated for the committee on resolutions, and the McKinley draft was placed in his hands with a view to having them incorporated in the platform. The currency plank, as handed to Mr. Foraker, began as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It is unalterably opposed to every effort to debase our currency or disturb our credit. It resumed specie payments in 1879, and since then it has made and kept every dollar as good as gold. This it will continue to do, maintaining all the money of the United States, whether gold, silver, or paper, at par with the best money of the world and up to the standard of the most enlightened governments.

"The Republican party favors the use of silver along with gold to the fullest extent consistent with the maintenance of the parity of the two metals. It would welcome bimetallism based upon an international ratio, but until that can be secured it is the plain duty of the United States to maintain our present standard, and we are therefore opposed, under existing conditions, to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one."

The resolutions mentioned by Mr. Foraker were placed in his hands on Monday or Tuesday, June 8th or 9th. Mr. Foraker, however, did not reach St. Louis until

Saturday morning, and in the mean time a good deal had been happening there and elsewhere in respect to the currency plank. Mr. Hanna had already gone to St. Louis. When he arrived he had in his possession a draft of certain resolutions, presumably the same which had been taken to Mr. Foraker by Mr. J. K. Richards. He was joined in St. Louis early in the week by a number of Mr. McKinley's friends and supporters, and in the group a lively discussion almost immediately arose as to the precise wording which should be adopted in defining the currency policy of the Republican party. This group consisted in the beginning of Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, Col. Myron T. Herrick, General Osborne, and Mr. Hanna himself. Mr. Hanna was so busy in rounding up his delegates and in attending to other details that he could not give much of his time to the conferences over the platform, but he was in and out and knew what was going on.

Toward the middle of the week the group of gentlemen participating in these conferences was increased by several accessions from the number of Mr. McKinley's friends in other states, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Henry C. Payne, William R. Merriam, and Melville E. Stone. After his arrival, Mr. Henry C. Payne became particularly active in getting the conference together and in having copies supplied to each participant. On Wednesday morning Mr. Hanna handed to Mr. Payne the draft of the currency plank as prepared by McKinley, with the request that it be revised by the conference and put into final shape. The discussion continued on Thursday. After an agreement had been reached on certain changes, Mr. Payne was asked to prepare another draft for discussion on the following day, which was Friday.

On Friday morning Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, joined the conference, having come over from Chicago in response to a telegram particularly for that purpose. Mr.

Kohlsaat's relation to the whole matter was peculiar. He was a friend of long standing, both of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna. He had, of course, been favorable to the former's nomination, but in the newspapers which he controlled he had combined an earnest advocacy of Mr. McKinley's selection with an even moree arnest and insistent advocacy of the single Gold Standard. He states that he had not been allowed by Mr. McKinley and by Mr. Hanna to assist in the contest for the delegation from Illinois, because they were embarrassed by his attitude on the currency question. With the addition of Mr. Kohlsaat the members of the conference consisted of Mr. Payne, Colonel Herrick, Senator Proctor, ex-Governor Merriam, and Mr. Stone. Mr. Hanna was present a certain part of the time, but he had so many other matters which required his attention that he was frequently being called off.

There is some conflict of testimony as to the proceedings of the conference on Friday. Colonel Herrick states that the final draft had been substantially submitted and accepted on Friday morning. Mr. Kohlsaat, on the other hand, declares that in the draft forming the basis of discussion at the beginning of the conference the word "gold" was omitted. This draft read as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, except by agreement with the leading commercial nations of Europe, and until such agreement can be obtained we believe that the existing Gold Standard should be preserved. We favor the use of silver as currency, but to the extent only that its parity with gold can be main-

tained, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the money of the United States, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

The foregoing draft was furnished by Colonel Herrick. It differs in one or two minor respects from the draft which, according to Mr. Kohlsaat, formed the basis for discussion at the conference of Friday. The minor differences are merely matters of order, and may be ignored. The essential difference turns upon the insertion of the word "gold" before "standard." According to Mr. Herrick, the draft prepared by Mr. Payne contained the word "gold." According to Mr. Kohlsaat, the decision to insert that word was reached only after a protracted discussion and a sharp controversy between himself and Mr. Hanna. Not until four o'clock in the afternoon, after Mr. Hanna had withdrawn, was an agreement obtained. In view of the unanimity of his friends Mr. Hanna gave his consent and agreed to urge its acceptance on Mr. McKinley. It was Colonel Herrick who telegraphed to the candidate and obtained his approval. According to the testimony of Colonel Herrick, Mr. Kohlsaat, Mr. Merriam, and Senator Proctor, the whole matter was settled, so far as Mr. McKinley and his friends were concerned, by Friday night.

In the several accounts of these conferences, the one doubtful point is whether or not the word "gold" was contained in the draft prepared by Mr. Payne. The matter is not of great importance, except in respect to Mr. Kohlsaat's claim that he, more than any single individual, was responsible for its insertion, and that he was called a "d—d fool" by Mr. Hanna for his pains. The only available account from Mr. Hanna himself of his own relation to the gold plank is contained in the following letter to A. K. McClure, written on June 28, 1900:

My Dear Mr. McClure,—I am in receipt of yours of the 21st inst., which has just been reached in my accumulation of letters. I do not care to have go into print all that I told you personally in regard to the gold plank of the St. Louis platform. When I went to St. Louis I took with me a memorandum on the tariff and financial questions drawn by Mr. McKinley. During all the discussions there prior to the action of the Committee on Resolutions I showed it to a few friends and had it rewritten by the Hon. J. K. Richards, the present U. S. Solicitor-General. It was but slightly changed by those who considered it before it went to the Committee and as presented was passed by the Committee with little or no change. My part of the business was to harmonize all sections and prevent any discussion of the subject outside the Committee which would line up any factions against it (except the ultra-silver men). In that I succeeded, and felt willing to give all the credit claimed by those who assisted. The original memorandum is in the possession of a personal friend, whom I do not care to name without his consent. The whole thing was managed in order to succeed in getting what we got, and that was my only interest.

Sincerely yours,

M. A. Hanna.

The foregoing letter, while it throws no light upon the time and occasion of the insertion of the decisive word into the draft, supplies the clue which enables us to interpret Mr. Hanna's own behavior, both during these conferences and thereafter. He himself was in favor of the Gold Standard, and in favor of a declaration to that effect. But partly because of his loyalty to Mr. McKinley and partly because he did not want any decisive step taken until the sentiment of the delegates had been disclosed, he preferred to have his hand forced, and he did not want to have it forced too soon. Although a decision, so far as Mr. McKinley and his friends were concerned, had been reached on Friday, public announcement of the fact was scrupulously avoided, and Mr. Hanna evidently proposed to avoid it as long as he could. It was essential, considering the divergence of opinion among Mr. McKinley's supporters, that the candidate's official representa-

tive should not assume the position of publicly and explicitly asking the convention to adopt the Gold Standard. Mr. McKinley's personal popularity would suffer much less in case every superficial fact pointed to the conclusion that the Gold Standard was being forced on him by an irresistible party sentiment.

As a matter of fact, such was the case. As the delegates gathered in St. Louis, the friends of the Gold Standard learned for the first time their own strength. Business men east of the Mississippi had been reaching the conclusion that the country could never emerge from the existing depression until a Gold Standard of value was assured. They and their representatives learned at St. Louis that this opinion had become almost unanimous among responsible and well-informed men. Mr. Hanna received numberless telegrams from business men of all degrees of importance, insisting upon such action. The substantial unanimity of this sentiment among Republican leaders, particularly in the Middle West, clinched the matter. Mr. McKinley would not have consented to any decisive utterance had he not been convinced that the great majority of his friends and his party were unalterably in favor of it. Every one of the participants in the preliminary conferences considered it desirable, and their united recommendation constituted a constraining force which Mr. McKinley could not ignore. Such being the case, any controversy as to the precise time and occasion of the insertion of the word "gold" into the actual draft becomes of small importance. It would have been inserted, anyway, not by any one man, or by the representatives of any one section, but because the influential members of the party, except in the Far West, had become united on the subject. Credit, however, particularly attaches to those Middle-Western politicians and business men who had the intelligence to understand and the courage to insist that the day for equivocation in

relation to this essential issue had passed, and who persuaded Mr. McKinley that he must stand on a gold platform even at some sacrifice of personal prestige and perhaps at some risk of personal success.

If Mr. McKinley had failed to consent to the insertion of the word "gold," and had prevailed upon all his intimate friends to assume the same attitude, he might possibly have prevented his own nomination. At all events, as soon as Mr. McKinley's opponents arrived, they immediately began an attack on what was manifestly the weak point in the McKinley fortifications. They knew that his nomination was assured, unless, perchance, he could be placed in opposition to the will of the convention upon some important matter, and of course they represented a part of the country in which public opinion in general was more united in favor of the Gold Standard than it was in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Senators Lodge and Platt reached St. Louis on Sunday. They learned of the controversy over the currency plank, but not about the decision actually reached. Senator Lodge went immediately to the McKinley headquarters. In his ensuing interview with Mr. Hanna the latter gave him no encouragement about the insertion into the plank of the word "gold." Mr. Lodge and ex-Governor Draper were shown the drafts of two resolutions, one of which was understood to have just arrived from Canton, and neither of which committed the party to the Gold Standard. Senator Lodge then told Mr. Hanna that these drafts were unsatisfactory, and that Massachusetts would demand a vote upon any similar plank. After some further talk Mr. Lodge went away, but he served notice on Mr. Hanna that efforts would be made to consolidate the sentiment in the convention opposed to any "straddle." By Monday night the advocates of the Gold Standard had a majority of the convention rounded up in favor of an unequivocal declaration in its favor.

Of course, this was precisely the result which Mr. Hanna wanted. The evidence is conclusive that on Friday night both he and Mr. McKinley were prepared to accept a decisive Gold plank (which he personally had always approved) but, as he says in his letter to Mr. McClure, his part of the business was "to prevent any discussion of the subject outside of the committee on resolutions which would line up any factions against it." That is, he proposed to leave the action of the convention on the plank uncertain until the committee on resolutions could launch a draft which would have the great majority of the convention behind it, and which would constrain the doubters and the trimmers. By failing to tell Senator Lodge that a draft containing the word "gold" had already been accepted by McKinley, he astutely accomplished his part of the business. He arranged for the consolidation of the sentiment in favor of the Gold Standard, while he prevented any consolidation of the sentiment against it, except on the part of the irreconcilables. If he had announced as early as Saturday or Sunday that a declaration in favor of the Gold Standard would be supported by Mr. McKinley's friends and probably adopted by the convention, a considerable number of half-hearted and double-minded delegates might have been won over by the leaders of the Silver faction. And it might have seemed like a desertion by McKinley of the pro-Silver delegates, who had been prevented by the ambiguity of the candidate's previous attitude from opposing him.

The text of the plank, as it came from the committee and appeared in the platform, read as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of a law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our

currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the earth, which agreement we pledge ourselves to promote; and until such agreement can be obtained the existing Gold Standard must be maintained. All of our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth." Here ends Mr. Croly.

After the Gold Standard plank was inserted in the platform there were more men who claimed credit for that momentous achievement than there were cities vaunting themselves as being the birthplace of Homer. The two who boasted loudest were Senator Thomas Collier Platt, of New York, and Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio—whom by a strange *lapsus pennæ* Mr. Croly always refers to as Mr. or Senator James B. Foraker.

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat and his friends tried to make it appear that he did it, for doing which he received at least two savage drubbings, one at the hands of Myron T. Herrick, subsequently Governor of Ohio and ambassador to France, the other from Senator Foraker. Croly sneers at the pretensions of both Platt and Foraker as to the authorship; but as both those Senators wrote autobiographies, it is best to let them speak for themselves. Platt says in part:

"It was in 1896 that I scored what I regard as the greatest achievement of my political career. That was the insertion of the Gold plank in the St. Louis platform. Early in his first term in Congress, William McKinley, of Ohio, had first espoused the cause of bimetallism, and then all but declared that the white instead of the yellow

metal should be the standard of monetary value. Mark A. Hanna, who had assumed the management of the campaign whose ultimate object was to name and elect McKinley successor to President Cleveland, sent agents through the country two years in advance of the national convention, pledging his choice to gold in Gold states, and silver in Silver states. In Wyoming, for instance, the delegates to St. Louis were instructed to support McKinley and use all honorable means to secure the adoption of a platform declaring for Free Silver.

"My opposition to Governor McKinley proceeds almost entirely from my belief that his nomination would bring the Republican party into turmoil and trouble. He is not a well-balanced man of affairs. Governor McKinley is not a great man, as Mr. Reed (Thomas B.) is. He is not a trained and educated public man, as Senator Allison is. He is not an astute political leader, as Senator Quay is. He is simply a clever gentleman, much too amiable and much too impressionable to be safely intrusted with great executive office, whose desire for honor happens to have the accidental advantage of the association of his name with the last Republican protective tariff.

"There are two qualities—resolution and courage—which the people always require in their Chief Magistrate. McKinley represents the most radical and extreme view of protection. I foresee the greatest dangers to the Republican party as the result of extreme tariff legislation.

"Fully as important as the tariff bill—yes, more so—is the measure that must be devised to render our currency system intelligible, safe, and elastic. If Major McKinley has any real convictions on the subject of the currency, they are not revealed in his votes or his speeches.

"He voted once for free and unlimited coinage of silver. He voted to override the veto of President Hayes of the Bland bill, and at times he has voted in direct conflict

with these votes. He has described himself as a bimetallist; as in favor of the free coinage of both metals. His Ohio platform proposes another experiment in silver coinage, such as the Bland-Allison Act or the Sherman law, with the parity between the metals enforced by legislation.

"This should remove McKinley from the list of presidential possibilities. The people of this country have had enough of the attempts to force fifty cents' worth of silver into circulation as a dollar. They have suffered incalculable losses as a result of twenty years of such politics.

"I doubt if I can better relate the accurate history of the struggle over the Gold plank at St. Louis than by quoting from memoranda prepared by Charles W. Hackett, chairman of the New York Republican State Committee, 1896. He was in the thick of the combat, and was invaluable to us in securing the victory we achieved. Hackett drew up the notes before his death, as an answer to statements of certain Republicans hostile to our regular organization, who sought to deprive the New York and New England delegations of the credit of placing the party and its candidates squarely on the Gold Standard platform.

"Hackett wrote:

"'So far as the credit for what was done is concerned, the friends of Mr. Platt and Senator Lodge are more than satisfied with the newspaper reports that were printed at the time. They told who did it. They showed the essential fact that Mr. Hanna and those who were working with him came to St. Louis with a "straddle."'"

The controversy as to the identity of the author of the Gold plank waxed bitter and personal. Attempt was made to give credit to Herman H. Kohlsaat, a Chicago editor. That and other claims so infuriated Senator Foraker that he wrote a hot and elaborate pamphlet on

"The Gold Plank," which only added fuel to the flames. I here copy its most salient features:

"In *The Metropolitan* for September is an article written by William Eugene Lewis, in which, speaking of Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, it is stated that:

"'Mr. Kohlsaat drafted the gold plank of the Republican platform' (of 1896). . . . 'Mr. Kohlsaat perceived that the fight would be on finance, and nothing could be gained by evasion. He presented the resolution to the committee and insisted upon its incorporation in the platform. He placed strong political friendships in peril, for men as close and even closer to the candidate than he —if any more intimate relations could exist than those between the editor and the candidate—were emphatically of the opinion that it was the part of unwisdom to declare for gold coinage. They were overcome, and the rest is known. The editor had guessed right.'

"I have seen substantially this same statement several times repeated, and have never seen any denial of it. Mr. Lewis has no doubt repeated it in perfect good faith, believing, and in the absence of denial he had a right to believe, it to be strictly true. Nevertheless, it is untrue. Mr. Kohlsaat necessarily knows this, and, being the editor of a newspaper, has good facilities for contradicting it, but so far as I am aware, he has not done so.

"If the subject is worth discussing at all, in the interest of true history, and for fear Mr. Kohlsaat may be misled by apparent acquiescence into the belief that nobody knows any better, and that, after all, he probably did something of the kind narrated, the truth should be made known by somebody.

"I had opportunity to know what occurred and all that occurred before or in connection with the committee on resolutions of the Republican National Convention of 1896, for I was not only a member of the committee, but I was chairman of both the committee that reported the

platform and the sub-committee that framed it. I was present and presided at all the meetings of both the committee and sub-committee when the platform or any part of it was under consideration, and necessarily knew everything that transpired. Besides, I have a complete, stenographically kept record of all that occurred, showing all communications to the committee and the sub-committee, and showing the appearance of all persons who came before these committees or either of them, and what they appeared for. There is no mention of Mr. Kohlsaat in the record, and every member of the committee who has any recollection on the subject knows that he never appeared before the committee or the sub-committee in any connection or for any purpose whatever. More than that, so far as I can now recall, his name was never mentioned by any member of either committee in connection with the platform or any proposition in it. There were a great many 'financial planks' and resolutions on the 'money question' sent to the committee and brought to the committee, and in one way or another presented to the committee for consideration, but not one was identified in any way whatever with Mr. Kohlsaat or his name. I have still in my possession every such resolution, all properly labeled, but none of them bears his name or any indorsement that has reference to him. This should be enough to dispose of that part of the statement which credits Mr. Kohlsaat with 'presenting the resolution that was adopted to the committee, and insisting upon its adoption.'

"That Mr. Kohlsaat favored some such plank as was adopted I do not doubt, but if so he was but in harmony with 90 per cent. of the leading Republicans of the country outside of the so-called Free Silver states; and that he may have at some time, or in some manner, or for somebody else's benefit, prepared a resolution of some kind, is probably also true. It would have been strange

if he had not, for the preparation of financial planks for that platform was very commonly indulged in shortly before, and about the time of the convention by Republicans all over the country. Such resolutions were then being adopted by the different state conventions; they were being discussed by the newspapers and the people generally. Not only those who took an active part in politics, but business and professional men who had no thought of attending any convention were giving expression to their ideas and striving to acceptably formulate them. The great number of these resolutions that were sent to the committee, and which I still have in my possession, show all this. They show more than this. They show that outside of the Silver states, among the leading Republicans of the country, there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of an unequivocal declaration in favor of maintaining the existing Gold Standard and opposing the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Almost every resolution on the subject that came to the committee was, in effect, of this character, though many of them were objectionable because of their prolixity or phraseology.

"So that if Mr. Kohlsaat had prepared such a resolution and presented it to the committee, he would have been only acting in harmony with the leading men of his party all over the country. It is probable, however, that he did find some people 'close to the candidate' who were disposed to be more conservative with respect to such a declaration than the Republicans of the country generally were, and it is possible that his controversy with them was such as to strain relations and 'imperil political friendships.' If so, Mr. Kohlsaat should be allowed full credit for what he may have done in this regard, but to enable us to judge rightly he ought to tell us all about it.

"To recur now to the authorship of the plank that was adopted a few days before I started to St. Louis, the Hon.

J. K. Richards, now Solicitor-General of the United States, then ex-Attorney-General of Ohio, and an intimate, personal and political friend of President McKinley, called upon me at Cincinnati, coming directly from Canton, where he had been given some resolutions in regard to the money and tariff questions, which had been prepared by the friends of President McKinley with his approval, and which it was desired I should take charge of in view of my probable membership of the committee on resolutions, with a view to having them incorporated in the platform.

"When a few days later I went to St. Louis I traveled with the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, now Postmaster-General, and Mr. Murat Halstead. I showed them the resolutions on the train, and we were all of the opinion that, while they contained much that was good, they should be more concise, more explicit, and not seek to make the tariff question paramount, and that if adopted they should first be corrected accordingly. Mr. Smith had made a rough draft of the material parts of a platform, including a money plank. He read it to Mr. Halstead and myself, and after going over it we were of the opinion that, reserving the financial part for further consideration, with very few unimportant changes, it would be well to adopt what he had written. His money plank read as follows:

" 'Public and private credit, business safety and confidence, the worth of wages, and the honor and security of all commercial intercourse, depend upon a standard of value and a sound and stable currency. A debasement of the standard and consequent depreciation of the currency destroys faith, robs labor, drives away capital, increases the rates of interest, burdens the borrower, paralyzes enterprise, and inflicts incalculable injury upon all except the money-changers. Gold, silver, and convertible paper, with every dollar of every kind constantly exchangeable

and equivalent to every other dollar, constitutes our established currency. We favor the use of silver to the extent at which its parity with gold can be maintained; but we are opposed to the free, unlimited, and independent coinage of silver, and to any change in the existing gold standard except by international agreement.'

"But however that may be, it must be manifest that either Mr. Kohlsaat wrote the Richards-Hanna resolutions, which were adopted only in part, and that part not very important, and which did not explicitly enough declare for a maintenance of the existing Gold Standard to satisfy the committee, or else he must have written, in the name of somebody else, that part of the plank that was adopted which was not taken from the Richards-Hanna resolutions. Every member of the sub-committee knows he did not do, and could not have done, anything of the kind, for that part of the plank was framed, to the personal knowledge of each member of the sub-committee itself, from what had been submitted to it by others, and from what all its members knew was required to meet public sentiment, and was only what all, except Senator Teller, were anxious to say and would have said had they acted solely upon their own judgment without the help of outside advice or suggestion.

"It is to be hoped that the claims of Mr. Kohlsaat to greatness, and the gratitude of his countrymen, rest upon something more substantial than the story that he was the author of the Gold plank of the Republican platform of 1896; and it is especially to be hoped that his acquiescence, not to say complicity, in the claim that has been made for him in this regard is not to be taken as a measure of the virtues of that truly remarkable man.

"This article on the Gold plank prompted a great many people to write me words of congratulation on account of it. Most of the letters I received contained references to Mr. Kohlsaat, who was at one time connected in some

way with a bakery, that were so unkind, impolite, and harsh as to be unprintable without the risk of giving him offense, but I received some of mild character in that respect, to which he would probably take no exception, one of which is the following:

LAS CRUCES, N. M., 12–6–9.

"DEAR GOVERNOR,—I am glad you slit the gullet of that d—d pastry cook. His gall is insufferable.

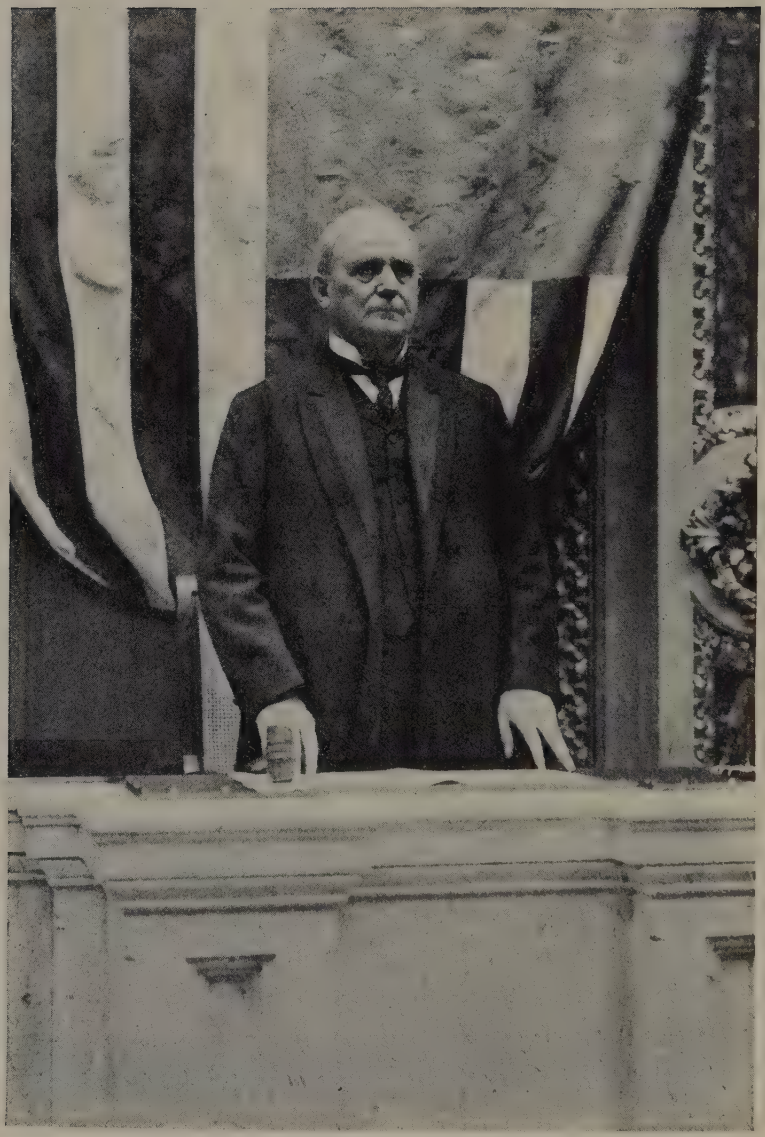
Yours,

JOHN J. INGALLS."

SENATOR J. B. FORAKER, Washington.

END OF VOL. I

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS



SPEAKER CLARK IN THE ROSTRUM

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

BY

CHAMP CLARK

TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
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MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

CHAPTER I

Taft—Dingley—Mark Twain, etc.

ONE of the finest gentlemen that ever occupied the White House was William Howard Taft. He was not born exactly with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth, but he had an especially good start in life. He is the son of the late Alfonso Taft, who was a jurist of high degree and a member of General Grant's Cabinet. President Taft was thoroughly educated at Yale, in which institution he is now law professor. The first big office he ever held was that of judge of the Superior Court at Cincinnati; appointed to that place—marvelous to tell! —by Joseph Benson Foraker, then Governor of Ohio. Politics makes strange bedfellows and strange antagonists. Subsequently he filled the great offices of Solicitor-General of the United States, Federal Circuit judge, Governor-General of the Philippines, and Secretary of War. His worst enemy will not claim that he did not exhibit great ability in these various positions, and he came into the presidential office accompanied, in my judgment, with more universal good-will than any other man that ever entered the White House. He was treated worse by some of his party associates—not counting Colonel Roosevelt—than

any other President. When he was renominated in 1912 he carried only the two states of Utah and Vermont. I am going to give my own opinion on how this happened.

He is the largest man that ever occupied the White House—a handsome man—a learned man—a very gentle man. The first time I ever saw him was while he was Governor-General of the Philippines. He came over here to have a slight surgical operation performed. At that time the Committee on Foreign Affairs was arranging the present Chinese Exclusion law, which is more my law than anybody else's law. Hon. Hugh A. Dinsmore, of Arkansas, was really top Democrat, but he was down in Arkansas fighting for renomination to Congress. It was a bitter fight touching Chinese exclusion. By reason of having annexed the Philippines, the question of exclusion forked, one fork having reference to excluding Chinese from the American continent, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, the other as to excluding them from the Philippines. We sent for Governor-General Taft. He came into the committee-room, and made a most favorable impression on every one in that room. His statements and his answers were as clear as a crystal. He was in favor of excluding them from the Philippines, and gave as his chief reason that neither an American nor a Filipino could compete with a Chinese in any species of business.

That night, at a White House reception, I met him in the lower corridor and introduced him to my wife. When he walked off out of ear-shot I told her that that man would be the next Republican nominee for President—to me he seemed to be their very best reliance.

In his book Senator Foraker undertakes to give the reasons why President Taft lost out in 1912. Of course, Foraker is a very unfriendly witness, while I am a very friendly one. I like President Taft; he treated me and mine with greatest consideration and kindness, which I will never forget.

The first three reasons which Senator Foraker assigned are: First, President Taft's incorrigible habit of playing golf, which, according to the Senator, disgruntled the country people. That cannot be true, for President Wilson plays golf more than did President Taft.

Second, his fondness for traveling over the country and making speeches on all sorts of questions. He did not speak or travel as much as has President Wilson.

Third, that he appointed two Democrats to his Cabinet —MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, and Dickinson, Secretary of War. Both from the same voting precinct in Chicago. It is generally known that Dickinson retains his citizenship in Tennessee, being the owner of the famous Belle Meade plantation near Nashville, but as a matter of fact, for ten or fifteen years he had been a citizen of Chicago. While it seems to me that for a President to appoint men to his Cabinet of different politics from his own is an unwise performance, it had been generally conceded that Secretaries MacVeagh and Dickinson were not Democrats enough to hurt. They were very fine men, but both of them left the Democrats in 1896.

Undoubtedly the fact that President Taft played golf a good deal and traveled a good deal—both of which facts were greatly exploited in the newspapers—diminished somewhat his popularity, which was very great in the beginning, and which is very great now. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I do not believe that golf and traveling and the appointment of two Democrats to his Cabinet would have made a dent in his prospects for re-election. In my judgment, the things that led to his presidential undoing are as follows:

First, he was a tariff reformer. So far as I know, the first speech he ever made in favor of remodeling and revising the tariff rates was made at Bath, Maine, in 1905. I think he was absolutely honest about it.

Second, for three or four years there had been a growing

sentiment in the Republican party that some of the tariff rates were too high and ought to be reduced. In addition to that there was a well-developed rebellion—destined to grow into a revolution—among certain of the House Republicans against what was miscalled "the Cannon machine." It wasn't the Cannon machine at all. It was the Reed machine, but Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon was Speaker and he ran the Reed machine for all that it was worth.

It so happened after his election that President Taft spent some time at the Virginia Hot Springs. The newspapers reported repeatedly that he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against Uncle Joe and the machine of which he was the chief engineer. In the mean time, and before President Taft was inaugurated, I, as Democratic minority leader, negotiated a *modus vivendi* with the insurgent Republicans in the House during the short vacation between Taft's inauguration and the beginning of the extra session which he called. I made great headway with these negotiations. The same attracted the attention of the whole country. To the amazement of the insurgent Republicans, President Taft helped Uncle Joe, and seven members of his Cabinet who had arrived also helped, Secretaries MacVeigh and Dickinson not having reached the city. That performance astounded and angered the insurgent Republicans as well as the so-called "uplift magazines" and newspapers. The upshot of the labors of the President and seven members of his Cabinet was that, when we had a battle royal on the 15th of March, 1909, the day when the new House organized, we got a bloody licking. The insurgents never forgave him, and became more aggressive and grew in numbers.

Third, I have already stated that I believe President Taft was absolutely honest about wanting the tariff reduced. The Republican platform merely promised to

revise the tariff. It didn't say whether it was to be revised up or down, but from President Taft's speeches it was universally construed that he wanted it revised down. *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the greatest Republican paper published west of the Mississippi River, said during the campaign that the Democrats were howling about reducing the tariff, but, as the Republicans wanted it reduced, the tariff was no longer an issue in the campaign. That is the strongest and clearest statement that any Republican paper made on the subject. The trouble with President Taft was, so far as the tariff went, that he had only what Governor Dingley called "surface information" on the subject, which the Governor explained to be such information as every well-informed man had, but not information as to details. President Taft in his good nature permitted the stand-pat chiefs to make him believe that his time to interfere to get the reduction was not while the bill was in the House, or while the bill was pending in the Senate, but that his opportunity would arrive when the bill got into conference. Being posted neither as to the details of the tariff nor as to the rules of the House, he took it for granted that they were giving him the correct tip. They did not tell him, however, that there was a practice in the House, as old as the government itself—so old that it amounted to having the effect of law—that where the House proposed one rate on an item in the tariff bill and the Senate proposed another, the conferees could not go below the lower rate and could not go above the higher rate. In betwixt the House rate and Senate rate they could do as they pleased. This stand-pat advice to him—with which Colonel Roosevelt had nothing to do—constitutes the bad treatment of which I spoke. Consequently, when the bill got into conference he found that he was sewed up; that there were only six items in which he was interested and on which he could secure a reduction. For instance, the House

rate on leather, boots, shoes, and leather products was 15 per cent. The Senate rate was 20 per cent. He wanted it fixed at 10 per cent. and I have been informed, although I don't know positively, that he swore that he would never sign that bill unless they fixed it at 10. Incidentally, it may be stated that while he was a great man to smile, he had a temper of his own. He made it so hot for the stand-patters that they presented a joint resolution to authorize the conferees to put the rate at 10 per cent. That bred very incurable irritation among the factions. When the President signed the Payne-Aldrich bill there was no reason why he should issue a statement. If he had vetoed it, it would have been the proper thing to issue a statement; nevertheless, he elected to make a statement, and the substance was that the Payne-Aldrich bill was only a partial redemption of Republican pledges; that some of the schedules were too high, notably schedule "K," the wool schedule. As a matter of fact, the Payne-Aldrich bill didn't reduce the tariff at all on the average. On the contrary, it raised it 1.70 per cent. In the House in my capacity as minority leader, I led the fight against the Payne-Aldrich bill, and I know what I am talking about. Shortly after the Payne-Aldrich bill was signed President Taft was persuaded to go up into Massachusetts and make a speech from the porch of Augustus Peabody Gardner, in which he delivered a gorgeous eulogy on Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, chief of the stand-patters—a very handsome and a very able man. In commenting on that I said—and said truly—that all the perfumes of Araby the Blest could not sweeten the actions of Senator Aldrich so as to please the dainty nostrils of the people.

From Mr. Gardner's porch President Taft traveled west to Winona, Minnesota, and made a speech to promote the political fortunes of Hon. James A. Tawney, one of the ablest of the Republican chieftains. In that speech, to

the utter amazement of the people, he declared that the Payne-Aldrich bill was the best tariff bill ever put on the statute-books. They couldn't reconcile that statement with the declaration he made when he signed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, and said that it was only a partial redemption of Republican pledges, and that some of the schedules were too high, especially the wool schedule.

Fourth, largely on account of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill and on account of the repulsion of the insurgent Republicans, the Democrats elected the House of Representatives in 1910 by sixty-five majority, of which House I was elected Speaker on the 4th of April, 1911.

At the extra session in 1911 the House passed the Reciprocity bill with Canada. At the short session of the previous Congress the House passed the bill to establish reciprocity with Canada, and the Senate let it fail. It began to be whispered about that President Taft was going to call an extra session of Congress for his Reciprocity bill, which he did. One morning I was down to the White House—February, 1911—and he asked me if he called an extra session what we were going to do. He and everybody else knew that I was going to be elected Speaker. I told him we would pass the Reciprocity bill and would also pass any other bills that we thought proper, including tariff bills. Two or three days after that he had a conversation with Mr. Underwood, who everybody knew would be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He asked Underwood the same question that he had asked me, and Underwood gave him practically the same answer that I had given. About two weeks before that Congress adjourned *sine die*, the President sent for both Underwood and me to come down to the White House at ten-thirty one night. The reason that he fixed that peculiar hour was that he was going to attend a function somewhere. So Underwood and I went down together. We talked the whole matter

over going down. We didn't want an extra session and we agreed that we would in some way direct the conversation so as to restate to the President what we would do if he did call it. Secretary Knox was present at the conference. The President never asked our advice about calling an extra session. What he did ask our suggestions about was at what date Congress should meet. We expressed our opinions about that, and he followed our suggestion. In my judgment he would have been reelected but for that extra session in 1911.

It is generally assumed that Colonel Roosevelt, "solitary and alone," to use Col. Thomas Hart Benton's famous pleonastic expression, accomplished the Republican split at Chicago which defeated President Taft for reelection. Nothing of the sort. If President Taft had not aided and abetted Mr. Speaker Cannon in the rules fight, thereby alienating the insurgent Republicans, together with the uplift magazines and newspapers, and had not been led into the tariff trap by the stand-pat bigwigs, thereby parting company with a vast multitude of tariff-reform Republicans, Colonel Roosevelt, powerful and popular as he was, could not have made such headway as he did. When he returned from Africa he found ready to his hand a great army of Republicans, disaffected toward President Taft, who rallied to him (Roosevelt) as the best chance to wreak their vengeance upon the President, who was deceived and lured to political destruction by the stand-pat leaders. These men, at least most of them, were not animated so much by love for Colonel Roosevelt as they were by their desire to defeat President Taft—one of the most amiable of all our public men. They simply seized Colonel Roosevelt and used him as the instrument of destruction. They succeeded astonishingly well in doing Taft to death politically. "Barkus was willin'," for Colonel Roosevelt was himself nursing a grudge or grudges against Taft principally because the

latter determined to be President sure enough and to have a policy of his own. That he was under profound obligations to Roosevelt for helping him to the White House Taft always freely admitted, but he was man enough to feel that he was not the mere shadow or alter ego of the Colonel. Hence the alienation of affection on the part of Roosevelt. These enemies of Taft kept the Colonel thoroughly informed while he was in the Old World as to the growing disaffection toward the President; sent agents to meet him abroad, insisting on his running again, and by the time he landed on his native shore he was an active candidate, his heart boiling with rage. He and his followers filled the country with the clatter of the campaign, and came within a Georgetown graze of capturing the nomination. Failing that, he got him up a party of his own, was of course nominated by it, and ended his astounding political career by being defeated—but he defeated Taft, which was the great desideratum.

As I have heretofore stated, the Fifty-fourth Congress did little work. It sat fewer days than most of its predecessors or successors. Its annals are brief and dull. Mr. Cleveland was still President. Both Senate and House were Republican—the latter by an overwhelming majority. Politically, therefore, the government was stalemate. If the President had proposed any measure tinged with politics, the Republican Congress would have blocked it. If the Republican Congress had passed any measure for political effect, the President would have vetoed it.

Ex-Speaker Crisp, having been the Democratic nominee for Speaker, was *ipso facto* minority leader; but his activities and energies were directed far more to securing, over ex-Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith, the Senatorship than in performing the functions of the minority leadership.

The truth is Crisp was thoroughly disgusted with his position as minority leader. It was a thankless task, and

was at its worst in the Fifty-fourth Congress, for the Democrats had just been drubbed out of their boots, having lost everything at the preceding November election. They were sore—awfully sore—about everybody and everything, including themselves. Criminations and recriminations were the order of the day. All this so vexed Crisp that once he said to Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas—himself destined to the minority leadership: "Nobody can lead this wrangling, quarrelsome, factionalized Democratic minority. I do not intend to return to the House. I am going home to stand for the Senate. If I lose that, I will quit public life forever."

It is interesting to note that Bailey, young, brilliant, able, enthusiastic, and aggressive, became minority leader in the Fifty-fifth Congress, and with all his splendid ability was so pestered by Democratic kickers that he followed Crisp's example, declined to stand for re-election, and went over to the Senate, where he developed into one of the most powerful debaters of this generation. After almost twelve years of service in the House of "The Conscript Fathers," he wearied of public life, resigned, and is now practising law in Washington, where I hear that his unusual talents are earning a splendid income.

As stated heretofore, Crisp achieved the nomination to the Senate, which, in Georgia, was equivalent to election, but he died before he could be elected.

Speaker Reed appointed former-Governor Nelson Dingley, of Maine, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, thereby making him ex-officio floor leader. Reed and Dingley were warmest friends, though perhaps no two men of unquestioned ability were ever less alike, mentally or physically.

Reed was far and away the most brilliant figure in American politics. Dingley was the most methodical of mankind. Reed's speeches sparkle like a gem.

It is doubtful whether Governor Dingley, during his

entire career of forty years as editor and public speaker, ever wrote or uttered one brilliant sentence or one that men will remember. But he got there just the same. His was the genius of industry, and it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise over again, with variations. He verifies the words of New England's sweetest poet:

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
> Were toiling upward in the night.

In all respects—mental, moral, and physical—Dingley resembled Madison most of all our Presidents. Governor Dingley was a college-bred man of solid understanding, and was an indefatigable student, particularly in everything pertaining to finance. He reveled in statistics, and a book made up entirely of figures had as great a fascination for him as the latest novel had for a girl of sixteen.

Reed, while very fond of Dingley, liked to tease him and to crack jokes at his expense. He once said, "The Governor would rather have a pencil and pad of paper on his knee than a pretty girl."

Physically, Dingley was small, spare, and frail, with an appearance suggestive of consumption. He had what is called "the scholar's stoop" in a marked degree. He was a frequent, lucid, and instructive, but not a pleasant speaker; had a weak, rasping voice, a well-developed nasal twang, an aquiline nose, and a bald head. Indeed, three of the distinguished Maine quartet in that Congress were sadly in need of hair-restorer. Uncle Seth Milliken was the only Pine Tree Representative who wasn't decidedly short in hirsute adornments. In the cases of Reed and Dingley this unlikeness to Absalom may be attributed to too much brain exercise, but that will not do for the bounding Boutelle.

A great many persons believe that nobody listens to speeches in Congress. All such should have been present when Governor Dingley rose to address the House. Members from all parts of the hall left their seats and crowded in compact mass in front of him. They were anxious to hear him for two reasons: First, because they realized that he was speaking *ex cathedra;* second, because they knew that he was master of his subject and was dispensing the Republican gospel on that theme.

Governor Dingley was a pronounced brunette, with a Hebraic cast of features; but he was not a Jew, as New England has not been sufficiently liberalized to confer high political honors on the descendants of Abraham and the kindred of Judah P. Benjamin and Benjamin Disraeli. Mr. Dingley's commanding position teaches a most important lesson.

The North in general, New England in particular, understands thoroughly the wisdom of retaining faithful and capable servants in Congress for long periods, believing correctly that if there is anything in a man it will be developed, and his influence in the national councils increases precisely in proportion to his length of service.

Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, John P. Hale, Jeremy Collamer, John Quincy Adams, Hannibal Hamlin, William Pitt Fessenden, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, James G. Blaine, and others passed most of their lives, after reaching the Congressional age, in Washington City.

George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, who died only a few months ago, might have spent all his days in the Senate had he not resigned to get rich practising law.

George Frisbie Hoar, Henry Cabot Lodge, General Hawley, William P. Frye, Eugene Hale, and William E. Chandler also spent most of their manhood days in Congress.

The venerable Justin Smith Morrill holds the record for service in Congress—twelve years in the House, thirty-one

years nine months and twenty-four days in the Senate—a total of forty-three years nine months and twenty-four days.

Take Maine, for instance. Her delegation, in proportion to numbers, was the most influential in the House—an influence growing no less out of length of service than out of inherent capacity. She had only four men in the House. Reed was Speaker; Dingley, chairman of Ways and Means; Boutelle, chairman of Naval Affairs; Milliken, of Public Buildings and Grounds. All served more than twenty years.

Experience is a hard school, but there are hundreds of things about the complicated Congressional machine which can be learned in no other. They do not come by instinct or intuition. No genius or learning or eloquence can compensate for this positive knowledge of details and of legislative machinery—knowledge which may appear trivial to the uninitiated, but, as an aid to a successful career, of vital importance.

No length of service in Congress could make a man like Reed or Wilson, unless he were dowered by nature with shining talents and a nimble tongue.

But there are many men in the country who would rise to distinction if they were elected to Congress at the age of forty-nine, as Dingley was, and kept there as long as he was—that, too, after having been Governor of his state.

James A. Garfield once said, "There is no place where a man finds his true level so certainly and so speedily as in the House of Representatives," and I say there is no such training-school for intellectual development anywhere else on earth as the House of Representatives. A man whose mind does not expand there is an incorrigible fool.

Before I went to Congress, while there, and when I was out and since I got back, my theory has been and is this: The people of any given district should select a man in

harmony with their interests and political beliefs, who is possessed of industry, energy, integrity, and at least fair capacity, and who is young enough to grow, send him to Congress and give him to understand that so long as he grows and discharges his duties faithfully they will keep him there.

With that sort of a lease on public life any man of even ordinary talents will develop into an important factor in Congress. Beginning at the foot of the class, as all new members must—through death, promotion, and the vicissitudes of politics, he will in a few years find himself at the head of one of the great committees—which is the first desideratum with every Congressman ambitious for himself or for his people.

Without a good committee assignment a new member, to make himself felt and heard, must be a man of extraordinary parts.

Though Maine produced Thomas B. Reed and sent Artemus Ward forth on his mirth-provoking career, her bleak climate does not seem favorable to the growth of humorists.

Of this quality Governor Dingley was as destitute as a tombstone. He made only one effort in that direction during the Fifty-fifth Congress, and that was not such a howling success as to tempt him to a repetition thereof.

In a running-fire debate with Jerry Simpson, on the proposed bond issue, he characterized Jerry's plan as a Uriah Heep scheme of finance; and here's the sequel: Two days later Jerry, with most provoking gravity, said: "The gentleman from Maine on that occasion did me the honor to notice me, and said it would be a Uriah Heep policy. I confess that I was at a very great loss to see what the connection was between the two, and how Uriah Heep could figure as a financier, even in the mind of the gentleman from Maine. I had read *David Copperfield*, and understood something of the peculiarities of Micawber

—and I refer to this now only to show how dangerous it is for a New-Englander when he undertakes to perpetrate a joke. Some gentleman suggested that perhaps the gentleman from Maine meant Mr. Micawber; and lo and behold! in the next morning's *Record* I saw the 'joke' had been corrected. I believe it was the very first time in the history of *The Record* that a joke was corrected in that publication. The gentleman from Maine should have prepared a diagram to explain his witticism."

Governor Dingley's absolute lack of a sense of humor induced "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, one of the greatest humorists that ever lived, to perpetrate a neat little joke on him. In the dog-days of 1894 John and the Governor were riding together on the same street-car. The Governor was doing a little calamity-howling, lamenting the bad situation to which the Democrats had brought the business of the country. John said: "Governor, you are entirely too blue over this thing. It is not true that good, profitable investments cannot be made. I made a small one this morning on which I realized handsomely, clearing about twenty per cent.!" The Governor was wide-awake instanter, said he would like to invest some money in such a paying institution, and asked John how he did it. John with preternatural solemnity replied, "I purchased six street-car tickets for two bits, whereas usually they cost a nickel each!" at which the Governor was in a huff for a week.

For some years Governor Dingley and I had only a speaking acquaintance. There was nothing to bring us together. He was much older than I, a New England Republican, and went about, to all outward appearances, dressed in a coat of ice. At last, however, both of us had trouble with our throats and had the same throat specialist. Of course I always gave the Governor the right of way. After being treated, we had to remain indoors twenty or thirty minutes to prevent catching cold. Grad-

ually we became better acquainted. Twice rain-storms kept us in for considerable time, and we conversed on sundry topics. Once I asked, "Governor, if men favoring a revenue tariff should get hold of House and Senate, what would be the better way of reducing the tariff, by a horizontal cut, as William R. Morrison tried to do, or by reducing the rates in each schedule separately?" He replied, "Nobody except an ignoramus, or one too indolent to work, would think of raising or reducing the tariff permanently by a horizontal cut or increase." As he had only recently forced through a horizontal raise, I expressed my surprise at his statement, and jogged his memory about his own performance in that regard. He answered, "That doesn't count, as it is only a temporary expedient for the purpose of raising sufficient revenue for the Spanish War, and not a permanent policy." And then for nearly an hour he explained to me thoroughly, and in a most kindly manner, the why and wherefore of his theory. The gist of his argument was that a rate which would be a good revenue-producer on one article would be prohibitive on another, giving as a sample of the former class Chinese silks, light of weight, cheap to transport, occupying small space, and no loss from breakage, and fine glassware and crockery-ware as a sample of the second class, expensive to ship, liable to much breakage, occupying greater space, and entailing heavy insurance charges. His monologue was really a valuable and luminous lecture on the philosophy of the tariff, which I took to heart, remembered and acted on when in after-years my turn came to help construct the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill. In that conversation Governor Dingley rendered me almost speechless with surprise by telling me that when he quit college he was a free-trader, and how he became a protectionist. He expressed a hope that I might do likewise.

On another occasion I asked him which he deemed the

more beneficial to a boy, a regular classical course or one of the new-fangled select courses. He responded with much earnestness and enthusiasm, "The classical course is far and away the best." He illustrated his opinion by giving his observations on his own sons and other young men of his acquaintance.

After these conferences he and I were warm friends. The last public function that he and I both attended was a Gridiron Club banquet, just after the close of the war with Spain. Several generals, admirals, Cabinet members, and Senators spoke—exploiting what the army, navy, Cabinet, and Senate did in the war—never referring to the work of the House. It so happened that the Governor and myself were the only Representatives present, and that I was the only Representative on the speaking-list. It also happened, furthermore, that I came after the aforementioned generals, admirals, Cabinet members, and Senators. I rounded up the whole crowd in a half-serious, half-humorous way, taking up the cudgels on behalf of the House. This so pleased Governor Dingley that when the feast ended he walked the full length of the biggest banquet-hall in Washington to congratulate me and to take my hand.

The House decreed him a public funeral—an unusual honor—to which he was fully entitled. All in all, he was one of the most useful and powerful of the sons of Maine.

Governor Dingley was succeeded as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee by Hon. Sereno E. Payne, of New York—a very large and a very handsome man. He was Father of the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill. He was also Father of the House. He was a strong man in every way, and made strong speeches, without a trace of wit or humor in them.

Here is an incident demonstrating how we sometimes misjudge one another. Everybody knew that Mr. Payne was a man of ability and a strong debater. Those of us

who had opportunity to study him closely knew that he possessed a vast store of information, particularly on the tariff. No wonder, for he was a student and participated in five revisions of the tariff. In debate he was irritable and brusk to such an extent that he frequently hurt the feelings of members who interrupted him in his speeches. I did not like the way in which he sawed me off on several occasions, and for a long time had it in my heart to catch him in the right situation and smite him hip and thigh.

Finally, however, I was placed on the Committee on Ways and Means, of which he was chairman. During the Christmas holidays succeeding I was in New England and New York on a lecture tour. When I entered a parlor-car in New York, en route to Washington, I had Mr. Payne as a fellow-passenger. He came and sat down by me and gave me a cordial welcome to his committee. He talked to me all the way to Washington, and as I had never talked with him ten minutes privately before that trip, I was amazed to discover that he was a most pleasant gentleman, an unusually fine raconteur, and that his stock of personal and interesting reminiscences seemed inexhaustible. He spoke most entertainingly and humorously of Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward, Horace Greeley, Horatio Seymour, Governor Morgan, Roscoe Conkling, Samuel Sullivan Cox, Henry J. Raymond, and other New York worthies of a past generation. Those five hours were not only delightful, but also instructive to me, and added much to the sum total of my historical knowledge. That trip laid the foundation of a close personal friendship between Mr. Payne and myself which grew stronger and more tender with the passing years, till the day of his death. He was the most distinguished member of the House to die in harness—as no doubt he wished to die—after the death of Governor Dingley, his immediate predecessor as chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means. The House also decreed him a

public funeral, as was eminently proper, and we mournfully parted company with the honored and well-beloved "Father of the House."

Large bodies move slowly, so it is said. That is precisely what the House of Representatives is, and that is exactly the manner of its movement. *Vis inertiæ* is a prominent feature of its being. Nevertheless it moves. During my long service I have witnessed much progress toward perfection in its rules and practices. While we have not reached the millennium, we are improving—in nothing more than in the treatment of contested election cases. Under the Constitution "each House of Congress shall be judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." From the judgments of either House there is no appeal. At first, but only for two terms, the House of Representatives tried to act with an approximation of judicial fairness, but soon abandoned the effort, since when most contests have been settled on a partizan basis. Great outrages have been committed by all parties which have controlled the House, but within the last dozen years the House has grown weary of the scandals attaching to such cases, and has entered upon a wiser, fairer, and more patriotic course. In these latter days a contestant must make out a reasonable case in order to unseat a contestee. Consequently the number of contests has dwindled perceptibly. Much credit for this reform should be given to James R. Mann, of Chicago, for eight years last past the very able Republican minority leader.

Perhaps political rancor reached high-water mark during reconstruction days. At any rate, it was during that unhappy period that contested election cases were so numerous as to become a burden, and were decided entirely on party lines.

My brilliant and handsome friend, DeAlva Stanwood Alexander, long time a Representative from New York,

in his very readable book, *History and Procedure of the House of Representatives*, says: "Upon entering the room of the Committee on Elections, of which he was a member, Thaddeus Stevens inquired the point in the case under investigation. 'There is not much point to it,' replied his colleague; 'they are both damned scoundrels.' 'Well,' said Stevens, 'which is the Republican damned scoundrel? I want to go for him.'" Others felt the same way, but did not have the effrontery to express it so bluntly

I saw at least one fine illustration and verification of the old saying, "Evil inventions sometimes return to plague the inventors." In the Fifty-third Congress, Col. Josiah Patterson, of Tennessee, was chairman of the Committee on Elections. We had only one such committee then, but we have three now. On the face of the returns Charles F. Joy, of St. Louis—"Charlie" to his friends, who are numbered by his acquaintances—had a little over three hundred majority; but his right to his seat was contested by John J. O'Neil, a veteran member.

The case turned on this one point: The Missouri Australian ballot law, of which I am the author, provides, among other things, that the ballot clerks shall place their initials on all ballots for purposes of identification—a perfectly proper safeguard. It so happened that enough Joy ballots to turn the scale were found in one or two boxes without the initials of the ballot clerks.

Colonel Patterson reported in favor of seating O'Neil, and Joy was thrown out. That was in 1893. Joy felt grossly outraged, and breathed out threatenings against Patterson that he would get even. Joy liked to give dinners, and they were good ones. In this way, and by reason of his unexcelled social qualities, he had a large circle of friends in the House and out. Toward Colonel Patterson he nursed his wrath to keep it warm. His constituents promptly and overwhelmingly re-elected him in

1894, and again in 1896. In the latter year Edward W. Carmack, a Free Silver Democrat, defeated Colonel Patterson, a Gold Democrat, for the Congressional nomination. Colonel Patterson was nominated by the Gold Democrats and indorsed by the Republicans. On the face of the returns Carmack had a majority, and Patterson contested his seat. Joy's time had come. He made a thorough canvass of his Republican friends, who were then running things. He begged each one to vote for Carmack, stoutly asserting that it was a fight between two Democrats—that Patterson had maltreated him, etc. He induced several Republicans to vote for Carmack and more of them to leave the hall when the vote was taken. To the surprise of both Patterson and Carmack, and of nearly everybody else, Carmack received the majority, while Joy was wild with delight. That was the only contested election case I ever heard in which there was an element of amusement. It is apropos to state that on that occasion Carmack made the most brilliant and audacious speech of his life.

Colonel Patterson was one of the ablest single Gold Standard advocates in the country. From his standpoint he made the strongest speech delivered on the subject in the Fifty-third Congress.

He was a brilliant cavalry colonel, and among lawyers his place was in the front rank.

He was a fine man, mentally and physically, not yet past his meridian. There were no frills about his oratory, but his style was exceedingly lucid and energetic. I believe in giving a man his just dues, even though I differ with him.

By quoting Thomas Carlyle, he made one of the sharpest repartees ever heard in the House.

Josiah was not always a Gold-bug by a jugful. Indeed, at one time he was at the other extreme. When he was a candidate for the governorship of the "Old Volunteer

State" he made some Silver speeches down in "The Great Smoky Mountains" which would put to blush the fervent utterances of Silver Dick Bland, "Coin" Harvey, and "The Boy Orator of the Platte."

Now Josiah had as one of his colleagues a little red-headed, sanguine-tempered Democrat named Snodgrass, who feared neither man nor devil, who had a memory like a tar-bucket, and whose opinions on the money question had undergone no modifications since he had loyally and enthusiastically supported Josiah for gubernatorial honors. His friend's falling from grace troubled him sorely. He had the scrap-book habit, and had "scrapped" all of Colonel Patterson's old red-hot Free Silver speeches. So, while Josiah, with the proverbial zeal of a brand-new convert, was out-Heroding Herod in advocacy of the single Gold Standard, Snodgrass interrupted him continually, and shot into him certain choice excerpts from his old Silver speeches, which sounded very much like extracts from the hottest pronunciamentos of Senator Stewart of Nevada. At last Josiah could stand the gaffs no longer and angrily shouted: "I say, with Emerson, that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. I do not subscribe to the doctrine once a fool always a fool!"

To show how uncertain is the business of a prophet in these latter days, and for the guidance of those who would emulate Jeremiah and Elijah, it may be stated that Snodgrass predicted that Josiah, in recanting the opinions of a lifetime, was committing political suicide, and that the halls of Congress would know him no more forever. He even pathetically declared that his friend's tergiversation had set his lachrymal glands a-going, and that he would drop a tear—gallons of them, in fact—upon Josiah's grave. The Silver Democrats cheered Snodgrass lustily as he played the rôle of a male Niobe and he was prouder than a peacock in full feather.

But he laughs best who laughs last, and when the votes

were counted on the black Tuesday in November, '94, *mirabile dictu*, it was Snodgrass who was remanded to the shades of private life and not Colonel Patterson.

Mark Twain was born some two or three miles west of the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri, which I represent. He was reared jam up against the north end of it, in the city of Hannibal, which now has a Mark Twain hotel, a Mark Twain monument, and a Mark Twain museum.

It so happened that some years before his death I was top Democrat on the Committee on Patents, which has jurisdiction over trade-marks and copyrights, as well as next to top Democrat on the great Committee on Foreign Affairs. In December, 1903, I gave up both those assignments to go on the Ways and Means Committee.

Twain and I had never seen each other, but because we were both Missourians from the same neck of the woods, and because he thought that I was still top Democrat on patents, in January, 1904, he wrote to me stating that he wanted a bill passed giving to authors a perpetual copyright. I answered, explaining that the Congress would never enact any such law—also stating that the Congress would be willing to help the authors out, and outlining what I considered possible as to improvements in that regard. I suggested that he employ a good lawyer to work out a bill containing my suggestions, as I did not have time to do it. He followed my advice, and the bill was duly prepared, and finally with some immaterial amendments placed upon the statute-book, making more liberal arrangements as to copyrights, thereby largely enhancing their value.

In February he wrote me that he was coming to Washington to lobby for the bill, and he proved to be the prince of lobbyists. He came to my office as soon as he arrived. After a few minutes' conversation he said that he wanted to see the members of the Committee on Patents, to talk

to them about his bill, which seemed to be near his heart. As I had only one room, and Mr. Speaker Cannon had three or four, I borrowed one of his stenographer's rooms on the ground floor and sent a page up into the House to notify certain members that Mark Twain was below and desired to converse with them. They came gladly—in fact, first and last they nearly all came, and for two days Twain held his court—talking all the time—and such talk! He talked about steamboating on the Mississippi, about his experiences in Nevada, California, and the Sandwich Islands, about lecturing, writing books, about his travels in far lands, about getting rich and going broke, about the prominent people he had met—in short, about almost everything and everybody—but always wound up by arguing in favor of his bill. On the morning of the second day there was a blinding snow-storm in Washington, and Twain blossomed out in a flannel suit, white as the snow, while all the world wondered. For a week his eccentricity in dress was the talk not only of the town, but of the whole country. He was written up and cartooned in every ambitious paper. His white flannels were the resounding theme of every tongue. Incidentally, his bill was universally discussed. For that cunningly devised caper he must have received a million dollars' worth of free advertising for his copyright bill. Not content with that, he wrote Mr. Speaker Cannon a humorous note, asking permission to address the House—which the Speaker could not grant, as the rules of the House absolutely forbid the Speaker from even entertaining such a motion. I feel certain that if Twain had addressed the House he would have secured the perpetual copyright for which he longed.

It is said that for years he nursed an ambition to be a member of the House, as did John Lawrence Sullivan. Most assuredly both would have added to the gaiety of nations.

Some months after his death there was a great meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, to pay tribute to his memory. That great hall was crowded to the ceiling. Dr. William Dean Howells presided, made a splendid opening speech, and most gracefully and graciously introduced the other speakers, who were Joseph H. Choate, Henry van Dyke, George W. Cable, Mr. Speaker Cannon, Henry Watterson, and myself. I take it that no such funeral speeches have ever been delivered since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. For three mortal hours we did nothing but crack jokes and tell anecdotes about Twain. The chances are ten to one that that was the sort of tribute to his memory that he would have desired had he been consulted. However that may be, the vast audience enjoyed it, and at 11 P.M., after the manner of Oliver Twist, cried for more.

CHAPTER II

Colonel Hitt's dinner—John Sherman—DeArmond.

ONE night at a great dinner given by Col. R. R. Hitt, the elegant chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, to Sanford B. Dole, President of the Hawaiian Republic, I happened to sit in talking distance of Mr. Secretary of State John Sherman, with only Lemuel Eli Quigg betwixt us. During the course of the dinner I asked Secretary Sherman how he regarded in the retrospect his defeat for the Speakership in 1859–60. He replied, "Sometimes I think it was a misfortune, and sometimes a blessing in disguise." That contest in which Sherman was one of the principal figures, being the Republican nominee for Speaker, was of unusual heat and length, lasting two whole months. There were four parties in the House then—Republicans, Democrats, together with a small contingent of Whigs and Americans (alias Know nothings), and the two latter split into pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions. No party had the majority necessary to elect. Once Sherman came within three votes of the prize; but every time he was nearing the goal Gen. John B. Clark, of Missouri ("Old Gen. John B.," as he is known in our state, to distinguish him from his son, "Young Gen. John B."), a man of splendid talents, particularly in an oratorical way, a violent pro-slavery Whig, would make a blood-and-thunder *ad captandum* harangue against Sherman for having signed a recommendation for an abolition book written by a North-Carolinian named

Helper, which would drive the pro-slavery Whigs and Americans away from Sherman. So, after trying nearly every prominent man in their party, finally the Republicans put up ex-Governor Pennington of New Jersey, who was serving his first and only term in the House, and he was elected for the strange reason that he had no record on the slavery question or any other. He, like Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, the first Speaker, and Henry Clay, was elected Speaker during his first term in Congress. At the end of his one term he disappeared from human ken, while John Sherman served in the Senate for thirty-two years, was Secretary of the Treasury four years and Secretary of State one year, and was a prominent candidate for President.

I have often thought of his statement that he sometimes considered his defeat for the Speakership a misfortune and sometimes a blessing in disguise.

The chances are that had I been made minority leader in 1904, when I first wanted it, I never would have mounted to the Speakership, because at that time the Democrats were so thoroughly factionalized that it may well be doubted whether any man could have led them in four Congresses without making enemies enough to defeat him for Speaker.

It so happened that Judge David A. DeArmond, of Missouri, who had been a candidate for minority leader twice before, wanted to be a candidate again in 1904 against John Sharp Williams, who was running for a third term, and so did I. The rivalry betwixt DeArmond, a man of exceptional ability, and myself was perhaps the longest between two Representatives from the same state in the entire history of the Republic. We were on friendly terms and did not seek to be rivals, but we were rivals through circumstances beyond our control. Both wanted to be minority leader, as a stepping-stone to the Speakership. He had served in the House four years

longer than I had, and in age was my senior by six years. He had achieved high standing in the House, being second among Democrats on the great Judiciary Committee, while I held exactly the same rank on Ways and Means. The Missouri delegation of its own motion, so far as I know, took the matter of our candidacy into its own hands, and DeArmond prevailed by one majority. Williams was re-elected that year, and again in 1906.

In 1908 he was nominated for United States Senator, which in Mississippi is equivalent to the election. The three races which DeArmond had made against him for the minority leadership, and the fist fight they had, which I described briefly in a former chapter, had made mortal enemies of them. Consequently Williams made up his mind that DeArmond should not succeed him in the minority leadership if he could prevent it. So, after his nomination for United States Senator, one day I received a letter from him, in which he stated that on a certain day about three weeks in the future he would write a letter to Henry D. Clayton, chairman of the Democratic caucus, informing him that when Congress convened in December he would resign the minority leadership—which letter Clayton would publish. The Congress was then in vacation. I acted on his hint, and immediately wrote to every Democratic member except Judge DeArmond and one other, stating that I would be a candidate for the minority leadership, and by the time that Judge Clayton published the Williams letter I had pledges from a large majority of Democratic members. I was unanimously elected to fill out the fragment of Williams's term. In the next six Congresses I was unanimously nominated for Speaker in Democratic caucuses—which made me minority leader in the Sixty-first Congress and Speaker in the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, and Sixty-fifth Congresses, also minority leader in the Sixty-sixth. I am the only Democrat living or dead ever unanimously nominated by a

Democratic caucus for his first term in the Speakership. I played in great luck in that regard, just as I played in great luck as to the time at which I came into the minority leadership, which led to the Speakership.

Notwithstanding Taft's easy victory in 1908, the Republicans had already entered upon the process of disintegration. Their majority in the House of over 140, elected in 1904, fell to 57 in 1906 and to 47 in 1908, so that by combining with 24 insurgent Republicans when all of our men stood fire we could beat them.

It is here gratefully stated that Senator Williams enabled me to make my election to the minority leadership certain and easy, and that Judge DeArmond supported me in that position with absolute fidelity.

He had been prosecuting attorney, state Senator, Circuit judge, and Supreme Court commissioner, in all of which positions he had discharged his duties with signal ability. Through his long incumbency on the bench he had acquired the judicial style of speaking. He was easily one of the most effective speechmakers in the House, and was always listened to gladly. He never wrote a speech. When he first told me that I didn't believe it, but one day he told me circumstantially why he did not. He said that when quite a young man he made a speech on some important occasion, and that he wrote it carefully, committing it thoroughly to memory, as he thought; but to his utter disgust and dismay, right in the middle of it, forgot it and floundered to the end. After that exasperating experience he never wrote a word of another speech. As he was by far the most skilful verbal precisian in the House, and his sentences were perfect in construction and sparkled like a gem, I set my mind on solving the mystery of his preparation. At last I did it. He carried a small pair of scissors in his pocket. He would throw his head back against the desk back of him, gazing at the coats of arms of the various states above his head, and while

remaining in that position hours at a stretch he was mechanically cutting up old envelops and papers. During that queer process nothing short of an earthquake would disturb him. He was as oblivious to all sublunary things as was Archimedes experimenting with his soap-bubbles. The truth is that, while clipping envelops and paper with his little scissors, he was preparing a speech, churning his ideas into shape as the waters churn the rocks, and when he was through with that unique performance his speech was as perfectly prepared as though he had written it out, rewritten it, polished it up, and committed it to memory. While we had up the Philippine Tariff bill Minority Leader Williams was suddenly called to Mississippi on account of the serious illness of his daughter. He turned the management of the bill for our side, including control of the time, over to me. I yielded an hour to Judge DeArmond, and then planted myself in front of him as a matter of curiosity to see if he uttered a slovenly sentence or made a slip of the tongue. There was just one little slip—he used the word worser instead of worse, and corrected himself instanter! He never quoted anything except a statute or a court decision or a section of the Constitution or a rule of the House or an opinion of a Speaker or other presiding officer. He made no historical or biographical references, and, judging from his speeches, which were quite numerous—some of them elaborate—he had no acquaintance with the poets; nevertheless, he always made a strong and interesting speech. His *forte* was sarcasm. As a verbal precisian he had no equal in either branch of Congress after John James Ingalls left the Senate.

In the minority he was a power. I have often wondered what sort of a record he would have made in the majority.

The two chief events in the House during my minority leadership were the prolonged, bitter, and successful battle

to liberalize the rules and to put an end to the one-man power of the Speaker, and the fight on the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill—which two performances gave us the House in 1910—also the House, Senate, and Presidency in 1912. It was hard work, but work that I stuck to and loved.

CHAPTER III

Wars made Presidents.

EVERY war in which we have been engaged has produced a President or Presidents. Of course this does not apply to our various Indian wars, although certain of them have helped in sending men to the White House. The Revolutionary War made Washington President and aided Monroe and Jackson to realize their highest ambition. Monroe was little more than a boy while serving in the army, saw little service, and rose to no high rank. Aaron Burr, a brilliant soldier, who liked him not, sneeringly declared that his chief duties in the army were to keep Lord Stirling's tankard filled and listen with apparent interest to his lordship's long-winded stories; but the testimony of his comrades was to the effect that Monroe was a good, if not a distinguished, soldier. At any rate, his military record was helpful to him all his days. He never rose higher than lieutenant, but was a stout fighter and was badly wounded in the glorious American victory at Trenton. It is an interesting fact that no American soldier was killed in that important engagement, and only one other besides Monroe was wounded—Capt. William Washington, in whose company Lieutenant Monroe was serving. Monroe's hurt was precisely the same as that which killed Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. But Monroe had the good fortune to fall near a surgeon who knew his business, and saved the life of the future President by wise and timely "first aid." It is almost certain that General Johnston's life could have been saved by the

simple process of tying a string around his leg between his body and his wound, thereby stopping the hemorrhage.

General Jackson was a mere boy when a British officer cut his scalp open with a saber for refusing to black his boots. He surely made the British pay for that piece of brutality on January 8, 1815, and pay an exceedingly high rate of interest.

When he was a candidate for re-election to the Presidency in 1832 Francis P. Blair, the elder, went over to the White House and told the general that the Whigs were circulating a campaign-tale to the effect that the story about the British officer slashing him on the head was a lie, made of whole cloth for political effect. The old hero took hold of Blair's forefinger and, running it up into his bristly white hair into the gash made by the brutal Britisher's sword, told Blair to tell what he discovered.

The War of 1812 made Presidents of Andrew Jackson and William Henry Harrison, and a Vice-President of Col. Richard Mentor Johnson. It also assisted Gen. Lewis Cass, Gen. Zachary Taylor, and Gen. Winfield Scott in achieving presidential nominations. The Mexican War made Presidents of Taylor and Pierce, and gave Scott a presidential nomination. It also was one of the reasons why Major John Cabell Breckenridge was made Vice-President in 1856 and a presidential nominee in 1860.

The Civil War elected General Grant, and contributed to the election of Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, Gen. James A. Garfield, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, and Major William McKinley. It also nominated Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock for President in 1880, and Gen. Frank P. Blair for Vice-President on the ticket with Horatio Seymour, in 1868.

Even our brief war with Spain was largely instrumental in elevating Col. Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency.

The political and presidential situation during the Mexican War was decidedly peculiar and somewhat

aggravating. President Polk was a Democrat, and his administration, which carried on that war so successfully, was Democratic; but it so happened that the two most distinguished soldiers of that war were General Taylor and General Scott, both of whom were Whigs. As soon as Taylor gained the victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma certain Whigs began to shout for him for President. After his brilliant triumph at Buena Vista his chances went soaring, and through the skilful manipulations of Thurlow Weed and other Whig leaders who were in search of a winner, Clay, Webster, Crittenden, Corwin, Everett, and all the rest of the great Whig statesmen were unceremoniously brushed aside, and the nomination given to Taylor, the military chieftain, whose soldiers fondly called him "Old Rough-and-Ready," and who had never lost a battle or a skirmish. It goes without saying that Clay's enthusiastic followers were thoroughly disgusted—as was "the Great Commoner" himself—while "Daniel the Godlike" flatly pronounced it a nomination unfit to be made.

President Polk, knowing himself to be suffering from some fatal malady, was not a candidate for a second term, but he desired with all his heart that his successor should be a Democrat. Consequently he and other eminent Democrats, reading the signs of the times as indicating a Whig nomination for Hero Taylor, laid their heads together to bring a Democratic military hero out of the Mexican War so as to nominate him for President. It would not do to promote Pierce, Butler, Pillow, or any of the junior volunteer generals, over the heads of the glorified conquerors, Taylor and Scott. Public opinion would not stand for so raw a deal as that. With soldiers, seniority of commission is a most important point, sometimes a vital thing. So the Democratic wiseacres devised this ingenious scheme to circumvent Taylor and Scott, who were major-generals—that being the highest rank

under our military laws then existing. Congress was to be asked to pass a bill creating the extraordinary rank of lieutenant-general, till then never held by any American except George Washington during our troubles with France. The understanding was that Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, was to be the lieutenant-general, and consequently the Democratic hero and the Democratic nominee for President. Accordingly the bill was introduced, and passed the House; but, alas and alack! it failed of passage in the Senate by three votes, through the jealousy and machinations, as Benton savagely asserts, of William L. Marcy, Robert J. Walker, and James Buchanan, all members of Polk's Cabinet, all candidates for President, and all utterly without military glory. Consequently none of them wanted a Democratic military hero to come out of Mexico to walk off with the greatly coveted Democratic presidential nomination. All of which is a fine illustration of the wisdom of Burns's lines:

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley;
> And leave us naught but grief and pain
> For promised joy.

Colonel Benton gave an amusing reason why Generals Taylor and Scott would not have objected to his being placed over their heads with the rank of lieutenant-general, and that was that his commission as lieutenant-colonel in the War of 1812, when all three held that rank, antedated theirs. Doubtless that satisfied and convinced "the Great Missourian" that the extraordinary, not to say astounding, measure which he fathered, and of which he was to be the chief beneficiary, would be acceptable to the two great soldiers most concerned, but there is no evidence that they would have submitted or that the people would have indorsed any such scheme. Upon the failure of the bill to create the rank of lieutenant-general,

President Polk sent Benton's nomination as major-general to the Senate, which promptly confirmed it, and which Benton promptly and scornfully declined to accept. With him it was *Aut Cæsar aut nullius.*

Sometimes I like to philosophize about how things might have turned out differently. Let's see what might have happened in this case. Suppose that bill had passed and Colonel Benton had been appointed lieutenant-general, what then? He would have certainly come out of the war a Democratic hero, for anybody commanding the American Army in that contest must have come out conqueror. He would have been nominated for President, and would have been elected, since the election of General Taylor was due to Martin Van Buren's bolting General Cass's nomination, which he did out of revenge for the part Cass took in beating him out of the nomination in 1844, after he had received a majority on one ballot at Baltimore. He surely wreaked vengeance on "the Great Michigander" to his heart's content. Martin Van Buren was, however, the friend of Colonel Benton, and would not have bolted him in 1848 had he been nominated. If Benton had been elected that year he would have been re-elected in 1852, for any Democrat could have been elected in 1852. A stronger Union man than Colonel Benton never lived. He was more Jacksonian than General Jackson himself. Had he been President from 1849 to 1857 there would never have been any Kansas question to vex mankind, the Civil War would have been postponed for years—perchance forever.

> Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

CHAPTER IV

Sixteen generals—Wheeler and Sickles.

AS I have stated elsewhere, there were sixteen generals in the House of the Fifty-third Congress—the first in which I served. At least one-fourth the members had seen service in one army or the other. The most distinguished two were Lieut.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of the Confederacy, and Maj.-Gen. Daniel Edgar Sickles, who rose to the command of a corps in the Union Army.

As an illustration of how rapidly the Civil War veterans are crossing over the river, this incident is worth inserting here. In 1913 the managers of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg invited the House to attend on the Fourth of July. It was impossible for us all to attend, so Majority Leader Underwood brought in a resolution authorizing me to appoint a committee of twenty-one, which was unanimously agreed to. I thought it would be in keeping with the eternal fitness of things to make up the committee entirely of old soldiers. I started in to do that, but, to my utter amazement, discovered that there were only 6 in the entire membership of 435—2 Union soldiers and 4 Confederates, and all 6 were Democrats! At the present writing there are only 3—Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, Major Stedman of North Carolina, and Major Osborn of California.

I had an interesting experience touching the Sickles trial. It so happened that the last important case I tried in court before my first Congressional term began was

"on all-fours," as the lawyers say, with the Sickles case, except that the men mixed up in it were not such high-fliers socially or politically as Philip Barton Key and General Sickles. I was one of the counsel for the defense of one St. Louis street-car conductor held for killing another street-car conductor for seducing his wife. In arguing the case to the jury I laid down the proposition flat that an American jury would not, and should not, convict under such circumstances. In order to enforce my theory, I cited three cases—two of them having been tried in the very room in which I was speaking: First, where an ignorant negro had killed the paramour of his wife; second, where an honest blacksmith had killed a flash young Lothario for seducing his daughter; third, the Sickles case—which three cases raked the entire social gamut, and in all three of which there were verdicts of acquittal. The jury took my view of it and cleared our man.

It was a long time since I had read the newspaper accounts of the Sickles case, but I fished up out of my memory all of it I possibly could and used it for all it was worth. So when I reached Washington I concluded I would read the verbatim report of the trial, supposing, erroneously, that there would be no trouble in finding a copy. That's where I was mistaken. I ransacked the Congressional Library and all the bookstores without avail. At last I discovered one in the law library of the Supreme Court. It was a verbatim report—evidently a reproduction from a newspaper, containing divers and sundry pictures—one where Sickles was trying to shoot Key lying on the ground—another where Key was dodging behind a tree. One night I was reading the book when my little four-year-old son, recently Col. Bennett Champ Clark, of our army in France, climbed up into my lap. He spent most of the time in the House of Representatives, and knew many members. He asked:

COL. BENNETT C. CLARK, THE YOUNGEST COLONEL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE

"Daddy, who is that man shooting the man lying on the ground?" I replied: "It's General Sickles." "The old man who walks on crutches?" he inquired. "I'll ask him about it to-morrow," he remarked. "No, you must not do that," I answered. "If you do, he will not give you any more candy"—a reference to the habit the general had of carrying a supply of sweetmeats in his pocket for children. Then Bennett said, "Where is that tree the man is behind?" I promised to show it to him the first time I had business at the White House or the Treasury Department. So the next time I went into that vicinity I took the little chap along. Approaching the custodian of Lafayette Park, who looked old enough to have been in the ark, I inquired which was the tree that Key dodged behind when Sickles was shooting him. The Ancient of Days said: "You see that small elm between the two big elms? That little tree is in place of the Key tree. Souvenir-hunters cut the bark off the original tree till they killed it!"

It is illuminating to read the long list of offices held by or offered to General Sickles—the most profitable one being the office of Sheriff of New York County; the highest in rank, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, where he exercised his functions with such skill and vigor that the Spaniards called him "the American king." There he took for his second wife a Spanish lady of high degree.

The gossip in the House was to the effect that the reason why he was sent to Congress in 1892 was to prevent him from bolting the nomination of Cleveland, whom he had been denouncing bitterly for vetoing pension bills. Anyway, he was a fine old man—an interesting relic of a day long gone.

One day I killed a bill by killing time—consuming forty-five minutes so as to prevent a vote. I stood there and told tales about my observations as a boy during the

Civil War in central Kentucky. In the midst of my remarks General Sickles hobbled in on his crutches, and, learning that I was giving war reminiscences, came up and sat down in front of me, and I told what I could remember of his being carried off the battle-field of Gettysburg on a stretcher after one of his legs was shot off by a cannon-ball, denominating it a marvelous exhibition of nerve. When I had finished I asked him if I got the incident right. He said: "My corps held the key to the battle-field, and was fending off an awful charge of the Confederates. In the midst of it a grape-shot struck me in the knee and knocked me from my horse. My men, hearing that I was killed, fell into confusion and were about to retreat. Knowing that if they did retreat the battle was lost to us, I had myself placed on a stretcher with a blanket over my crushed leg, lighted a cigar, was carried down my battle-line, explaining to my men that I was not seriously hurt and exhorting them to stand firm —which they did, thereby saving the day. Smoking the cigar under such circumstances has appeared to certain historiographers who never smelled gunpowder as a piece of spectacular bravado, but it was done as an encouragement to my men, who were bearing the brunt of the great battle which was the turning-point of the Civil War." Surely that was a splendid feat of arms.

I was as anxious as was my little son to have General Sickles tell me all about killing Key. I have had a theory all my life that men who have committed homicide, whether justifiably or not, like to talk about it once in a while, as a relief to their minds, but I could not, in the very nature of things, mention it to him. In private conversation, however, I would ask questions which I hoped would set him going on that subject. One day I was sitting by him when ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was making a speech. Grow was first elected to Congress in 1850, as successor to David Wilmot,

the year I was born. He served for six consecutive terms, during the last of which, 1861–63, he was Speaker. He was defeated for re-election to Congress in 1862, and never returned to the House for thirty-one years. He and Sickles had served together.

While Grow was speaking, in hopes of getting General Sickles to tell me about Key, I said, "General, when you were in the House prior to the Civil War, did you ever see a fight on the floor?" His face brightened up like a new moon, and he replied: "Yes, I saw Grow have a fight, which ended in a surprising and amusing way. Grow was on his first legs then. There was a brilliant, high-strung young man here then, Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, who was killed during the war while a brigadier. He was a bachelor, and sometimes would bring some of his lady friends up into the gallery. Then he would go down into the basement and tank up to the oratorical point. Having thus braced himself, he would come on the floor and precipitate a cut-and-thrust debate for the edification of his lady visitors. It so happened one day that he impinged upon the scene while young Grow was making some red-hot remarks on some phase of the everlasting slavery question. Keitt broke in on him. Their interlocutory performance grew first into a quarrel, then into a knock-down and drag-out fist fight. Several members on each side participated and they were pounding each other with little skill, but with much enthusiasm, making blood fly in every direction. At last Elihu B. Washburn, of Illinois, a big, robust man, afterward Secretary of State and Minister to the Court of Versailles, grabbed the long black hair of General Barksdale of Mississippi in order to put his head in chancery, but Barksdale wore a wig, which slipped off into the hands of the astounded Washburn, to the delight of the observers. A mighty shout of laughter filled the hall, breaking up the fight and putting the combatants and everybody else

into high good humor." My query, however, to find out about the death of Key failed of its purpose utterly, for the general said not a word about that.

Grow was elected at a special election in 1894. When he came to be sworn in the venerable Judge Holman of Indiana, who had served with him in the 'fifties and the 'sixties, took him by the arm and escorted him to the semicircle in front of the Speaker's stand, where Mr. Speaker Crisp administered the oath to the man who was Speaker when he was a beardless boy. As the venerable statesmen marched down the big aisle arm in arm, some humorous young man remarked, *sotto voce:* "By Jupiter! there goes the vanguard of the army of the Resurrection!"

Mr. Grow's last service in the House extended over a period of ten years. We all regarded him as a sort of antique historical curio and delighted to hear him talk of the earlier times—in which he was exceedingly interesting.

When Grow was first elected he was only twenty-six—the youngest member of the House. I once asked him how he happened to be elected at that early age. He said that in 1850 the Democrats in that district split and nominated two candidates—David Wilmot and a man by the name of Kelly, who was opposed to Free-Soilism in general and to the Wilmot Proviso in particular. As the election drew near it became apparent to the Democrats that unless they composed their differences a Whig would be elected. They tried to patch up their quarrel by suggesting that both Democratic candidates retire and a new man be picked. Wilmot consented only on condition that he should have a veto on any name proposed. All the prominent Democrats in the district were considered, but Wilmot objected to all of them. Finally, in desperation they asked him whom he would support. To their surprise, he replied, "That young lawyer, Galusha A. Grow." Thereupon they appointed a joint committee from the two factions to ask him to accept the nomina-

tion. They went in search of him and found him building a water-gap on his mother's farm, to which he had retired to improve his health. So Mr. Grow had some claim to being an American Cincinnatus. He wasn't snatched from a plow-tail, but from a water-gap.

It may be confidently stated that David Wilmot made an immortal reputation in fewer words than any other statesman that ever lived. His Proviso contains only sixty-nine words; but no adequate history of the Republic can be written without lugging it in. Strange to relate, he never wrote a word of it. The coterie of Free Soil Democrats in the House cooked it up and selected him to propose it to the regular Democrats, because he was on a friendlier footing with them personally than any of his coadjutors! He certainly played in great luck.

Mr. Speaker Grow is credited in history with being the father of the Homestead bill. As a matter of fact the honor justly belongs to Col. Thomas Hart Benton, who, during his long service in House and Senate, by various measures secured all of the Homestead law except the title. However that may be, one day when some sort of public Land bill was up in the House Grow said it was fifty years since he made his first speech on homesteads —a remarkable fact—so remarkable that members asked him to print his first homestead speech as an addendum to the one he was then making—which he did. That performance is absolutely unique in Congressional annals and most probably will never be duplicated.

When I knew Mr. Speaker Grow he was an old man well past the Psalmist's allotment of threescore years and ten. He was still as straight as a ramrod. When in his prime he must have been a handsome specimen of physical manhood.

Among the soldiers in that Congress next to General Sickles in picturesqueness, and ranking him in grade, was ex-Lieut.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, who com-

manded all the Confederate cavalry of the armies of the West at twenty-seven—the same age at which Napoleon conducted his Italian campaign, which was so brilliant that it astounded the whole world and gave him immortal renown.

General Wheeler was a West-Pointer—a trained soldier—while General Sickles was a volunteer. Physically, Wheeler was a small, wiry man, tipping the scales at less than a hundred pounds—not half of what Sickles weighed, though minus one leg. Wheeler was surcharged with electricity. He never walked—he loped about the House. He was one of the kindliest of men as well as one of the most industrious. He possessed a wonderful memory; was restless as a disembodied spirit and as active as a cat. His voice was weak and he spoke with unusual rapidity. But he was always listened to, particularly when he spoke on military affairs, concerning which, of course, he was well versed.

One night, after a pension session, he and I walked out of the House together. He remarked, "It is thirty-two years to-night since the first day at Shiloh." I inquired if he could recall where he was on many days of the war. He replied that he could tell where he was every day of the four years. Then he related several war reminiscences. Among other things, he said that when first in action, green troops would fire at an angle of about forty-five degrees unless their officers kept dinning it into their ears to shoot low.

I remembered that remark when I subsequently read Col. Bill Anderson's account of the bloody fight at Centralia, Missouri, sometimes called "the Centralia Massacre," in which Anderson and his band of 80 guerrillas killed in open fight 143 out of 160 Union soldiers, without the loss of a man. Anderson was camped at the foot of a long prairie slope, whereas the 160 Union soldiers deployed and dismounted at the top of the slope, every fifth

man being detailed to hold the horses. Anderson, who was a seasoned soldier, commanding 80 of the finest horsemen in the world—crack pistol-shots, mounted on superb horses—said that as soon as the Union soldiers dismounted he knew that he would be victor, because the Union soldiers were armed only with single-barreled, muzzle-loading muskets, and, being raw troops, would fire over the heads of his men as they charged up that long prairie slope. Before they could reload, his men would be upon them with a navy revolver in each hand, doing them to death. It so turned out; the only Union soldiers who escaped were the horse-holders.

When the Spanish War began General Wheeler was determined to get in. His daughter said, "Father, you surely had fighting enough to do from sixty-one to sixty-five; let the young men go to war this time." He replied, "Daughter, if a fish had been out of the water for thirty-three years, and suddenly came in sight of a great pond, he'd wiggle a little, at any rate"—and he did wiggle himself into imperishable renown. He urged robuster Congressmen to recommend him to President McKinley for a major-generalcy, for the strange reason that because he weighed less than a hundred pounds he wouldn't wear a horse out as quickly as they would!

He rendered splendid service in Cuba, and went into the battle of Santiago in an ambulance, thereby rivaling the far-resounding feat of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden of being carried into the battle of Pultowa on a stretcher. General Wheeler, though very sick, finding things going wrong, discarded his ambulance, mounted his horse, and led the charge. In the excitement of the battle, forgetting where he was and what he was, he shouted to his men in blue, "The Yankees are running; they are leaving their guns"; and then remembering where and what he was, he said, "Oh, damn it, I didn't mean the Yankees, I meant the Spaniards!" In General Wheeler's case, as in Uncle

Toby's, let us believe the messenger that flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever. History has no picture more pathetic or more heroic than that of old Joe Wheeler, consumed with patriotism and with fever, his white hair streaming in the wind, charging up Santiago Hill to place on foreign soil the starry banner of the Republic, which he had spent four of the best years of his life to tear down. The prayer of his heart in old age was gratified, for he died a brigadier, on the retired list of the United States Army, and was buried in his uniform, with the flag of his country for his winding-sheet.

He had a habit as to speechmaking which was valuable to searchers after information. He would get a few minutes in which to address the House, and also leave to extend and revise his remarks—a few minutes answered his purpose as well as an hour. Then he would set his four clerks to work gathering data, and would print a speech of several pages in *The Congressional Record*, exhausting the subject from his point of view. In that way he expanded an hour's speech on the Fitz-John Porter case into quite a book, among other things giving a complete and illuminating analysis of the forces on both sides at Waterloo.

Into several Congresses Hon. Thad Mahon, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to pay some sutler constituent seventeen thousand dollars for his stores, consumed by Stonewall Jackson and his famishing troops. In the Fifty-third Congress Governor Sayers of Texas, then chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations, assigned me to fight the sutler's claim. All I had to do was to hold the floor for one hour, under which the rules then in vogue would prevent a vote. So I was discoursing in an easy-going way about anything that

popped into my head, yielding liberally and frequently to members for interruptions—for the more they interrupted the easier it was for me to consume my hour. Somewhere in the course of my remarks I said that when the Civil War began a majority of the graduates of West Point and Annapolis had resigned from the army and navy and were in the civilian walks of life. General Wheeler popped up like a jack-in-the-box, and asked me to yield him one minute, which I unfortunately declined to do—not knowing him well and fearing he would make a scene, unaware of the general's valuable habit aforesaid. Had I given him the one minute he would have either denied or indorsed my proposition and would then, under leave to extend his remarks, have inserted in *The Congressional Record* a brief but succinct biography of every West Point and Annapolis graduate living when Fort Sumter was fired on. After I came to know the general and his habit I regretted that I did not give him that one minute.

General Wheeler fought four years in numerous battles and skirmishes, and came out unscathed. His immediate successor, Judge William Richardson, was not so lucky. He limped through life minus one kneecap. In addition to that, he was one day made prisoner, tried by a drumhead court martial as a spy—which he was not—sentenced to be hanged high as Haman next morning at sunup. He was placed in the local jail for safe-keeping. General Forrest captured the town that night and liberated young Richardson, who lived to serve in the House many years. Of the thousands of men who have been authorized to append M. C. to their names, it may be confidently assumed that not one ever passed a night of such torture as did Richardson. The chances are that it would have been impossible for anybody to convince Judge Richardson that there is no such thing as luck.

CHAPTER V

The Sickles trial.

THE first criminal case of which I have even the faintest remembrance was the sensational trial and righteous acquittal of General Sickles, a man nearly old enough to be my grandfather, and who was by all odds the most picturesque figure with whom I have served in Congress.

In 1859—while I was still a little child—Daniel Edgar Sickles was a Representative from New York. He was of engaging personal presence—young, brilliant, ambitious—the fair rose and expectancy of the Democracy of the Empire State.

He was proud of himself, and his people were proud of him. He had a bushel of brains in his head, a lion's courage in his heart, and in his buoyant soul the song of hope was ever singing. He was in the flower of his manhood and the first glowing strength of his splendid powers. Before no young man in America did life spread out in a more inviting panorama. To him this was a glorious, an enchanting world. Nothing appeared beyond his grasp. Even the glittering goal of the Presidency itself—for which all statesmen sigh—seemed possible of his attainment.

As the cap-sheaf of his happiness, he had a wife of ravishing beauty and wondrous graces. A sweet girl baby had come to bless their union.

One morning the universe suddenly turned as black as ink to him—for he discovered that his wife was the para-

mour of Philip Barton Key, son of him who wrote "The Star-spangled Banner." Sickles killed Key on sight. James T. Brady, the transcendent New York advocate, then in the zenith of his fame, and Edwin M. Stanton, subsequently the great War Secretary, defended him on the ground of temporary insanity, and acquitted him amid the plaudits of the nation.

The case constitutes a landmark in the annals of our criminal jurisprudence. It was well calculated to attract and did attract the attention of the world. It was talked of, and its progress marked in all its stages by every fireside from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. It was, indeed, a celebrated case, possessing every element tending to arouse human interest or to elicit human sympathy. The charge was murder in the first degree; the penalty, death upon the gallows-tree; the defendant, a popular and distinguished statesman; the slain man an eminent lawyer of historic lineage; the woman in the case lovely beyond her sex; the lawyers men of commanding genius and of wide repute; the court held in the nation's capital; the defense, emotional insanity; the justification the seduction of the prisoner's wife, the mother of his little child.

With bated breath and throbbing hearts the husbands and wives, the fathers and mothers, of the land, awaited the verdict. When the acquittal of the illustrious defendant was announced, such a mighty shout of joy, like unto the roar of many waters, went up in America that it must have penetrated even the dull, cold ear of Philip Barton Key, though slumbering in the grave.

Mrs. Sickles died in a madhouse. Sickles entered the Union Army as commander of the Excelsior Brigade, fought his way up to a major-generalship, lost a leg at Gettysburg, where Pickett's Virginians made their spectacular charge, was sent as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, and after

the lapse of thirty-two years, a battered, battle-scarred, grizzled old man, he returned to the halls of Congress and began his political career in 1893 where he left it off in 1859.

But during a third of a century, in peace and in war, at home and abroad, the ever-present shadow of that awful tragedy pressed upon his heart, murdered his peace of mind, and blighted a life once as full of promise as any beneath the stars.

General Sickles enjoyed the peculiar distinction of drawing two fat salaries—one as a retired major-general, and the other as Representative in Congress. There's material enough in his stormy career for two or three novels as good as *Trilby*.

As I saw him day after day hobble in on his crutches, I sometimes wondered if he ever took a retrospect of his long and vicissitudinous life, and if so, what must have been his thoughts.

It seemed to me that having passed the Psalmist's allotment of threescore years and ten, having sounded all the shoals and depths of honor, he of all men must realize what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.

This maimed and crippled warrior, this veteran statesman, who had held innumerable offices and performed many splendid feats of arms, who had experienced both extremes of fortune, from standing in the prisoner's dock on trial for murder to receiving the thanks of Congress by name for heroic services in the field, the cynosure of all eyes, modestly took his part in legislation with an array of bright young fellows who were still in the loins of their fathers when his name was on every tongue throughout the civilized world.

Did his memory most frequently dwell on the halcyon days of youth, when he stood on the seashore in New York, watching the stately ships of all nations come and go like great sea-gulls? Or upon his first successes in

New York politics, when he "ran with the machine"? Or upon the rosy dawn of his congressional career, away back in the 'fifties? Or upon the sudden and awful eclipse of his political sun? Or upon the glorious battle pictures of which he was part? Or upon his brilliant career as a diplomat in foreign lands? Or upon the splendid and peaceful eventide of his turbulent existence? Did he ever think of Philip Barton Key, whom he sent, with his sins fresh upon his head, to the unknown world? I wondered whether, if he could go back to that February morning in 1859, when his pistol-shot startled the world, he would do it again. I thought, "It won't, it can't be long, in the very nature of things, till he must stand, face to face with Key and the lovely woman for whose forbidden love he died, at the judgment bar of God, and his thoughts must be of them sometimes. Does his leonine spirit quail to think of them, or does he justify himself to himself still for that historic killing? Who knows?"

Bending beneath the weight of years and accumulated honors, this soldier-statesman, the span of whose public life reached from Zachary Taylor to Grover Cleveland, who was a pet of James Buchanan, a favorite of Abraham Lincoln, and a trusted friend of Grant, was a kindly old man, gentle as a little child, popular with all who knew him, for, say what they will, all men admire and all women love courage and ability.

When I first went to Washington an old-fashioned, two-story-and-a-half brick residence stood fronting Lafayette Square, and diagonally across it from the White House, which in years agone was called "the Woodbury Mansion," but which had such a tragic history that latterly it had come to be known as "the House of Horrors," and no wonder, for its lintels were spattered with human blood. From its portals Sickles went forth to kill Key for despoiling his home. Within its walls William H. Seward's throat was cut by Payne the night that Lincoln

was murdered at Ford's Theater. There James G. Blaine fretted his mighty heart away, and died in full view of that presidential mansion, so near and yet so far, to secure a residence in which was the desire of his waking and the dream of his sleeping hours. And therein died his two favorite and most promising sons.

It was one of the historic buildings in Washington. It has now been demolished and a Grand Opera House erected on its site. That was the lot to purchase which the Senate graciously tacked an item of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to an appropriation bill in order that J. Donald Cameron, whose stately palace was next door, might have an unobstructed view of the Washington Monument, the Potomac River, and the blue Virginia hills. But the House of Representatives didn't care whether Don could see these grand objects or not, so with something approaching ghoulish glee it knocked out that appropriation in a jiffy, which gave the senatorial son of his senatorial father a bad case of mulligrubs.

It does a man good to stroll through that beautiful square and gaze upon its glories. Its trees and flowers and fountains and walks, and the historic houses about it, are objects of interest, but not the chief; for there in imperishable bronze stands Lafayette, who left the luxuries of the Bourbon Court to cross the sea and fight with a handful of ragged backwoodsmen the battles of American liberty. There stand von Steuben, Rochambeau, and Kosciuszko, and there upon an impossible horse is the effigy of Old Hickory, which "seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid America be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes." Even there he is surrounded by the little brass six-pounders with which he humbled to the very dust England's towering pride on the famous field of Chalmette.

Certain esthetes have been trying for fifteen years to remove General Jackson, together with his horse and his

guns, from the center of that park, because they are not artistic, but they will not do it so long as I am in public life, for the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage deserves too well of the Republic to have his effigy crowded off into some obscure spot.

CHAPTER VI

How reputations are made in Congress.

IN "Othello" Cassio, in agony of spirit, exclaims: "Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!"

Many persons agree and many disagree with Cassio as to the value to be set upon reputation. Most people, I believe, rate it very high. King Solomon says, "A good name is more precious than rubies"; and Shakespeare hath it, "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation."

Some public men are bigger than their reputations, some smaller than their reputations, some equal to their reputations. It is an interesting philosophic mental exercise to try to answer the question, "How are reputations made in Congress?"

There is an old saw to the effect that "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." In Congress some men make reputations suddenly, some slowly, and some not at all. Some leap into prominence at one bound; more climb up by slow gradations; and most remain in the shadow perpetually.

Some, seeking fame, find it. Others, not dreaming of it, have it come upon them unawares. Others are forced into a corner and, by fighting out, achieve it.

Milton denominates the love of fame the last infirmity

of noble minds. Over against that pronouncement of the world's sublimest epic poet, however, I place this compelling passage from Thomas F. Marshall's splendid oration over his eloquent rival, Richard H. Menifee:

"Ambition has been called the last infirmity of noble minds. To me it seems to constitute their essence and their strength. I mean not the love of power, but that higher ambition, the love, the yearning after that imperishable fame which shines through for generations, and with an increasing light over the memory of great and glorious talents, greatly and gloriously exerted in the cause of justice and mankind."

Some acquire wide-spread reputations by cultivating fads, as Mr. Butler of Iowa, who will be forever known as "Pansy" Butler because of his bill constituting the pansy our national flower. Some are beneficiaries of luck and stumble into fame, just as Winfield Scott Stratton stumbled into the Independence Mine at Cripple Creek, whose fabulous richness throws into the shade the wealth of Crœsus or of Monte Cristo.

William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, will be known for all time as "Pig-iron" Kelly because of his persistent advocacy of a high tariff on pig-iron.

Some establish reputations by furiously riding some hobby, as Senator Blair of New Hampshire with his educational bill, or Col. Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri's first thirty years' Senator, with his free-salt proposition, in favor of which he wrought and spoke for a quarter of a century—until he secured it. Successful at last, he announced in his boastful way that he imagined he could hear the flocks and herds on a thousand hills bellowing out their love and gratitude to him; and if they had known what "the Great Missourian" had accomplished for them, that is precisely what they would have done. Colonel Benton acquired the sobriquet of "Old Bullion" by being the foremost champion of "hard money" in his

day. General Curtis of New York, a gigantic soldier with one eye, having lost the other during the war, the hero of Fort Fisher, won fame by his zealous advocacy of abolishing capital punishment in season and out of season.

Some make reputations by constantly doing one thing —sometimes a spectacular thing, sometimes a very common thing. For instance, Judge William S. Holman, of Indiana, built up a national reputation, and earned the popular title of "the Watchdog of the Treasury" by the simple performance of rising in his place and uttering the two words "I object," whenever a bill was called up appropriating public money, which he did not favor, with as much persistency and as much solemnity as Poe's raven when it muttered "Nevermore." The noble old judge did not accumulate a vast popularity, but he did save hundreds of millions of dollars to the taxpayers of the land in his long and valuable career in the House. Abusing him for being stingy and deriding him as a cheeseparing statesman did not disturb his equanimity in the least. To his dying day he persisted in being the economist *par excellence* of the House. His persistence and consistency in that one thing, however, caused him to be much underrated. As a matter of fact he was a great man. Charles A. Dana once proposed him for President. If he had been elected it would have put all the profiteers of that day in the dumps, and many of them in jail.

If the money which he saved the people in his long and laborious career were printed in one-dollar bills and placed end to end, it would girdle the world, or in blanket form would more than cover the surface of his congressional district. If it were reduced to pulp and made into a monument to perpetuate his fame, it would rival the Washington Monument in altitude.

Judge Holman was the only man defeated in 1894 for whom I really felt sorry. The rest of us were young enough to take up our usual vocations, perhaps with

improved facilities, increased zest, and renewed vigor, by reason of our sojourn in Washington. But the illustrious Hoosier had been there thirty years. Serving in Congress had become a confirmed habit with him. He had ceased to think of courts, judges, juries, petitions, answers, demurrers, indictments, motions to quash, dilatory tactics, verdicts, judgments, executions, recognizances, recoveries, fines, recoupments, and all those things with which the active practitioner must be familiar.

Byron, after enumerating nearly everything sweet that he could think of, says:

> But sweeter than these, than all,
> Is first and passionate love; it stands alone,
> Like Adam's recollection of his fall,

So with Judge Holman, to serve his country well had become his sole remaining passion. To take that opportunity away from him was to rob him of the power of enjoyment. It left him in Othello's condition, for his occupation was gone. He felt it keenly, and all others sympathized with him, though by his iron will and chronic economy he had thwarted the darling schemes of many a fellow-Congressman.

There was much of pathos and of warning to the ambitious in his mournful declaration that he was quitting public life poorer than he entered it. He stands as a noble refutation of the immortal lie that all politicians are dishonest.

He was in Congress in the flush days of moral looseness succeeding the Civil War, and for years afterward. The opportunities for growing rich formed irresistible temptations to weaker souls; but not one cent of ill-gotten gains clung to the hands of this upright and venerable public servant.

The truth is that in either the state legislature or in Congress men personally dishonest are rare indeed.

Many of them shatter the decalogue in other matters, but the vast majority have a wholesome respect for the Commandment which reads, "Thou shalt not steal."

I have always thought that Secretary Morton played a decidedly scurvy trick when he once blazoned it to the world that "a Congressman had sold his quota of garden and flower seed for the pitiful sum of seventy-five dollars." Perhaps some one of them was mean enough to do that. If Mr. Morton had published his name he would have rendered some service to the cause of honesty and decency; but he had no right to put a slur on an entire Congress by such a caper as he cut.

I'll warrant the fact to be that hundreds of Representatives and Senators go down in their own pockets and buy garden seeds, flower seeds, books, and documents to eke out their quota in order to send them to constituents who desire them, where one sells any part of those allowed him. I know this by experience and observation. And Mr. Morton, in an effort to exalt himself, deliberately insulted a large number of honest men by withholding the name of the miserable scoundrel for whom the penitentiary is too good.

I have many pleasant remembrances of Congressional life in my first term—things which I will love to tell my children and my children's children—but two which I most highly prize are a brief letter from Henry George, thanking me for my speech on the tariff, before I had ever seen him; an introduction to him by Tom Johnson; and a dinner eaten with him on his invitation with Jerry Simpson and Judge Maguire of California.

After fighting hard for hours one terribly hot day in August, 1894, I had defeated a sutler's bogus claim for several thousand dollars' worth of supplies which Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" gobbled up in the Valley of Virginia, Judge Holman slapped me on the back and exclaimed, "Young man, you're a trump!"

I regarded that as a sort of political blessing, and all my days I will be proud of that "laying on of hands."

If Judge Holman did not invent the formula "I object," he used it so long and so frequently that people think he did—which in the end amounts to the same thing. At any rate, he made it the great characteristic feature of his long career. Poets sing of winged words. Judge Holman's were barbed. He has had many imitators in the rôle of objectors, but none of them has come up to the great original. Colonel Kilgore made a good stagger at it, and if he had survived longer, Congressionally speaking, he might have pressed his great prototype hard for first place; but he objected for only eight years, while Holman kept it up for thirty.

It's an ungracious and, no doubt, as a rule, an unpleasant, performance; but somebody has to do it, or the appropriation bills would be appalling.

If all the sleepless hours which Judge Holman caused his fellow-Congressmen to spend by knocking out their little bills, on which frequently their political lives depended, were added together, they would aggregate a longer stretch of time than Methuselah tabernacled in the flesh.

The objecting habit breeds enemies. Until the pacific precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are universally practised, men will play to get even in this life, and as it is a long lane that has no turn, they generally find their opportunities.

That we have entirely too much legislating in this country, such as it is, is becoming apparent. Solomon, centuries before Gutenberg invented movable types, said, "Of making books there is no end." If the great king could know what goes on in this Western World he would undoubtedly say the same thing as to laws. With Congress, forty-eight state and four territorial legislatures, and innumerable city councils and town boards grinding

out their grist of statutes, the American people certainly have a surfeit of the thing. But human nature changes not, and the average legislator, national, state, or municipal, has an ambition to fix his name upon some law. Really the best thing he could do would be to put in his time killing bad bills.

The Mississippi and Louisiana legislatures meet only once in four years, which is a long step in the right direction.

Judge Holman's chronic objecting was productive of some queer results, and at times reduced him to sore straits.

It is related by a chronicler more or less veracious that on one occasion a Congressional tenderfoot was nursing a bill with great assiduity, but he had the fear of Holman ever before his eyes. A wag suggested to him that he had better submit it to the judge and secure his indorsement, stating that he was really a very kind and generous man, but liked to be coddled. So with fear and trembling the greenhorn approached the great economist. He was very much elated when the judge, after glancing over his bill, said with something approximating enthusiasm: "My young friend, that is a very meritorious measure. I will indorse it. Indeed, if it will be of any assistance to you, I will myself ask unanimous consent for its consideration."

The verdant member thought his fortune made, and returned to the wag as happy as a lark to tell of his unexpected good fortune. What passed through the wag's thinker will never be known. He was so delirious with the prospect for fun that perhaps he did not know himself. It is said that he rammed a handkerchief into his mouth, bit his lips, and used other antidotes warranted to prevent audible cachinnation. But here's what happened: Judge Holman rose sedately in his place, received recognition from the chair, and said, gravely: "Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for"—nobody ever

knew what. Instantly some three hundred enthusiastic throats yelled in unison, "I object!" with such vehemence that it caused the bronze Goddess of Liberty on top of the dome to shake like an aspen leaf.

Once, so it is said, the judge had some small appropriation bill of his own, for the sole benefit and behoof of his own dear constituents, which he was bound to have passed, or perhaps look upon the Capitol no more forever. He knew that for him to ask unanimous consent meant certain death to it, so after a great deal of cogitation he adopted this ruse. He got some friend to call it up, and still played the part of watchdog, somewhat modified, however. Instead of objecting outright he interrogated the proponent as to the character of the bill with a great show of interest. Finally he remarked in benignant and magnanimous manner, "Mr. Speaker, as this appears to be a decidedly meritorious measure, and carries only a small appropriation for a necessary purpose, I withdraw all objections," and it passed *nem. con.* As those unusual words fell from the lips of the immortal Hoosier, members rubbed their eyes and pinched themselves to see if they were really awake. They began to believe that, after all, the leopard could change his spots and the Ethiopian his cuticle. Their amazement then was equaled only by their subsequent wrath when they discovered how the sly old judge had "played it on them in a way they despised," and realized what a golden opportunity for evening up things had slipped through their careless fingers.

Personally, Judge Holman was a charming man and a delightfully instructive conversationalist. He was as plain as an old shoe, and the only "wanity" he indulged in was to chew tobacco incessantly. He would have done fairly well to sit for a picture of Brother Jonathan, and he was extremely careless in his dress.

He served in Congress under ten Presidents—Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleve-

land, the younger Harrison, and McKinley—and in the House with three Presidents—Garfield, Hayes, and McKinley—and three Vice-Presidents. How many Cabinet members, ministers plenipotentiary, Senators, Governors, and judges he knocked out in "the more numerous branch" of the national legislature will never be known.

He was re-elected to his old seat in the House in 1896, but died shortly after re-entering Congress.

Some members acquire reputations by performing something bizarre, which brings them into the limelight. To this class belongs Col. Constantine Buckley Kilgore, of Texas. He attained universal notoriety and immense popularity by kicking down a door, thereby accidentally smashing Governor Dingley's nose, on a certain celebrated historic occasion when Mr. Speaker Reed had all the portals locked so as to hold a quorum while he could count it.

The Duke of Wellington fastened his name on a certain kind of boot. General Burnside's fame rests largely on a certain style of whiskers which he brought into vogue. General McClellan lives in the best saddle-tree ever invented. The Byronic collar created nearly as much interest in the noble poet as did the beauty of his face, his lame foot, or his unequaled feat of swimming the Hellespont. Lord Sandwich comes down to us of the present generation in the guise of a convenient but indigestible article of diet. General Kiefer of Ohio, ex-Speaker of the House, attracted much attention from sightseers during his last service in the House by wearing evening clothes in broad daylight, spade-tail coat, low-cut waistcoat, and all the rest.

Kilgore has passed into fame with these men by having his name fastened to a certain kind of shoe, designed especially for kicking, and which was for a time immensely popular.

Colonel Kilgore, after Judge Holman, was the "great

objector." He was an unusually handsome man. Over six feet, straight as a ramrod, with snowy hair, mustache, and imperial, lithe as a panther, he was the ideal grenadier. He killed many members' bills, but with a smile that was so childlike and bland, and with such consummate grace, that he made few enemies. Every morning, about his desk, he held a levee. Gentlemen with little bills which they desired to have considered by unanimous consent crowded about him to persuade him not to object.

Judge Kilgore was an inveterate joker. This habit came near proving fatal to his judicial aspirations. In preparing his autobiography for *The Congressional Directory*, he stated *inter alia* that he had been a justice of the peace in his early days. So, when Mr. Cleveland was contemplating conferring the ermine on the Texan, all his enemies and competitors cried out with one accord, "Why, he's only a justice of the peace lawyer," and they made such a racket that it looked as if the great objector was done for.

But he was appointed a judge in the Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma, and as he possessed a backbone like the main pole of a circus tent, and in an eminent degree the genius of common sense—the qualities most needed in that nascent commonwealth—I have no doubt he did his duty faithfully and well.

This same faculty of joking sometimes caused the judge's intellect to be underrated, as the following incident will show:

In April, 1893, my Hibernian friend and constituent, Col. Richard Dalton, was in Washington, trying to secure the office of Surveyor of Customs at St. Louis—the fattest Federal office in the state. I was introducing him around to all "the big ones" we came across. I was anxious for him to get that place, for I did not want him to run against me for the Democratic nomination for Congress, and he

was some runner, as is attested by the fact that the year before he lost the gubernatorial nomination to William Joel Stone only by a scratch, which was a remarkable performance, for Stone was the most skilful politician Missouri ever nurtured. Among others, I introduced Dalton to Kilgore as "the man who kicked the door down." I always introduced Kilgore that way because he appeared to like it. He exchanged several yarns with the statesman from Missouri. After a while Dalton and I strolled down Pennsylvania Avenue. Suddenly Dalton stopped, began to scratch his head, and, with a merry twinkle in the corner of his eye, said, "Clark, the colonel made more reputation with his foot than he ever will with his head!"

David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, lives immortal in a Proviso only sixty-nine words long, while most of the mighty men who fought for or against it molder in forgotten graves. He never even wrote his famous Proviso which wrecked so many lives and fortunes. The little bunch of Free Soil Democrats in the House got together and cooked up the Proviso. Wilmot was selected to offer it because he was *persona grata* to his pro-slavery Democratic brethren; but it made him immortal, for no adequate history of America can be written with him and his Proviso left out.

Most men, however, who achieve reputations, build them up by patient, careful, unremitting toil. In this matter the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong—or the palm of victory to the wise. There is a class of men in Congress—and they constitute the largest group of prominent actors there—who do not rise to sudden eminence by one brilliant speech, or by any number of speeches, but they are to the fore and are perpetually in evidence. Nature seems to have fastened on them the Latin motto *festina lente*—hasten slowly.

They tread the lofty and difficult ranges of politics as securely as the chamois picks his way on the dizzies

mountain peaks, and finally outstrip their brilliant competitors. It is the old story of the hare and the tortoise over again. Patrick Henry could fire the human heart with his fiery eloquence, but his less brilliant fellow-Virginians, Madison and Monroe, went to the White House, while he remained without. They were patient, steady toilers. Excellent samples of this class are Gov. Alexander Monroe Dockery, Senator Underwood of Alabama, Governor Sayers of Texas, and Senator Martin of Virginia.

They ascend as certainly as the sparks fly upward. They do not attempt brilliant oratory. They do not possess showy talents. They eschew pyrotechnics. They have followed the advice of the oracle, "Know thyself." They understand their own limitations as well as their own qualifications, and they never essay the impossible. They never hazard everything on one throw. If they were faro-players they would never make a run on the bank, expecting to break it and rise up miniature Rockefellers. They are the slow but sure climbers. They are forceful, cautious, vigilant, indefatigable, conservative, safe, and successful. They remain in Congress a long time and build up reputations more solid than glittering. Some few make great reputations by fastening their names on to great measures; as, for instance, John Sherman with his Silver bill and Anti-Trust law, of which latter he was really the author of only the enacting clause. Senator Teller with his amendment, or Senator Platt of Connecticut with his amendment, or Colonel Hepburn, Senator Townsend, and Representative Ech, with their Railroad bills, or Mr. James R. Mann, the minority leader, with his Pure Food and White Slave bills, or Messrs. Morrill, McKinley, Wilson, Dingley, Payne, and Underwood, with their tariff bills, or Judge Adamson with his Physical Valuation bill.

Richard Parks Bland, of Missouri, built up an international reputation by persistently advocating the coinage

of the silver dollar. He is known the wide world over as "Silver Dick" Bland.

What manner of man was Richard Parks Bland, who cut such a wide swath in public life? He was no unknown knight riding into the presidential lists. Having held no position higher than a Representative in Congress, he was and forever will be a great historical character, a popular hero. The annals of the Republic cannot be truthfully and adequately written without honorable and elaborate mention of the great Missourian. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and Bland's twenty-five years' fight for bimetallism has had more effect, for weal or woe, on human affairs than half a dozen such performances as the Mexican War, which made two Presidents, Taylor and Pierce, and one other presidential candidate, Winfield Scott.

But it is said that Bland was a man of only one idea. That's not true.

It is a fact, however, that the fabric of his fame rests almost entirely on his advocacy of bimetallism, but he was thoroughly grounded in every article of the Democratic creed.

Bland was a modest man. He was very much disposed to hide his light under a bushel. He did right because he loved the right, and left the consequences to take care of themselves. I don't believe he ever seriously thought of being President till the people pressed the candidacy on him. In 1894, when I nominated him for President in every speech I made, I think he regarded me as a sort of unruly boy, who loved him with more zeal than discretion.

He pulled no wires, and was artless as a child.

He came near being the hero of the McKinley bill debate. Not one person in a hundred thousand knows that, but it is the plain, unvarnished truth nevertheless. It happened this way. Somehow on the last day of the debate Bland secured recognition, and astonished the

tariff barons, their adherents in Congress, and everybody else by offering an amendment in these words: "Whenever American farm products are exchanged for foreign articles, these shall come in free, or wherever American farm products are sold and the proceeds invested in foreign articles these shall come in free." By so doing "the Bald Eagle of the Ozarks" carried consternation into the ranks of the high protectionists. There was hurrying to and fro just then, sure as a gun's made of iron. Bland's plan was reciprocity which reciprocates. It made the cold chills run up and down the spinal columns of all the Republican members misrepresenting agricultural constituents, those Janus-faced Western Representatives with Eastern principles, who hold with the hare and run with the hounds. It made the cold sweat ooze out on Major McKinley's Napoleonic brow. Debate was to close, and voting to begin at 3 P.M., but such was the shock and fear that Mr. Chairman McKinley had the time extended three hours in order to whip in and stiffen up the backbones of the Western double-dealers; to send out and get the Eastern fellows; and, after all, they beat Bland's proposition only three votes.

Still, though Bland on that occasion came near snatching victory from the jaws of defeat in that tariff fight, he was called a man of one idea.

Any one looking at Mr. Bland's serious face and observing his sedate bearing would never have dreamed that there was a day when he could trip the light fantastic toe with the best of them; but Col. Jeff Seay, who of late years has been both judge of the Supreme Court and Governor of Oklahoma, could a tale unfold on that subject which would make the natives stare if he would dive down into his memories of half a century ago. In 1870 he was pitted against "Silver Dick" for Congress in the first race Bland ever made for Congress. Colonel-Judge-Governor Jeff is as crafty as Talleyrand, and shortly

before the election he privately confided to his friends that he had "Dick dead to rights, as all the Bohemian vote had been captured." But Colonel Seay was just then counting his chickens before they were hatched. Indeed, they never were hatched. Somehow Mr. Bland heard that the Bohemians were going to have a picnic in some place far from the railroad and telegraph on the Saturday before the election. So he hied himself thither, made them a speech before noon, participated in their basket dinner, and when

> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> And eyes looked love to eyes which spake again

the young statesman, then in the flower of his years and still bachelor, danced with all the pretty girls in a way that won all hearts; and what was a good deal more to the purpose, won all the votes for miles around. That dance of victory sent Bland to Congress to enter upon that long career which filled the world with his acclaim and left Col. Andrew Jefferson Seay at home with a bad case of mulligrubs.

One of the most extraordinary cases of a towering and enduring reputation being made in the House by a member's constantly playing on one string is that of John Quincy Adams. Once when James Gillespie Blaine was in a bad humor he declared that the Adamses began to hold office as soon as they were weaned, and quit only when they died of old age. John Quincy Adams began holding public office while still in his teens, was Secretary of Legation or minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to three or four European courts, United States Senator, United States Peace Commissioner to Ghent, Secretary of State, and President, all of which positions he filled with capacity, industry, energy, fidelity, and patriotism; but he would not stand nearly so high in history as he does had he not served seventeen and a half years in the House of Representatives subsequent to his occupancy of the White House. The long, bitter,

brilliant, and successful fight which he made in the House for the right of petition increased his reputation a hundredfold over that which he had made in all the other offices he ever held, and rendered him a truly great historic figure. Incidentally it may not be considered inapropos to state that the only other ex-President who returned to Congress was Andrew Johnson, who was elected to the Senate for a full term of six years, but who lived to serve only a few months. John Tyler was President of the futile peace congress which met at Washington about the beginning of the war between the states, and was for a short time a member of the Confederate Congress.

The man who made a national reputation in the shortest time after entering the House in the entire history of the Republic was Lafe Pence, of Colorado, one of the most brilliant men I have ever known. "Lafe," mark you, not Lafayette. He served in the Fifty-third Congress. The way it came about was this: President Cleveland called Congress together in extraordinary session on August 7, 1893, to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver law. Among the other new members was Lafe Pence, of Colorado. He was a very slender young man, of medium height, smooth shaven, and so youthful in his appearance that William Bourke Cockran mistook him for a page and asked him to bring him a book or document which he needed in his study. Lafe drew himself up as tall as he could, swelled out his chest to its utmost limit, and informed the great orator with much dignity that he was not a page, but a member of the House. No committees were appointed, but by agreement the Silver question was taken up on the second day of that session. The debate in favor of the repeal was opened by Isidor Rayner, of Maryland, subsequently United States Senator; and against the repeal by Richard Parks Bland, of Missouri, one of the most famous states-

men of his time. Pence, coming from the greatest Silver state in the Union, was invited to speak on the fourth day of his service in Congress, which he did with such force and eloquence that the next morning he could have very correctly repeated Lord Byron's statement after the publication of the first cantos of "Childe Harold," that he awoke and found himself famous. Pence's brilliant speech was widely published; he was universally discussed, and he was immediately acclaimed one of the great Congressional orators. He went up like a rocket, but he did not come down like a stick, for he held his own with the best of them till the end. He was submerged in the flood of 1894 and never regained his political footing; but nobody mistook him for a page after his great Silver speech.

During my twenty-five years in the House the man who gave Pence the closest race for making a quick reputation, national in its character, was the Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine. The circumstances were very peculiar in his case. He was elected at a special election to succeed Gov. Nelson Dingley, the chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means and father of the Dingley Tariff bill. It so happened that at the beginning of the Congress to which Littlefield was elected the question of the widest-spread and intensest interest was the seating of Roberts of Utah, who was a Mormon elder, it being alleged that he had three wives, in contravention of the statute in such cases made and provided. He was stopped at the bar of the House, and was asked by the Speaker to stand aside without being sworn in. This was done at the request of Judge Tayler of Ohio, who was chairman of the Elections Committee in the preceding Congress, and was certain to be chairman of the Elections Committee in that Congress. Judge Tayler offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate the question of the eligibility of Roberts. The resolution was passed, and Speaker Henderson ap-

pointed Tayler chairman of it, and Littlefield a member of it. This was on the first Monday in December. Roberts admitted having three wives, and justified it. So, the real question in the case was whether he should be sworn in along with the rest of us on his credentials, which were entirely regular, and then tried, and if found guilty of having three wives, thrown out, or whether he should be stopped at the bar of the House and not sworn in at all. After the investigation began it soon developed that all of the committee, except Littlefield and DeArmond of Missouri, believed that he ought to be stopped at the bar of the House and not sworn in at all. Littlefield and DeArmond contended that because his credentials were regular, and there was no dispute about his election, he ought to be sworn in, and then, if it was proved that he had three wives, he should be thrown out. The difference in the two propositions was this: It requires only a majority to stop a man at the bar of the House, but after he has been sworn in it takes a two-thirds vote to expel him. The fact that all of the committee except Littlefield and DeArmond took one position, while they took the other, had this parliamentary result: It gave Littlefield and DeArmond one-half of all the time for the debate, and there were so many on the other side that it gave Littlefield and DeArmond all the time they wanted—an unusual situation, because one hour is the longest speech that can be made in the House without unanimous consent, save under exceptional circumstances. The practice in debates in the House is that the leader on each side controls one-half of the time. Therefore, Littlefield and DeArmond knew two or three weeks in advance that they were going to have all the time they wanted without asking anybody's consent, as it was certain to be a long-drawn-out debate, and however long, under the practice they would control one-half of the time. So the situation was this: Littlefield, a new member, had all the time he

wanted to speak on a question that had never been raised in America, and had never been raised in England since the days of John Wilkes, a question of intense interest to all the women and preachers in the United States, and to a vast number of people who were neither women nor preachers. Littlefield made a really great speech, three hours long. The next morning in every newspaper in America he was head-lined as one of the greatest Congressional orators that ever lived. I say "Congressional orators" because Macaulay declares there is a peculiar kind of oratory known as parliamentary oratory. Littlefield was a very able speaker, but after his Roberts speech he was always compared with himself on that occasion, which was a severe test, as the circumstances in the Roberts debate were most favorable to "the man from Maine."

I once saw him come to grief, however, by trying an experiment in speechmaking which is always hazardous, and that is by propounding questions to somebody in the audience who is not in any way injecting himself into the speech being delivered. The reason of the hazard is that nobody can guess what the answer will be, and naturally and rightfully in such a case the sympathy of the audience is with the one interrogated. The situation was this: The election was not far away; Littlefield was up for reelection; President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor was after him with a sharp stick; the event was in doubt. Littlefield carefully prepared a campaign speech an hour long, strictly for home consumption, and had secured an hour in which to deliver it. When he took the floor we all settled back in our chairs to enjoy his speech, for he always spoke in an interesting manner. He delivered a rip-roaring partizan harangue. He had not been going more than ten minutes before he stopped and, shaking his long index finger at John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, then Democratic minority leader, a renowned debater, who was quietly and intently listening, asked

him if he indorsed certain radical declarations recently made by William Bourke Cockran. Williams, usually ready for a scrap, being in pacific mood, did not answer. Littlefield pumped the question into Williams a second time, without eliciting a reply. Then he tried the same thing on Judge DeArmond, second in command on the Democratic side, who generally was eager for a fray. To the amazement of all present DeArmond failed to answer the question, though twice propounded. Then Littlefield tried his hand on me. By that time his conduct had somewhat irritated me, and I did not wait for him to ask his question twice. I responded the first time, and we got into a heated wrangle. Williams and DeArmond came in, and the three of us used up about half of Littlefield's hour, chopping his speech into mincemeat. Clearly he had nobody to blame but himself—as we had not had the remotest idea of breaking in on him until he goaded us into it. He proceeded until his hour expired, with half his speech undelivered. He asked for an extension of time, but Mr. Baker of Brooklyn, a "Social Democrat," bounced up and objected with great vehemence. Baker's reason was that during Littlefield's speech he had politely asked "the man from Maine" to yield for a question, which Littlefield declined, waving him off with an air of supercilious contempt, which thoroughly angered the Brooklynite, who in objecting was only evening up the score. Because Williams, DeArmond, and I had, even under provocation, consumed so much of his time, I felt sorry for Littlefield, and went to Baker, who was my personal friend, and requested him to withdraw his objection—which he did, stating, however, that he did so not to favor Littlefield, but to please me.

Henry A. Wise, one of the most famous stumpers of his time, frequently told this joke on himself with gusto. He said that when he was campaigning for Governor of Virginia against the Know-nothings—one of the most brill-

iant and audacious acmpaigns in the annals of American politics—one day he was speaking out in the woods, lauding our free institutions to the skies and pathetically describing how the poor, downtrodden people of Europe came to the land of the free and the home of the brave because they loved liberty. Seeing a foreign peddler in the audience, and thinking to use him as an illustration of the truth of his remarks and thereby clinch his argument, he turned to him and said, "My friend, did you not leave your native land and cross the sea in order to enjoy the blessings of our free institutions?" To his utter amazement the peddler answered: "No, Governor Wise, you got that wrong. I came to America to sell ready-made clothing cheap!" The crowd howled itself hoarse with delirious delight, and no wonder.

To Governor Wise more than to any other man was due the demise of the Know-nothing party. When he buckled on his shining armor and took the field in opposition it was making astounding headway and seemed likely to carry the country. It had elected Representatives and Senators in Congress, state Legislatures, Governors, and a multitude of county officers. They made such a clean sweep in Massachusetts that in one Legislature there was only one non-Know-nothing member. They came near electing one Speaker of the House, who was a thorough-going Know-nothing. Banks had been a Know-nothing, but had ratted to the Republicans when he saw which way the cat was jumping. Even the Presidency itself seemed within their grasp. The Virginia Democrats were so cowed that in 1855 they declined to nominate a gubernatorial candidate. The eloquent and fiery Wise nominated himself, and sallied forth as early as February on his crusade. He canvassed the state from the Ohio to the Atlantic, won a tremendous victory, and turned back the surging tide of Know-nothingism. In fact he gave it its *coup de grâce*.

Toward the end of his first and only term in the House, when time was very precious, I saw another man make a tremendous reputation in one speech. It was on the subject of the debt of the Pacific Railroad to the United States government. It goes without saying that while it was an important question it was not one to excite the public interest like the repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman law or the seating of Roberts. The man was Col. William A. Harris, Democratic Congressman at large from Kansas, who was afterward United States Senator. He served four years in the Confederate Army on the staffs of D. H. Hill and Stonewall Jackson. I am inclined to believe that his success in Kansas politics, with that war record behind him, was one of the miracles of our history. However that may be, along in February, before the 4th of March, when his single term expired in the House, the consideration of the Pacific's debt to the government came up, and Harris was given thirty minutes in which to address the House. Next to Judge Culberson of Texas, he was the most modest and bashful man in that body. When he arose to begin his speech I do not believe one-fourth of the members of the House knew who he was. Before he had proceeded fifteen minutes everybody was asking who he was, and while at that particular juncture time was the essence of things, when his thirty minutes ran out his time was extended without limit—a remarkable tribute to the Kansan—proof conclusive of the excellence of his speech. Harris was not an orator. He was a plain, luminous speaker. The secret of his success on that occasion was that he knew the history of the Pacific Railroad thoroughly and the government aid to the same from A to Z. He began work on the Pacific Railroad, carrying a chain in the surveyor's gang shortly after the Civil War ended. He gradually worked up until, when he was elected to Congress, he was their general land agent. In short, he knew what he was talking about,

and that sort of speaker always secures a good hearing in the House, especially if the controversy is about a question of importance.

Harris's father, long time Representative in Congress from Virginia, as well as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Argentina, settled on a fine, large farm near Bowling Green, Missouri, where the future Representative and Senator from the Sunflower State grew to manhood. Consequently he was well known in that vicinity.

The morning after his election to the Senate I went into the post-office and was jubilating over his success. Dr. R. W. Campbell, who was somewhat of a philosopher, hearing me, remarked, "Don't that beat the deuce!

"When Harris came out of the army he went down on Noix Creek and applied for a school, at forty dollars per month, and his application was refused because he had been a Confederate soldier. That sent him to Kansas, and now he is elected a Democratic United States Senator from the strongest Republican state in the Union. There has been nothing so strange since the stars fell."

I heard Gordon Russell, of Texas, deliver a speech on a railroad-rate bill which gave him such a fine reputation as a lawyer that President Taft placed him on the Federal bench as soon as there occurred a vacancy in Texas. He has made so acceptable a judge that he is widely and favorably mentioned for a place in the Supreme Court.

The House of Representatives is the severest judge of speeches in the world, but is also the fairest, and if a member has something worth while to say he is always heard with gladness and is given his due meed of praise. It is a poor field for mountebanks, impostors, make-believe statesmen, and empty-pated orators. The acid test is sure to be applied sooner or later—sooner rather than later.

There was once in the British Parliament a man named

Hamilton, who made one speech, and only one, though he served many years. It was a great speech, and because he could never be induced to make another he was nicknamed "Single-speech" Hamilton, a sobriquet which he retains in history to this day. There has never been, so far as I know, any explanation as to why he spoke in Parliament only once. Perhaps he spoke only when the spirit moved him, and the spirit failed to move him any more. Perhaps he was afraid that he could not equal his single speech, and shunned the comparison. However that may be, one thing is clear—he cannot be truthfully charged with being afflicted with *cacœthes loquendi*—a disease very prevalent in our day.

Neither Pence nor Littlefield nor Harris, however, confined his speaking in Congress to one splendid outburst. Pence and Littlefield spoke frequently in the House, always to the edification of their auditors, and beneficially for any cause which they espoused, while Harris illuminated many subjects of great pith and moment during his six years in the Senate.

There was one feature of Littlefield's speech that I have never heard duplicated, and that was that somehow he managed to emphasize every word of a sentence. How he did it remains a puzzle to this day.

President Graham of Transylvania University used to tell his rhetoric class that Macready pronounced the word "Sardanapalus" in such a way as to make his audience weep. Littlefield pronounced "Ohio" in such manner as to make General Grosvenor furious.

Some men have achieved great and enduring reputations by one speech in one branch or the other of Congress, but not with such short service as Pence, Littlefield, or Harris. If Webster and Hayne had never delivered any other speeches than their great debate, they would still be of the small but goodly company of the immortals, because in ablest manner, in most glowing words they

were discussing the question paramount of that generation, which no speechmaking could settle, and which was settled only by the stern arbitrament of arms at Appomattox.

By one speech, answering Stephen A. Douglas on "Popular Sovereignty," as the "Little Giant" called his political baby, or "Squatter Sovereignty," as his opponents sneeringly named it, James S. Green, of Missouri, forced himself into the front rank of Senators. In his *Twenty Years of Congress* James Gillespie Blaine, Republican, pays Green, Democrat, this wonderful tribute:

"No man among his contemporaries had made so profound an impression in so short a time. He was a very strong debater. He had peers, but no master, in the Senate. Mr. Green, on the one side, and Mr. Fessenden, on the other, were the Senators whom Douglas most disliked to meet and who were the best fitted in readiness, in accuracy, in logic, to meet him. Douglas rarely had a debate with either in which he did not lose his temper, and to lose one's temper in debate is generally to lose one's cause. Green had done more than any other man in Missouri to break down the power of Thomas H. Benton as leader of the Democracy. His arraignment of Benton before the people of Missouri in 1849, when he was but thirty-two years of age, was one of the most aggressive and successful warfares in our political annals. His premature death was a loss to the country. He was endowed with rare powers which, rightly directed, would have led him to eminence in the public service."

Unfortunately, Green's public career ended forever March 4, 1861, when he was only forty-four. He was defeated for re-election to the Senate by Waldo P. Johnson, because he was too strong a Secessionist, while Johnson was rated as a "Constitutional Union man"; but, marvelous to relate, within six months after Sumter was fired on Johnson was in the Confederate Army and fought

till Appomattox, while Green removed to Quincy, Illinois, never speaking a word or lifting a finger in favor of either side during the entire war.

Green was not only a masterful debater, as Blaine pronounces him, but was a "stump speaker" of renown. He was both sarcastic and humorous. Once he was delivering a campaign speech at Fayette, the home of "Old General" John B. Clark, who, like King Saul, towered head and shoulders above the multitude. He got in late while Green was speaking, and consequently had to stand up. He and Green were not in political accord; but he was too wise and courteous to interrupt the latter. After a while, however, Green laid down a proposition to which he was so violently opposed that he showed his dissent by shaking his head vigorously. Green stopped and, pointing his finger at the tall form, said, "General Clark shakes his head—but there's nothing in it!"

Presiding Elder McMurry, father of Bishop McMurry, told me once that in Know-nothing days Green began a speech in the court-house at Shelbyville by saying, "I take it for granted there are no Know-nothings here." From all over the room came shouts: "You are mistaken. We are here—lots of us!" Whereupon Green raised himself to his full great height, retorting: "I am glad to hear it. It is the sick and not they that are whole who have need of a physician!" And then he proceeded to flay them alive.

Col. Robert R. Hitt, so long chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, also secretary of legation in Paris, Assistant Secretary of State, and withal one of the most elegant of gentlemen as well as a delightful raconteur, once told me this exquisite anecdote about Green. He was a clerk in the Senate during Green's brief term as Senator, and admired the Missourian exceedingly. Hitt said: "Senator Green lived at the old National Hotel, where he was very popular with both men and

women. The ladies were always teasing him about not attending church on Sundays. The Senator made up his mind to stop them. So one Sunday he was late for dinner. The ladies inquired why he was behind time. 'Been to church,' quoth Green. 'What church?' 'Don't know.' 'Who preached?' 'Don't know. I went up the avenue so many blocks, turned up Four and a Half Street so many blocks, and entered a big brick church on the left-hand side' [which, so Colonel Hitt said, the ladies recognized at once as an Episcopal church]. 'And how did you like the services, Senator?' they inquired. The Senator solemnly replied, 'In my judgment, there was too much reading of the Journal and not enough debate!'" When quite young Colonel Hitt had an experience which was, in itself, a liberal political education. He reported in shorthand Lincoln's speeches in his seven debates with Douglas in 1858.

By making his speeches on "Duluth" and "Paving Pennsylvania Avenue," J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky and Missouri, placed himself in the class of Thomas Corwin, Mark Twain, and "Private" John Allen, as a humorist, and won lasting renown. He was afterward chairman of the great Committee on the Judiciary, was a great lawyer, and was one of the managers of the impeachment trial of General Belknap, Secretary of War under General Grant; but he complained bitterly always that after the two speeches referred to above he could never make anybody take him seriously.

Finally when "the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas" came into her proper stride she heaped coals of fire on Governor Knott's head by giving him a gorgeous banquet, making him the lion of the hour—about as rich a bit of humor as his "Duluth" speech.

While he was chief executive of Kentucky some admiring constituent named a race-horse Governor Knott. For a while the equine had more reputation than the

brilliant man for whom he was called, which greatly amused Governor Knott.

No man ever achieved a more splendid reputation by one speech in the House than did John Marshall, of Virginia, by one masterful speech.

Writing on the death of the great chief justice, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, in his *Thirty Years' View*, among other things says of that speech and its effect: "Elected to Congress at an early age, he served in the House of Representatives in the time of the elder Mr. Adams, and found in one of the prominent questions of the day a subject entirely fitted to his acute and logical turn of mind—the case of the famous Jonathan Robbins, claiming to be an American citizen, reclaimed by the British government as a deserter, delivered up, and hanged at the yard-arm of an English man-of-war. Party spirit took up the case, and it was one to inflame that spirit. Mr. Marshall spoke in defense of the administration, and made the master speech of the day—when there were such master speakers in Congress as Madison, Gallatin, William B. Giles, Edward Livingston, John Randolph. It was a judicial subject, adapted to the legal mind of Mr. Marshall, requiring a legal pleading—and well did he plead it. Mr. Randolph has often been heard to say that it distanced competition—leaving all associates and opponents far behind and carrying the case. Seldom has one speech brought so much fame and high appointment to any one man. When he had delivered it his reputation was in the zenith; in less than nine brief months thereafter he was Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Minister to France, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States."

CHAPTER VII

Half-forgotten statesmen.

SOMETIMES when I see the papers from day to day full of the names and deeds of certain statesmen who imagine they are headed for the Pantheon of Fame I recall these lines of Burns, familiar to the ears of men:

> But pleasures are like poppies spread.
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white, then melts forever.

So it is with reputations—particularly with political reputations

Of all Voltaire's numerous volumes, the one most interesting to philosophical students of history is his *Life of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*, which richly repays perusal even at this late day. In the preface to that delightful biography, the author speaks of how completely forgotten are the mass of kings, emperors, potentates, caliphs, warriors, statesmen, and poets, who thought themselves immortal, and whose worshipful contemporaries joined in that flattering opinion.

Then he discourses upon the few who "rise above the vulgar level of the great"—one of the most suggestive phrases ever coined in the marvelous brain of the versatile Frenchman. It sticks to the memory like a bur, and teaches us that many men considered great and proclaimed as great by obsequious place-seekers, aspiring tuft-hunters, are only make-believe great men, pseudo-Goliaths

whom the pitiless white light which beats not upon thrones alone, but upon all high places, causes to shrink and shrivel into repulsive nothingness like Rider Haggard's She. It is a classic statement in another form of Addison's dictum, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

Even the reputations of some men who were really great, and who deserve a better fate, are as evanescent as the rainbow's glory.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth, Charles James Fox was one of the foremost statesmen in the world.

When I was quite a young man I was going on a short journey with one of the best all-around lawyers I ever knew, to try a case on the opposite side to him. As soon as we were seated in the car I opened my grip, took from it one of the most fascinating books in our vernacular, and began to read.

He asked, "What are you reading?"

I replied, "*The Early Days of Charles James Fox*, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan"; whereupon my friend fairly took my breath away by inquiring, "Who was Charles James Fox?"

I could scarcely believe my ears. At first I thought he was joking, but as he solemnly averred that he had never heard of the greatest debater that ever spoke the English tongue, I had to take his word; but I have not recovered from my surprise even yet.

I am inclined to think that a rather insignificant purchase, in my early days as a lawyer, first set me to thinking on the subject of how short-lived is fame; especially fame built on a political career.

One of my professional friends sold me a huge, old walnut bookcase with everything it contained—some volumes of text-books and Missouri Supreme Court Reports, together with a lot of odds and ends of government

publications, Patent Office reports, Year-Books, etc. In the mass were several volumes of *The Congressional Globe*, antedating the Civil War. I accidentally opened one containing a flaming speech by Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, a man of whom I had never heard, though I had read many so-called histories of the United States. I read his speech with delight, and, having got a taste of Campbell's eloquence, I ransacked all those dusty volumes for more, with ever-increasing wonder. I discovered that for some years he was one of the most frequent orators in the House. I started in to find out who and what manner of man he was, with little success, till finally one day I ran across an aged ex-Representative in Congress who was fond of reminiscences of his Congressional life. I told him of my experience as to the old *Congressional Globe* and Lewis D. Campbell. That set his memory to working and his tongue a-going.

He said: "Young man, though still living, I think Lou Campbell is apparently forgotten completely, except by a few old stagers like myself; yet when I was in the House he was very prominent. In the long-drawn-out contest for Speaker, lasting two months, when Banks was elected, Campbell was a prominent candidate and seemed for several days to have a fair chance of winning the prize. I voted for him many times. Speaker Banks made him chairman of Ways and Means, and therefore ex-officio majority floor leader. He was a crack debater, a capital speechmaker, and predictions were freely made that he would one day be President; but somehow he did not fulfil the promise of his early manhood."

While the old man's words amazed me, they illustrated the uncertainty of a political career, but in no way weakened my settled resolve to serve in Congress some day.

Before I came to Congress one of my predecessors, Col. John E. Hutton, appointed a board of which I was a member to examine candidates for the West Point

cadetship. It fell to my lot to prepare the questions in history.

One question which I propounded was: "Name the Presidents, the states they were from, their politics, and length of service."

Some of the boys would have graded twenty-five on a scale of one hundred on that. Then I asked them to do the same for the Vice-Presidents, which I thought as easy as the first; and the answer of no boy would have been marked ten.

These experiences and others like unto them call to mind the plaint of Old Rip: "How soon are we forgot!" and Hamlet's famous declaration: "There's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

There have been twenty-eight Presidents, twenty-six Vice-Presidents, and thirty-seven Speakers of the House, counting one man, Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York, who was elected Speaker for one day only.

Until very recently the line of the presidential succession ran in this wise: Vice-President, President pro tempore of the Senate, and Speaker of the House. Persons of ordinary intelligence can give a list of the Presidents with somewhat of an approximation to accuracy, but how many of our people would grade twenty-five on a scale of one hundred in giving a list of their principal competitors for nomination and election, or of the Vice-Presidents and their competitors, or of the Speakers of the House? And yet every Vice-President has been and is a President *in posse*, as was every Speaker until the line of succession was changed in 1887 so as to run through the Cabinet, beginning with the Secretary of State.

Who ran against Jefferson in 1804, or against Madison in 1808 or 1812, or against Monroe in 1816? Who were George Clinton, DeWitt Clinton, Charles Pinckney, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney? Whow as it came within eleven votes of defeating James Monroe for the Congres-

sional presidential caucus nomination in 1816? Who was he? Surely he should not be forgotten; for a caucus nomination in 1816 meant certainly four years, and probably eight years, in the White House. He was also one of the candidates for President in the four-cornered fight of 1824, the other three being Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay; the greatest presidential field America ever knew, except in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln, Stephen Arnold Douglas, John Cabell Breckenridge, and John Bell were competitors for the most powerful office ever created by the wit of man.

The name of this more than half-forgotten statesman was William Harris Crawford, of Georgia. In 1824, no candidate having received a majority of the electoral votes, the election was thrown into the House; and in such case only the three highest candidates are voted for. The electoral votes stood 99 for Jackson, 84 for Adams, 41 for Crawford, and 37 for Clay. So Henry Clay, standing fourth, was shut out.

Col. Thomas Hart Benton thinks Crawford, who was a giant mentally and physically, would have been chosen had he not been stricken with paralysis in the nick of time, which eliminated him, though he recovered and was judge of a high court many years.

Who was this man? Whence came he? What had he done to stand so high that a change of six votes in a caucus would have made him President in 1816, and who would probably have been President in 1824 but for a temporary illness precisely at the psychological moment for the promotion of the fortunes of the younger Adams? He had been long a Senator in Congress, and as such was leader of his party, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Versailles, for a short time Secretary of War, and for more than eight years Secretary of the Treasury. Towns, cities, and counties are named for him. He was perhaps the greatest of all the great men

Georgia has given to the service of the Republic, and yet he is almost as completely forgotten as though he had never lived. For years he was generally conceded to be the ablest of the post-revolutionary generation of statesmen, and a future President, and he was deferred to and courted accordingly.

But it was not to be. The victory of Jackson before New Orleans changed all that and determined the politics of the country for a generation—perhaps forever.

Every intelligent American knows who John Caldwell Calhoun was. He was called "the Great South-Carolinian," just as Henry Clay was "the Great Kentuckian," Thomas Hart Benton "the Great Missourian," and Daniel Webster "the Great New-Englander." Calhoun's name is inseparably bound up with the nullification doctrine; and the history of the country cannot be written without giving him much space and a high place among the intellectual giants of his time.

Who were his South Carolina colleagues in the House of Representatives? Not one person in a hundred thousand can name one of them; and yet their contemporaries deemed Langdon Cheves and William Lowndes the equals, if not the superiors, of Calhoun. Cheves was next to the youngest Speaker the House ever had, and was supposed to be of presidential stature. In 1822, when Calhoun started to run for President, Lowndes also started to run; and had he not died in 1823 might have reached the White House. He was big enough to aspire—and not without reason—to the highest station within the gift of his fellow-citizens, but nevertheless Cheves and Lowndes are both "to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

Judges of such things have pronounced the Virginia Bill of Rights one of the finest state papers ever written. George Mason was the author, and the letters and newspapers of that day prove beyond all doubt that he was by no means the smallest of that marvelous group of men

which the Old Dominion gave to the service of their country, and of which Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, Edmund Randolph, George Wythe, James Madison, James Monroe, John Randolph of Roanoke, and the Lees were the most resplendent figures. Indeed, some of his contemporaries rate him as one of the greatest among them, but death cut him off untimely, and outside of Virginia his name is scarcely known. Here and there, where Virginians settled in large numbers, there is a county, city, town, or village named for him, but the chances are that not one out of one hundred of the denizens thereof to-day can tell for whom those places are called.

Propound to any company of Americans the query, "Who and what was Nathaniel Macon?" and discover the evanescence of fame. He was a soldier of the Revolution and a member of the North Carolina Legislature while still a beardless youth. His service in the two branches of Congress was the longest of the statesmen of the first half-century of our government under the Constitution. He was the most eminent of the Speakers of the House, until Henry Clay appeared upon the scene. He was accounted as one of the ablest statesmen of that age and could have remained in the Senate all his life had he so desired. In his *Thirty Years' View* Col. Thomas Hart Benton pays him this beautiful tribute:

"Philosophic in his temperament and wise in his conduct, governed in all his actions by reason and judgment, and deeply imbued with Bible images, this virtuous and patriotic man—whom Mr. Jefferson called 'the last of the Romans'—had long fixed the term of his political existence at the age which the Psalmist assigns for the limit of lives: 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.' He touched that age in 1828;

and, true to all his purposes, he was true to his resolve in this, and executed it with the quietude and indifference of an ordinary transaction. He was in the middle of a third senatorial term, and in the full possession of all his faculties of mind and body, but his time for retirement had come—the time fixed by himself, but fixed upon conviction, and for well-considered reasons as inexorable to him as if fixed by fate. To the friends who urged him to remain to the end of his term, and who insisted that his mind was as good as ever, he would answer that it was good enough to let him know that he ought to quit office before his mind quit him, and that he did not mean to risk the fate of the Bishop of Grenada."

Speaking of Colonel Benton suggests the fact that the first Legislature of Missouri did two extraordinary things: First, elected David Barton United States Senator by unanimous vote.

Second, after a prolonged deadlock in choosing the other Senator, the Legislature asked Barton to pick his senatorial mate, whereupon he selected Benton, who, even with Barton's indorsement, was elected only after a bitter struggle, and who was the first man to serve thirty consecutive years in the Senate of the United States, or as he was fond of putting it in his pompous way, "Six full Roman lustrums."

Some folks scout the idea of luck as a factor in human affairs. Let all such ponder well this excerpt from history. Missouri was, upon her admission to the Union, entitled to a six-year term and a four-year term in the Senate. As above stated, Benton was elected only by the grace of David Barton. Arrived in Washington, they drew straws for the long and short terms, and Benton, with the good fortune which attended him for three decades, drew the six-year term and began that long career which rendered him one of the most conspicuous figures among the statesmen of that age; a fit opponent of Web-

ster, Clay, and Calhoun, and the victor over all three combined in the contest about expunging the Senate resolution censuring President Jackson. His great book, reviewing the times in which he lived, and without which no gentleman's library is complete, gives him a permanent status in history.

Barton, Missouri's favorite, served his fragmentary four-year term, then a full term, during which he quarreled with Andrew Jackson, which was the end of him, and from which he passed into oblivion.

One moral to be drawn from Benton's large place in history and Barton's small place is that a public man would best perpetuate his own fame by writing a book devoted particularly to his own sayings and doings. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have done more to keep his memory green than all the battles which he fought; Xenophon's *Anabasis* alone makes his name familiar to the ears of men; and James G. Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress* will be read with profit and delight when half of the Presidents of the United States molder in forgotten graves.

One of my college professors was always shouting to the boys, "*Carpe diem!*"—"Seize the day!" My suggestion to statesmen is, "Seize the pen!"

So far I have dealt most with the half-forgotten statesmen of the South and West. Those of the North, particularly of New England, who failed to reach first place have not fared so badly, and have not been submerged so completely. Many of them have been saved measurably from oblivion by reason of the fact that New-Englanders write nearly all the books, and have used their utmost endeavors to prevent their worthies from being utterly forgotten. This remark applies in a smaller degree to New-Yorkers.

It is, however, only to the well-read few that the names of even such eminent New-Yorkers as George Clinton

and his brilliant nephew, DeWitt Clinton, have any real significance. The elder Clinton was for twenty-two years Governor of New York—an unequaled record—Vice-President, and not without substantial basis for presidential aspirations. Realizing by the eye of faith the future greatness of New York, he bitterly fought the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and proved himself a foeman worthy of the steel of Alexander Hamilton himself, as he did subsequently with Aaron Burr in the field of larger politics.

DeWitt Clinton was Governor of New York and the father of the Erie Canal, to which New York City largely owes her commercial and maritime primacy. He was United States Senator, and resigned that coveted position to become mayor of New York City. More than once he was a candidate for the Presidency. Nobody ever questioned his mental and moral fitness for that exalted station. He was conceded to be one of the ablest men of his generation, but the all-powerful "Virginia Dynasty" was too much for him, and he never reached that glittering goal.

When people see the names of John Jay, Governor of New York and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and of Robert R. Livingston, Chief Justice of New York, only a languid interest is aroused, and yet they were for years rated as possible Presidents.

Who were the rival candidates against Martin Van Buren in 1836? Everybody knows who was the rival candidate in 1840, because he was elected—Gen. William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," as he was fondly dubbed by his admirers. He was the chief beneficiary of the "coonskin," "hard-cider," "log-cabin" hysteria of American politics; but who competed with "the Sage of Kinderhook" yclept "the Little Wizard" in 1836? This same Gen. William Henry Harrison and a far greater man than he, now utterly forgotten—Hugh Lawson White, of

Tennessee, who was one of the most prominent men of that era. He had been for forty years second only to Andrew Jackson in the affections of Tennesseeans, having been Superior Court judge, Supreme Court judge, and United States Senator, all freely and pridefully bestowed without solicitation on his part. His mighty friend, Jackson, offered him a Cabinet portfolio, which he declined, because he deemed a Senatorship the higher office, and because he liked it better.

Finally, the Tennessee Legislature censured him for not supporting the Van Buren administration, and instructed him to do so, whereupon he resigned.

Colonel Benton, after eulogizing him highly, gives this philosophic and whimsical account of Senator White's presidential candidacy and the catastrophe of his career:

"In his advanced age he did the act which with all old men is an experiment, and with most of them an unlucky one. He married again; and this new wife having made an immense stride from the head of a boarding-house table to the head of a Senator's table could see no reason why she should not take one step more, and that comparatively short, and arrive at the head of the presidential table. This was before the presidential election of 1836. Mr. Van Buren was the generally accepted Democratic candidate. He was foremost of all the candidates, and the man who is ahead of all the rest on such occasions is pretty sure to have a combination of all the rest against him. Mr. Van Buren was no exception to this rule. The whole Whig party wished to defeat him. That was a fair wish. Mr. Calhoun's party wished to defeat him. That was invidious, for they could not elect Mr. Calhoun by it. Many professing Democrats wished to defeat him, though for the benefit of a Whig; and that was a movement toward the Whig camp—where most of them eventually arrived. All these parties combined and worked, and worked in concert, and their line of operation

was through the vanity of the victim's wife. They excited her vain hopes. And this modest, unambitious man, who had spent all his life in resisting office pressed upon him by his friends, lost his power of resistance in his old age and became a victim to the combination against him—which all saw and deplored, except himself. As soon as he was committed and beyond extrication, one of the co-operators against him, a Whig Member of Congress from Kentucky—a witty, sagacious man of good tact—in the exultation of his feelings wrote the news to a friend in his district, who, in a still higher state of exultation, sent it to the newspapers—thus: 'Judge White is on the track, running gaily, and won't come off; and if he would, his wife won't let him.' This was the whole story, briefly and cheerily told—and truly. He ran the race without prejudice to Mr. Van Buren—without benefit to the Whig candidates—without support from some who had incited him to the trial, and with great political and social damage to himself."

One of the most brilliant orators and statesmen during the fourth and fifth decades of the nineteenth century was John Van Buren, son of President Martin Van Buren. He is now remembered by a few only, and by them chiefly because he was nicknamed "Prince John," and because he once danced with Princess Victoria, subsequently Queen and Empress. In fact, the Whigs circulated a canard to the effect that "Prince John" and Princess Victoria were to be married, and tried to use that as a campaign argument, which proved a boomerang.

Once while John was private secretary to his father, the President, in a burst of anger he said to his illustrious parent, "You think you are a great man, but you will be remembered mainly because you are the father of John Van Buren." But when Martin bolted from the Democrats and ran as the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency to punish the Democrats in general, and General Cass in

particular, for robbing him of the presidential nomination at Baltimore after he had received a clear majority on one ballot, his son John took the stump for him and made one of the most brilliant campaigns in American history. All honor to "Prince John" for his filial piety!

The foregoing instances of the fading out of splendid reputations, and divers others like unto them, recall Horace Greeley's dictum, "Fame is a vapor."

Martin Van Buren himself has received a very cold deal in history. In this regard he stands in a class with John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson. The Whigs, of course, had no admiration for Martin, and after he bolted the nomination of General Cass, in 1848, and ran as the Free Soil candidate—the most preposterous performance in presidential politics, except Horace Greeley's candidacy as a Democratic nominee—the Democrats detested him thoroughly and denounced him most bitterly. Consequently he has had very few defenders in history, and no eulogists. The Democratic animosity toward him finds an extreme illustration in the conduct of Missouri Democrats. While he was President and *persona grata* to the Missouri Democracy they named two splendid counties for him—one "Van Buren," the other "Kinderhook." They were so thoroughly incensed by reason of his bolt that they changed the name of "Van Buren" County to "Cass" and that of "Kinderhook" to "Benton," so that he lost two magnificent geographical monuments; and of all species of monuments, as a rule, geographical monuments are the most permanent, therefore the most desirable.

He bolted Cass and elected General Taylor as a matter of personal revenge, because "the Great Michigander" had helped beat him out of the nomination in 1844 after he had received a clear majority on one ballot. He fed fat his grudge against Cass, but lost much himself in history.

CHAPTER VIII

"Lame Ducks."

WITH grim humor somebody dubbed Representatives and Senators defeated for re-election "Lame Ducks." The name stuck, and will probably be sooner or later incorporated into a dictionary by some lexicographer ambitious to distance all competitors in number of words. Newspapers make merry with them, and the "Gridiron Club" devotes its piquant skits to them biennially.

When the returns from the Congressional elections of 1894 were in, President Cleveland found "on his hands" one of the largest brood of "Lame Ducks" in the history of the Republic. He took care of all he could of those who had served him faithfully to their own undoing—William L. Wilson, General Outhwaite, Col. Buck Kilgore, Judge Springer, John C. Tarsny, and others, but as nearly all the "Lame Ducks" hankered after governmental positions and the emoluments thereof, he could not give fat offices to a tithe of them.

There are few spectacles more pitiable than a man who has held high place suddenly turned out to grass *à la* Nebuchadnezzar, penniless, when too old and not sufficiently up to date to resume the business he was in before he was lured into politics, humbly pleading for an appointive office—any appointive office with salary enough to keep the wolf from the door. Some "lag superfluous on the stage" of the finest capital in the world till they are reduced to beggary.

After I had returned home in the spring of 1893 from Washington, where I saw so many gray-haired men who had held high elective office begging for the crumbs from Cleveland's table, I gave my wife an account of what I observed, and told her that when the jig was up for me I would hasten back to Missouri to begin the practice of law once more and be a man among men. So, when I was defeated unexpectedly in 1894, I kept that promise, and here's what happened: The Congress died at noon on Monday, March 4th. The preceding Friday I bought tickets and sleepers home. We left Washington at 2.40 P.M. Monday, and Thursday I was back in Bowling Green helping try a murder case. No begging on my part for an appointive office from Mr. Cleveland!

Of all the "Lame Ducks" with whom I have been acquainted, John Hollis Bankhead, of Alabama, was the luckiest. He, after serving four years in the Confederate Army, and holding a variety of state offices, was elected to the national House of Representatives for ten consecutive terms—a total of twenty years; but in 1906 Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, defeated him for the nomination, which in Alabama is equivalent to election. Bankhead perhaps thought his political career was ended, but he was destined to a most pleasant awakening, for there happened in Alabama that year one of the most amazing performances in our political history, of which the first-fruits went to Bankhead.

The fifth full senatorial term of Gen. John Tyler Morgan, who was then eighty-two and candidate for reelection, was to end March 4, 1907. His senatorial mate, Gen. Edmund Winston Pettus, who was eighty-five, was serving his second full senatorial term, which would end March 4, 1909. If Morgan had been elected for a sixth term and had lived to the end thereof, he would have been eighty-nine; and had Pettus been elected to a third term and lived it out, he would have been ninety-three. It

was agreed on all hands that Morgan and Pettus should remain in the Senate as long as they lived—so great was Alabama's pride in these warrior-statesmen. So both were candidates for re-election without opposition.

It so happened at that time that the Legislature of Alabama was elected for four years, and met only once during that period, unless convened in extraordinary session.

The Federal statute then in force provided that the Legislature elected next before a senatorial vacancy should fill the vacancy during its first session. Consequently the Legislature elected in 1906 was in duty bound to elect two Senators.

Few believed that Morgan would survive his sixth term or that Pettus would live out his third term.

Somebody suggested that as one or both would die before the end of the terms for which they were candidates, alternate nominees for both should be selected at the impending primaries. To the surprise of mankind, this novel and gruesome idea spread like wildfire, and the state committee ordered the nomination of senatorial alternates for Morgan and Pettus, while nominating these venerable and venerated men.

Colonel Bankhead, having been defeated by Captain Hobson for a seat in the House prior to the senatorial primary, became a candidate as a senatorial alternate, and led the poll!

Both Morgan and Pettus were duly elected, and Morgan died on the eleventh day of June, 1907. Bankhead was appointed to succeed him June 18, 1907—the time between the end of his long House service and the beginning of his long senatorial career being only three months and fourteen days—a clear case of being kicked up-stairs. I have said sometimes that as a matter of gratitude he should pick out an eligible site and erect a handsome monument to Captain Hobson.

There is no story in history, and few in fiction, equal to that, the nearest approach to it being the case of Henry Clay Hansborough, of North Dakota, who was defeated for a renomination as Representative in Congress in 1890, but was by the Legislature elected that year chosen for a full term in the Senate beginning March 4, 1891, the very day his House service ended.

Roger B. Taney's nomination to be Secretary of the Treasury, also his nomination to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, were rejected by the anti-Jacksonian Senate, but he lived to preside as Chief Justice for twenty-eight years.

Taney, Bankhead, and Hansborough were lucky "Lame Ducks," but I know that many folks sneer at the idea of luck. All such should consider the remarkable case of Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri—who, after many years of unbroken success, became a "Lame Duck"—and be disillusioned.

Luck! In 1874 he wanted to be Governor of Missouri, and came very near having his heart's desire gratified in that regard. He lacked only one-sixth of one vote in a state convention of securing the nomination, which was equivalent to an election. Perhaps that is the closest shave on record for a great office.

At any rate Cockrell wanted to be Governor, and was balked in his ambition by only a fraction of a vote; but a miss is as good as a mile, so we are informed by some ancient proverb-maker. He ought to have thanked God every night the remnant of his days for that lucky escape. Had he succeeded he would, in all probability, have had before him two years in the Governor's office, and after that—a country lawyer at Warrensburg the rest of his life. His defeat was a blessing in disguise, and laid the foundations of his fortunes. It is passing strange what small and seemingly trivial things determine the destinies of men and even of nations.

By accident of being the last man to embark on a steamboat after the affair at Belmont, General Grant was started on the road to Appomattox and the White House. By flaying Sir Robert Peel on the night when he announced his free-trade policy in the House of Commons, Benjamin Disraeli took the first step in that marvelous career which dazzled the world, and which ended in the Premiership, an earldom, and the Garter. Because his uncontrollable horse ran away and carried him straight into the enemy's retreating lines in some obscure battle in south Asia, enabling him to capture the commanding general, Arthur Wellesley subsequently added Waterloo to the long line of English victories, became the Iron Duke, and sleeps among the storied great in St. Paul's. By reason of the fact that his pistol failed to fire—on the occasions when he attempted suicide—young Robert Clive concluded that God intended him for great things, and he lived to create the British Empire in India, to become a peer of the realm, and to write his name in characters of blood high upon the roll of English-speaking captains.

But to return to General Cockrell. During the campaign for the nomination he repeatedly declared that if Hardin, Coleman, or anybody else defeated him, no voice would be lifted louder, and no hat would be thrown higher than his would be thrown, for his successful competitor.

At that time they had the villainous custom of having all of the candidates for Governor—the vanquished as well as the victor—to address the convention. It ought to have been forbidden under the statute against cruelty to animals. It was finally abolished, as the result of the primary elections.

So when Charles H. Hardin was nominated, and Cockrell was called on for a speech, he good-naturedly referred to his promise, and then and there, as the indictments say, threw his big white slouch-hat to the lofty ceiling of the convention hall and gave a lusty yell which startled

the catfish in the Missouri River. That performance made him Senator for thirty years, and no state ever had a better one. He was engulfed in the Roosevelt flood of 1904.

Cockrell never forgot either the name or the face of any person to whom he had been introduced. This faculty is simply invaluable to a public man and was of incalculable benefit to the distinguished Missouri Senator.

Luck! Go to! Suppose General Cockrell had defeated Hardin? The chances are a thousand to one that he never would have had the opportunity to prevent innumerable raids upon the Federal Treasury, thereby saving untold millions to the people. He should have hunted up the delegate who cast that fractional vote against him and dressed him in purple and fine linen as long as he lived. Some people say that Stonewall Jackson was the one Puritan soldier of our Civil War. They speak without knowledge. Stonewall was a Puritan indeed, worthy to have charged with mighty Oliver at Naseby, Worcester, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, shouting, "God with us!" but so was Francis Marion Cockrell. He fought and prayed, and prayed and fought, and it remains to this day a mooted question whether he fought more than he prayed or prayed more than he fought. If Jackson was the superintendent of a Sunday-school at Lexington, Virginia, Cockrell was engaged in the same way at Warrensburg, Missouri. He started in as a private in April, 1861; he surrendered as a brigadier during the very last days of the war. He was a volunteer without military training, and that fact *ex necessitate* deprived him of any particular favor in the Confederate War Department, where the delusion prevailed that no man could be a great soldier unless he had graduated from West Point, which delusion seems to have prevailed also in the Federal war office. Nevertheless, events appear to indicate that even with this handicap, had the war lasted four years longer, General Cockrell would have risen to the highest command.

He fought. That made his soldiers love him, and that is one thing which made the people of Missouri love him. He was just about as popular with the ex-Union soldiers among his constituents as with those who followed the stars and bars.

General Cockrell, being a volunteer, evolved some original theories on war which are calculated to stun the typical martinets. For instance, after the first battle in which he fought, green as he was in things martial, he would never permit an army engineer to select his line of battle for him. He said that as the duty of defending the line devolved on him, he knew better than any engineer what was a defensible line and what was not. This may have seemed presumptuous in a raw recruit, but his military history furnished his justification.

Another thing that he stuck to to his dying day, and which will give the souls of the professionals a rude shock, is that the most effective weapon with which infantry can be armed is a double-barreled shotgun. He claimed that it will discount all the new-fangled rifles ever made. His logic runs as follows, and to a civilian appears absolutely convincing: "One wounded man on the battle-field is ever so much more trouble than so many dead men. The double-barreled shotgun is unequaled as a producer of wounded men; therefore it is the best thing to arm troops with." As a clincher he stated that in a certain battle in which he was engaged when he was a colonel two companies of his regiment were armed with double-barreled shotguns, the other eight with Enfield rifles, and that when the fighting was over there were more dead and wounded men in front of the two companies with shotguns than in front of the eight armed with rifles. If seeing is believing, then any rational being not under "the tyranny of preconceived opinions" ought to be convinced by General Cockrell's reasoning.

I have several times told General Cockrell's theory as

to the value of shotguns. People thought it was the vagary of an old fogy. This was invariably the view of Regular Army officers. To all doubters I cheerfully commend the following excerpts which vindicate Cockrell's theory, taken from a long article by Edward C. Crossman, a high authority, in *The Scientific American* of February 2, 1918:

It is the intention of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps to give the candidates for flying instruction as much practice as possible with shotgun, rifle, and machine-gun.

At short range—which means at one hundred yards or less—the shotgun with buckshot or the largest sized pellets just under this designation is a more potent weapon than the machine-gun. Lacking range and penetration and accuracy because of the spread of its pellets at any serious range, the shotgun, preferably the automatic shotgun, covers more territory at fifty yards or seventy-five yards than any machine-gun, and each discharge throws a cloud of round bullets instead of the highly concentrated, narrow stream of the machine-gun. Contrary to common impression, the machine-gun is not an all-pervading sort of a weapon. I stood behind one firing at two man-figure targets at one hundred and fifty yards. The gun fired two clips of sixty shots for the total, without touching either figure, and the figures were handily situated on a hillside, which marked by the dust-puff each shot.

At shorter range the tendency to miss clean with the machine-gun is still more marked. Here one bullet fairly follows on the heels of the other, the huge dispersion of the machine-gun at longer range, caused by the vibration of the gun and variation in ammunition, is absent. In effect the weapon is merely the infantry rifle; if the first shot of the burst misses, the next score will also likely miss, until the alignment of the gun be changed by its recoil or by the movement of the plane.

It is this buckshot that will be the logical load for the shotguns of the American aviators. It is not a new man-killing arrangement. For years the sawed-off shotgun has been the favorite weapon of the American really out gunning for the other fellow or expecting the other fellow to come a-gunning for him. The sawed-off part of the contract is merely to get rid of the choked portion of the barrel at the muzzle, and so let it handle buckshot better, and to make the gun shorter and easier to swing. At revolver ranges, no more fearful weapon was ever put into the hands of man. It is far more accurate than the revolver, while its dozen or so round bullets make hitting nearly sure with any sort of pointing.

Sentries of our army have been for years armed with riot guns for certain guard duty—a riot gun being merely a repeating or automatic shotgun shooting buckshot. Express messengers, and guards of other sorts of treasure, pin their faith to the short shotgun, which is on the brackets, and close to hand.

For months gentlemen interested in gunnery have argued the desirability of the use of the automatic shotgun for breaking up charges, because of the greater number of missiles thrown and the rapidity of fire; and reports are that these guns were used, experimentally, at least, in some of the trenches.

From the Allied standpoint, however, the gun was not of much use, because the Allies were on the offensive, and this called for rifle and bayonet.

It will be remembered that General Pershing had twenty thousand sawed-off shotguns sent to him, and that the Germans solemnly and vehemently protested against their use as being inhuman and contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. I wish that General Cockrell could have lived to see his condemned theory thus vindicated.

When General Cockrell came out of the army he evidently had an idea that he might some day be a candidate for office. So he had a copy made of the roster of his brigade, and carried it around with him when he was campaigning. When he and Vest, Hardin, and Coleman were running for Governor in 1874, toward the end of the race Vest went home, and somebody asked him how he was getting along. "Oh, hell!" replied the eloquent but irascible Vest, "I am doing no good. It seems to me that half the Confederate Army must have served in Cockrell's brigade!"

When the war closed Vest returned to Missouri from the Confederate Senate, and Cockrell from the Confederate Army, locating in two great, rich, adjoining counties.

Vest went into partnership with John F. Phillips, a Union colonel, while General Cockrell formed a partnership with Thomas T. Crittenden, another Union colonel. For forty years those two political law firms whipsawed and dominated the politics of the state. Missouri was full of Union and Confederate soldiers. When a rich political plum was about ripe Vest or Cockrell would gobble it if the time seemed propitious for a Confederate. When the Union element demanded an inning the prize went to Phillips or Crittenden. Thus Cockrell was United States Senator for three decades; Interstate and Foreign Commerce Commissioner for six years, as well as civilian member of the Board of Ordnance; and Vest was Senator for twenty-four years, Phillips went to Congress, became state supreme judge and United States district judge, while Crittenden was Attorney-General and Governor of Missouri, Consul-General to Mexico, and Register in Bankruptcy. Cockrell and Vest served in the Senate side by side for twenty-four years. No state ever had a better senatorial team. Both were great Senators, very unlike. Vest was one of the crack orators of his generation, while Cockrell was one of the most indefatigable workers that ever lived. The lordly Roscoe Conkling once stated in the Senate that he was willing to accept as correct any conclusion of Senator Cockrell on any subject which he had investigated.

I asked one of Cockrell's men the secret of his success and growth as a soldier. His reply was that when not drilling his men or on the march or in battle, while other officers were fussing and fuming and squabbling about rank and grades, Cockrell spent his time flat on his belly in his tent studying Hardee's *Tactics*.

Cockrell did not set up as a humorist, and yet he said one thing over which his soldiers made merry as long as the war lasted, and recall it with glee even yet when in reminiscent mood. At the siege of Vicksburg the Union

engineers ran a mine under a portion of the Confederate breastworks manned by Cockrell's brigade. When it was exploded it killed and crippled many of his men, but did no damage to the Second Missouri—"Cockrell's Own." So he leaped on a parapet, and in trumpet tones which could be heard above the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of the guns he shouted: "Come on, old Second Missouri! You have died once and can die again!" It did come on with its usual gallantry, and drove back the Federals, who were pouring through the gap the explosion of the mine had made in the Confederate breastworks.

Ever after, when things were not going well, his men cheered themselves up and made the piny woods ring by bellowing: "Come on, old Second Missouri! You have died once and can die again!"

Both Vest and Cockrell were effective stump speakers. Vest was witty, humorous, sarcastic, eloquent, and lathered the Republicans up with vitriol so as to infuriate them almost to apoplexy. He aroused intense enthusiasm among Democrats and was of great service to his party in Democratic strongholds. Cockrell confined himself to historic facts and made a specialty of arithmetic. As nobody can take offense at excerpts from the multiplication-table or to examples in addition and subtraction, he was a first-class speaker to send into close or Republican counties. He was what I once denominated him, "Missouri's Great Arithmetical Orator," and he was for years proudly acclaimed "Missouri's Grand Old Man," which he undoubtedly was.

So far as I ever heard, Cockrell was the only one man ever defeated by the fraction of one vote for the nomination for a high office, but many important events have hinged on one vote. The way the fractional vote happened in Cockrell's contest was this: In a Democratic state convention in Missouri—before the primary election supplanted the convention—each county had one dele-

gate for each five hundred Democratic votes or a major fraction thereof. In that early day some of the sparsely populated counties had only one delegate. Sometimes a county with only one vote would send two delegates entitled to one-half a vote each. Another would send three with one-third of a vote each. Strange to relate, the counties with only one vote were prone to split far more than the counties with several votes. So when a county with one vote and two delegates and another with one vote and three delegates got their work in the common denominator was six, resulting in a fraction of one-sixth.

The result of one vote properly planted is sometimes far-reaching and amazing. In his first election to the United States Senate, as heretofore related, Col. Thomas Hart Benton triumphed by only one majority.

Thomas Jefferson was elected President over Aaron Burr by one majority in the House of Representatives, each state having one vote.

Andrew Jackson was elected Major-General of the Tennessee Militia over Gen. John Sevier—an event which gave him his golden opportunity before New Orleans, and which changed the history of the Republic for a generation, perhaps forever.

Edward Everett, after four elections as Governor of Massachusetts—a gubernatorial term in the Old Bay State was one year—was defeated for a fifth term by Marcus Morton, Democrat, by one majority, which not only ended him as Governor, but eliminated him as a Whig presidential possibility.

Andrew Johnson escaped conviction in his impeachment trial by only one vote.

Louis the Sixteenth was sent to the guillotine by only one majority, in the French National Assembly.

Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes was declared President by the eight to seven commission, by one majority in the

commission, which declared that he had one majority in the Electoral College.

The Act of Settlement by which the Hanoverians secured the Crown and mounted the throne of Great Britain and Ireland—one of the most complicated acts upon the statute-books—passed the House of Commons by one majority—ninety-six to ninety-five.

The present French Republic was established by one majority in the Assembly.

The resolution declaring war against Great Britain in 1812 passed the Senate by one majority.

The celebrated Walker Tariff bill got through the Senate by one majority, the Vice-President, George M. Dallas, casting the decisive vote.

At the famous and memorable Council of Nice some books of the Bible were declared canonical by one majority, and others shunted into the Apocrypha by one majority.

I could cite other instances of what one vote will accomplish, but these must suffice. They may well set people to studying as to how slender is the thread on which stupendous events hang—sometimes.

CHAPTER IX

Congressional funerals—Senator Hoar.

FUNERALS, under any circumstances and at any time or place, are neither cheerful nor hilarious, but Congressional funerals are particularly lugubrious. I am speaking of ordinary Congressional funerals now, and not of those denominated "public" funerals, when the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court, Diplomatic Corps, and other bigwigs are invited to attend. On such occcasions the galleries are crowded—as is the floor of the hall.

It is rare that such distinction is conferred upon one of our departed brethren. He must be eminent indeed. During my twenty-five years in the House only three have been so honored—Gov. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, Hon. Sereno Elisha Payne, of New York—both of whom were chairmen of the premier Committee on Ways and Means, and therefore ex-officio majority floor leaders, and Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, the most popular public man of his day.

I am writing of the funeral ceremonies over most Representatives—the most doleful that can be imagined. Many persons—both male and female—have pestered their heads and suggested plans to increase interest in them. When I first entered Congress, and for years afterward, a portion of some week-day was solemnly set aside to memorialize a deceased member. That worked so unsatisfactorily that we changed to Sunday.

Now here's what happens: The day arrives. A few members—a dozen or two—attend; small audience in

the gallery; speeches are made, some of them eloquent or philosophical, and that's all. A greater farce was never witnessed.

I have delivered many Congressional funeral speeches, either because I was fond of the man to be memorialized or because the delegation from his state asked me to do so. I here reproduce my speech on Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, orator, statesman, and scholar. The reason I have it printed herein is because of the amazing aftermath. On account of his baby-blue eyes, his peachblow complexion, and his benign countenance, he was flippantly called "the cherubic." Truth to tell, his appearance did suggest a cherub. In his day he was one of the most prominent Senators.

When I knew him he was growing old and his vision much impaired. So I had always to tell him my name. One day he and I were the only occupants of a street-car headed for the Capitol. I sat down by him, reintroduced myself, and said, "Senator, which knew the more, John Quincy Adams or Col. Thomas Hart Benton?" His face brightened up like the harvest moon, and he replied: "Both of them, if left to them to tell it"; and he chuckled audibly. After a minute or two he said: "That is hardly a fair answer to your question. The fields of their information were so different that it is difficult, if not impossible, to compare them. John Quincy Adams knew more about our foreign relations than any other man that ever lived, while Colonel Benton knew more about our domestic affairs"—and after reading everything I could lay my hands on about those two illustrious statesmen, I am persuaded that Senator Hoar's characterization of them is correct.

In his book of reminiscences he gives this remarkable illustration of what a preposterous thing a thoroughly angry man will do. It will be remembered that President Grant and Senator Sumner hated each other most cor-

dially. Grant gave Gen. Benjamin F. Butler complete control of all Federal patronage in Massachusetts. He made one particular recommendation to a fat place, which greatly scandalized the Bay State Brahmins—so much so that the Congressional delegation asked Senator Hoar, because his brother was Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet, to wait on the President and present to him their protest. Hoar says he met the President sauntering along by the Treasury, smoking his inevitable cigar, and they walked around Lafayette Square, Hoar delivering the protest of his delegation. When they passed Sumner's residence the President stopped in the street and shook his clenched fist at the house, saying, "That man in there has treated me so outrageously that I will appoint nobody he recommends and will not do anything he wants done."

That was not a dignified or statesman-like thing for a President to do, but there was much human nature in it. General Butler's man was appointed.

As another illustration of General Grant's intense hatred of Sumner, I have read that, at a banquet, somebody told Grant that Sumner did not believe the Bible. "That's because he did not write it himself," quoth the irate President.

Senator Hoar was a scion of one of the most prominent, influential, and numerous New England families. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was Roger Sherman, who, scorning the philosophy in the old proverb that "a shoemaker should stick to his last," quit the cobbler's bench for politics, and was rewarded with many high positions. He was the only man who signed the Declaration of Independence, the old Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States—all three. If he knows what has happened since he departed hence, he must be proud of his descendants—the Hoars, judges, Representatives and Senators in Congress, and Cabinet Ministers; the Shermans, John, Charles,

and the General; and William M. Evarts, at one time head of the American bar, wit, orator, and statesman.

In my judgment the severest philippic ever delivered in Congress was Senator Hoar's, in the impeachment trial of Gen. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, of which he was one of the managers. There are a lot of people forever prating of the degeneracy of this generation. It will do such much good to read Senator Hoar's blistering speech touching the conduct of certain public men of the 'seventies. Here it is:

"My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office; but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt, from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the state in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a byword throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House—now a distinguished member of this court—rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress—two of the House and one here—that every

step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard, in highest places, the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public life, that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used, when gained, is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President.

"These things have passed into history. The Hallam or the Tacitus or the Sismondi or the Macaulay who writes the annals of our time will record them with his inexorable pen. And now, when a high Cabinet officer, the constitutional adviser of the Executive, flees from office, before charges of corruption, shall the historian add that the Senate treated the demand of the people for its judgment of condemnation as a farce, and laid down its high functions before the sophistries and jeers of the criminal lawyer? Shall he speculate about the petty political calculations as to the effect on one party or the other, which induced his judges to connive at the escape of the great public criminal? Or, on the other hand, shall he close the chapter by narrating how these things were detected, reformed, and punished, by constitutional processes which the wisdom of our fathers devised for us, and the virtue and purity of the people found their vindication in the justice of the Senate?"

Having given the foregoing sample of his oratorical ability in one vein, I hereby give a remarkable passage of an entirely different sort. In his great oration on Webster, when the latter's statue was placed in Statuary Hall, commenting on the Webster-Hayne debate, he pronounced these glowing words:

"Had Webster lived till '65 he would have seen his great arguments in reply to Hayne inspiring, guiding, commanding, strengthening. The judge in the court is

citing them. The orator in the Senate is repeating them. The soldier by the camp-fire is meditating them. The Union cannon is shotted with them. They are flashing from the muzzle of the rifle. They are gleaming in the stroke of the saber. They are heard in the roar of the artillery. They shine on the advancing banner. They mingle with the shouts of victory. They conquer in the surrender of Appomattox."

To return to our mutton—my speech on Senator Hoar, which I delivered at the request of the Massachusetts delegation. Shortly after it was printed I received a letter from a literary personage at Cambridge, who stated that he had read my speech—particularly the portion about General Doniphan—with deep interest, and wanted to know what his subsequent career was. I answered, giving as fully as I could the principal facts in the life of the great Missouri soldier. Then the Cambridge man wrote a second letter, which fairly took my breath away and astounded me beyond measure. He said that after he received my letter he announced to some Boston Literary Society of which he was a member that he purposed on a certain date to read a paper on "Doniphan's Expedition"—for by that name his wonderful march was known in the West—and to his surprise, most of the members thought it was a new expedition to the North Pole!

Without further comment, here is my speech on Senator Hoar:

"Mr. Speaker, that Senator George Frisbie Hoar will hold a high place, and fill a large space in the annals of his time, goes without saying. Of Revolutionary stock, a descendant of Roger Sherman, he was American to his heart's core, and he devoted his life to the service of the Republic, which rewarded him with her affection, her confidence, and her admiration. His lines were cast in pleasant places and in a history-making epoch. Though sometimes he was viciously assailed, at others he ran the

risk of having applied to him the Scriptural injunction, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you'; and at last, having almost reached the Psalmist's extreme allotment of fourscore years, he had that

> "Which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

"Pleasant as it would be to me to enter into the details of his life, character, and labor, that delightful task must be left to others closer to him and more familiar with those facts which constitute the essentials of biography; but the invitation to speak here and now has suggested to my mind a few thoughts which may or may not be of interest to those who hear and read what is uttered on this occasion.

"Job exclaimed, 'Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!' From that day to this, when a public man has taken his pen in hand to write a book, it has been assumed that he also took his reputation, if not his life, in his hand; but the fact that what the man of Uz considered an extra-hazardous performance is not necessarily fatal to the performer is demonstrated by the event of the November election, when Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who has written many books in which he expressed his opinions of persons and things with startling freedom, not to say abandon, was chosen President of this puissant Republic by an overwhelming majority. This seems to signify that the American people admire candid and courageous speaking —even in a book.

"However that may be, I rejoice and hail it as a healthy sign of the times that our public men are more and more growing into the habit of writing, in the evening of their lives, books of a more or less reminiscent nature, recording from their standpoint their views of the transactions which they witnessed, and part of which they were.

What they say in that regard may be taken and accepted as part of the *res gestæ*.

"Cæsar owes as much of his fame to his *Commentaries* as to his victories. The fruits of his conquests have long since perished. The mighty empire which he founded has crumbled into dust. Happily for mankind, the system of government for which his name has become the synonym is in process of ultimate extinction; but by his *Commentaries* he has helped to form the minds of the youths of every civilized country under heaven, through twenty centuries of man's most interesting history and most stupendous endeavor. So long as education is valued Cæsar will exercise imperial sway over the human mind, not by the power of his invincible sword, which is rust, but by his cunning with the pen. Fighting was the serious business of his life. The preparation of his *Commentaries* was merely a mental recreation in his tent at eventide, amid the clatter of camps and the clangor of arms. Had he been catechized as to his deeds, on which would be builded the towering fabric of his fame, he most probably would not have enumerated his *Commentaries* as even the smallest and humblest of them; but they constitute his clearest, strongest, and most enduring title to the favorable consideration of mankind.

"Napoleon, the most astounding son of Mars, with clearer vision and a wiser judgment as to the relative value of human achievements, proudly declared that he would descend to posterity with his Code in his hand—a prophecy which has been amply verified. The crimson glories of Montenotte, Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, Ulm, Jena, and Wagram were dimmed by Leipzig, Waterloo, and the dismal journey to St. Helena. The thrones which he ravished from hostile kings and bestowed upon his brothers, sisters, and stable-boys passed again to his royal enemies whom he had despoiled. The imperial crown, bought with so much blood and so much

crime for his son, never encircled the brow of that pathetic child of misfortune. But the laws created by the fiat of the Corsican colossus influence and bless the lives of seventy-five million people because they were grounded in justice and wisdom. His career illustrates and enforces the truth contained in Bulwer-Lytton's famous lines:

> "Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword.

"Others have marched as strenuously and fought as bravely as Xenophon and his ten thousand, only to vanish into oblivion; but he and his band are among the immortals because he wrote the *Anabasis*, which has delighted and instructed millions of ambitious boys, and which will delight and instruct succeeding millions till the earth shall perish with fervent heat.

"The triumphal expedition of Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan and his heroic Missourians into the heart of Mexico by way of Santa Fé, traversing a vast wilderness full of hostile savages; subsisting on the enemy's country; winning numerous victories over the very flower of the descendants of the knights of Castile and Aragon; never losing a gun, a flag, a prisoner, or a skirmish, though frequently engaging ten times their own number; never drawing from the government a dollar, a ration, a piece of clothing, or an ounce of ammunition, from the moment they left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, till, ragged, starving, but invincible, they reported to Gen. Zachary Taylor on the red field of Monterey, having added an empire to the Union, is the most astounding martial achievement in the entire history of the human race. In difficulty, in courage, in fortitude, in glory, in results, it eclipses utterly the far-famed retreat which Xenophon has embalmed in immortal prose.

"Every school-boy knows by heart the fascinating story of the Greeks; but few remember the more won-

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MRS. GENEVIEVE CLARK THOMSON, DAUGHTER OF CHAMP CLARK, AND HER SON CHAMP CLARK THOMSON

derful performance of the Missourians. *Mirabile dictu*, the glorious name of Doniphan, the conqueror of New Mexico, Arizona, and Chihuahua, does not even appear in some of our most ambitious encyclopedias. The reason is that General Doniphan of Missouri did not emulate the laudable example of General Xenophon of Greece, by writing a history of his own campaign; consequently, he and the brave Missourians who followed his all-conquering banner are to dumb forgetfulness a prey.

"While I am not general counsel for the star actors in the world's drama, I make bold to suggest to them that if they desire a square deal in history they would do well to imitate Cæsar and Xenophon, and write the histories themselves.

"Who cares a straw what Joseph Addison did or did not do as Secretary of State? But who that has a love of learning in his heart would be willing to see the last copy of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* committed to the flames?

"John Milton wrought much and successfully in the cause of human liberty, but *Paradise Lost* is his crowning glory.

"Lord Macaulay, the statesman, the lawgiver, the officeholder, would have been forgotten years ago, but as long as our vernacular—the most elastic and virile ever spoken by the children of men—is used, the history, the poems, and, above all, the essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay will inspire the human mind and thrill the human heart.

"Every scholar that has lived during three centuries has regretted that Lord Bacon was ever Lord Chancellor of England; an office which he disgraced, and in disgracing which he also disgraced the noble profession of the law. But every scholar—aye, every lover of our kind—in all that long lapse of years, has thanked Almighty God that Francis Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum* and *De Augmen-*

tis, by which, turning the human mind to utilitarianism, he contributed more to human comfort than was ever contributed by any other of the multitudinous sons of Adam.

"The imperial house of Austria has long been a great factor in European affairs. Henry Fielding, the English novelist, was related to it by ties of blood; and Gibbon, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, declares that Fielding, by writing *Tom Jones*, shed more luster upon our race than all the Hapsburgers that ever lived.

"Of what interest to us are the achievements of Bulwer *père* in the rôle of statesman, or of Bulwer *fils* as Governor-General of India? But till the end of time men will read with interest, and women with tears, *Eugene Aram* and *Lucile*.

"Thomas Brackett Reed, that masterful man whose memory we all cherish with infinite pride, was one of the great Speakers of this House, and accomplished a tremendous revolution in parliamentary procedure; but his fame is already a fading tradition. What would not the world give for a book from his trenchant pen, expressing his honest opinions as to the men and measures with which he was associated! It would be a fit companion-piece for *Gulliver* and *The Letters of Junius*.

"Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew ranked high in the Senate, but the best service he could render his kind would be to devote his days and nights to writing a fuller book of reminiscences. Many New-Yorkers would make creditable Senators, but no other living man could write a book of such intense and abiding interest as could Senator Depew.

"There has been much sneering at 'the scholar in politics.' That manifestation of bad temper and jealousy is easy and cheap. On a memorable occasion an eminent, practical Pennsylvania politician referred to an illustrious citizen of Boston, who had been named for a high diplo-

matic post, as 'one of them literary fellows,' with a profane adjective which the proprieties forbid me to repeat in this distinguished presence, on this historic occasion. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, by writing his *Thirty Years' View*, did more to make himself a great, an indispensable historic figure than he accomplished by his arduous service of six full Roman lustrums in the Senate, and of one term in the House. As long as government exists on this continent he will be regarded as a standard authority on all matters pertaining to Congressional legislation. By writing his *Twenty Years of Congress*, James Gillespie Blaine made a most valuable contribution to our political literature, and achieved for himself a more permanent renown than if the supreme ambition of his heart had been gratified by an election to the Presidency.

"Samuel Sullivan Cox, one of the most brilliant of mortals, a Representative in Congress for many years from both Ohio and New York, as well as Minister to the Sublime Porte, and the first man that ever delivered a speech in this hall, may fade from public memory as a statesman, but *The Buckeye Abroad*, *Why We Laugh*, and *The Three Decades of Federal Legislation* will be perused with pleasure by millions yet unborn.

"For thirty-odd years, in House and Senate, George Frisbie Hoar was one of the most conspicuous legislators and orators of the times in which he lived. No great statute was placed upon the books which he did not have a hand in shaping. No important question arose which he did not discuss; but long after all that he did and said in this Chamber and the other has passed from the minds of men his *Autobiography of Seventy Years* will challenge the admiration of his countrymen. His noblest mental offspring was the last.

"His book has been criticized on two grounds—as being too egotistical and as assigning to New-Englanders in

general, and Massachusetts men in particular, too high rank. At first blush I deemed both criticisms well taken, but upon mature reflection I concluded that neither is tenable. An autobiography, whether written by a Harvard man or by a Davy Crockett, is in the very nature of things egotistical; for the ego is the very essence of the theme. What might be offensive or preposterous in private conversation, or in public speech, may be appropriate and even pleasing in autobiographical writing.

"When he came to the grateful task of assigning the status of New-Englanders and Bay State men he evidently took to heart the precept of St. Paul:

"'But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.'

"Even if it be conceded that he did overpraise the men of New England and Massachusetts, 'His failings leaned to virtue's side.'

"For an undue friendliness to one's kindred and neighbors is greatly preferable to jealousy of them, and bears testimony of a noble soul.

"Indeed, he had much cause to be lavish of panegyric in speaking of the men of Massachusetts. To merely walk the streets of Boston and read the inscriptions on her monuments, her statues, and her buildings is a liberal education in patriotism. Should an inhabitant of another planet, versed in both Latin and English, descend upon that city, without any prior knowledge of our history, he would naturally conclude that Massachusetts, single-handed and alone, originated and achieved the Revolution, created the Republic, and has sustained and governed it from the first. If he should read Massachusetts books, a great multitude which no man can number, he would be confirmed in this erroneous impression.

"No complaint can reasonably be made of Massachu-

setts or of Senator Hoar for unduly exalting the horn of Massachusetts men. What I do complain of is that the people of the South and West have not pursued the same plan with their own worthies, and have permitted them to be killed off by the inexorable rule of exclusion. Their pioneer statesmen, warriors, orators, and state-builders were content to do things, great and glorious things, but were careless of what record was made of their achievements.

"The incorrigible New England habit of bookmaking accounts for the fact that her influence in America is large, out of all proportion to her area, population, or achievements. Her writers would be destitute of human nature if they were not biased—unconsciously, perhaps, but biased nevertheless—in favor of New England men, New England women, New England performance, New England scenery, New England opinion, and even of New England climate. Of course the ground already lost by the South and West in this regard can never be recovered; but surely it is high time for them to go resolutely, systematically, and extensively into the bookmaking business themselves. This much they owe to their ancestors, to themselves, to their posterity, to history, to truth, and to patriotism.

"Thousands of statesmen, orators, soldiers, and lawyers have lived and been forgotten, but it may be safely stated that since Gutenberg invented movable types no man has written a really great book who is not still remembered by intelligent persons.

"Macaulay says: 'One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained to the last. The blossoms did not appear till late. In general, the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy

attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness, and as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity, and is commonly withered and barren, while those faculties still retain all their energy. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen, and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth.'"

These words may be applied almost literally to Senator Hoar. From the day he delivered his great philippic against Mr. Secretary Belknap to the hour of his death, he spoke as frequently, perhaps, as any other man in public life, and every word that fell from his lips was read with eagerness by the intelligence of America. His style constantly grew richer, more imaginative, and more ornate, until some of his later speeches partook largely of the nature of epic poems. The peculiar order of growth which Macaulay notes in Bacon's mind, and which I have just stated to be true with reference to Senator Hoar's, is also true, though in a lesser degree, of the intellects of Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, and William McKinley. The feature in which their minds and styles seem to have changed most markedly in their advanced years was that of humor. Prior to their induction into

the presidential office it would be difficult to discover even a trace of humor in their writings or their speeches, but after quitting the White House Mr. Cleveland and General Harrison each developed a rich vein of humor. On his trip to California President McKinley lightened up his speeches with genial humor, which was a grateful surprise to his countrymen. Even on his death-bed he uttered one delicious mot at the expense of his physicians. I hold it truth that this development of humor, in these three illustrious citizens of the Republic, was so much clear gain to all our people.

It may possibly be—who knows?—that these men were dowered with the humorous faculty at birth, but the occupations of their lives had been so serious and so pressing that they never had leisure or inclination to indulge its exercise.

It is a matter of congratulation that they did develop that faculty, for I believe in Carlyle's dictum that "Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius."

The career of Senator Hoar suggests still another thought—that all the world, including Massachusetts, is growing more liberal and more tolerant. As a matter of fact, Massachusetts has always been liberal and tolerant above the average in the range of opinion permitted to her public men. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Boston shut the doors of Faneuil Hall in the face of Daniel Webster, the greatest New-Englander who ever saw the light of day, the greatest orator who ever spoke the English tongue; and that the Legislature of Massachusetts passed resolutions of censure upon Charles Sumner because they had run counter to the public sentiment of their constituencies.

But Senator Hoar's was a happier fate; for, notwithstanding the fact that he ran counter to her public sentiment more frequently and more violently than either

Sumner or the godlike Daniel, Massachusetts re-elected him in his extreme old age to a fifth full term in the Senate of the United States. With her increasing generosity the Old Bay State would probably have kept him in the Senate a half-century had he lived so long. This wiser liberality was not only an honor to Massachusetts and a gratification to Senator Hoar, but is an added glory to the Republic and to the human race.

CHAPTER X

Why lawyers preponderate in public place.

EVERY once in a while somebody rises up and loudly laments the indisputable fact that there is such a large preponderance of lawyers in public life, particularly in the two Houses of Congress. It is a sort of periodical performance, and will no doubt recur from time to time, until the earth shall perish as a scroll. Just now those lamenting are numerous and in good voice. Their doleful utterances relieve them and do the lawyers no harm. So there is no particular reason why the mourners should cease to ululate.

Why lawyers, despite the prejudice there is against them, continue to hold so many places of importance in our political system is a state of affairs well worthy of philosophic inquiry. There must be a good reason for the same, for it is unquestionably a popular amusement to take a fling at them, otherwise there would not be so many engaging in that species of diversion.

I hold no brief for my brother lawyers, but it seems to me meet and proper to set forth a few pertinent facts as to the why and the wherefore of their frequent appearance in public office and their influence in public affairs—particularly of country lawyers.

When a lad attending Kentucky University I heard President Robert Graham, one of nature's noblemen, who among other things taught rhetoric, read, as a sample of exaggerated irony, this remarkable passage: "An honest

lawyer! A monstrosity in the animal kingdom! Cage him when you have found him, and let the world gaze upon the wonder!" No doubt that preposterous libel was written by some knave whose insatiable rapacity had been thwarted by the courage, knowledge, skill, and conscience of an honest lawyer. He was most likely a mental lineal descendant of Jack Cade, who said, "The first thing we do, let's hang all the lawyers"—which was at least rather a drastic remedy.

Among my first clients in Pike County, Missouri, was a certain Uncle Jimmie Brown, one of the modern Argonauts who, in 1849, made the wearisome and hazardous journey across the plains in search of the Golden Fleece, which in difficulty, danger, and importance eclipses the far-famed exploit of Jason in sailing beyond the Pillars of Hercules. He was the first alcalde of Sacramento City; that is, he was Judge Lynch in broad daylight.

Uncle Jimmie, with the garrulous vanity sometimes observed in men of extreme age, always boasted that his criminal jurisdiction extended from the crest of the mountains clear down to the sea, and that he had passed death sentence on twenty-six men. He chuckled at the recollection that the first two of his victims were Australian lawyers, who had knocked a miner on the head and robbed him of a bag of gold-dust—a crime in that time and in that latitude rated as foul as murder, if not worse. Both were capital offenses in the estimation of the "Forty-niners." His jubilant reminiscence on account of that swift meting out of rude justice recalled to my mind the remark of Peter the Great when he heard the lawyers wrangling in the English courts, that there were only four lawyers in his realm, two of whom he intended to hang as soon as he returned into his own country. Whether he put this astounding threat into execution I do not know. Perhaps he did, for while he was a

great monarch—one of the greatest in the history of the world—and wrought marvels for his people and his country, he was a heartless despot, a crowned and sceptered savage, as is shown by the putting of his own son to death—a monstrous crime which is a black blot upon his memory.

But as Uncle Jimmie Brown was a very litigious person it may be assumed on rational grounds that he was really fond of lawyers, and that his flings at them were of Pickwickian variety. The world is full of Uncle Jimmies who, while abusing lawyers as a matter of amusement, fly to them for relief. They appear to be as badly mixed mentally as the boy in Sunday-school, who defined a lie as "an abomination in the sight of the Lord, but a very present help in every time of trouble." The word *liar*, with various adjectives, seems to serve the latter purpose in all the multitudinous disputes in which a certain preeminent personage of our own times found himself involved.

Jack Cade's summary method of disposing of lawyers was crude when compared with that of Plato in his *Republic*, Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia*, and Bulwer Lytton in his *Coming Race*, who, being finer artists than Cade, sought to attain the same end without the shedding of blood, by excluding all lawyers from their imaginary republics, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Man proposes, but God disposes. Cade came to grief before his sanguinary policy could be enforced; the ideal republics of Plato, More, and Bulwer Lytton never materialized, but the lawyers are still with us, plying their noble vocation in every civilized country under heaven, destined, so far as we can now judge, to go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever.

Cade had no idea that he was philosopher, statesman, poet, or novelist, and never dreamed of finding himself in such select company; but to this distinguished quartet

of publicists may be not inappropriately applied a famous couplet, with a change of a word:

> *Four* souls with but a single thought;
> *Four* hearts that beat as one.

Over against the view of Cade, Plato, *et id genus omne* of lawyer-haters, I confidently place the words of Merlin: "While the reign of law endures, it must continue to be far less necessary to the human race to have great painters, poets, historians, and physicians than to have great jurisconsults, who study the immortal code of duty, teach what is just and unjust, what is permitted and what is forbidden, and instruct mankind in the duties which they owe to themselves, to their fellow-men, to their country, and to God."

These words, fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

In the very nature of things and from the necessities of the case, lawyers flourish most, exert their mightiest influence, and rise to their greatest pre-eminence under free governments, for there can be no lawyers worthy of the name without free speech and a free press. Consequently, in this country the lawyer is at his best.

History furnishes shining examples of lawyers in other ages and other countries who, by reason of their genius and their eloquence, formed the decrees of mighty states and molded the political opinions of their countrymen. It is rarely that anybody thinks of Demosthenes as a lawyer; but he was a lawyer, the most eminent one of his generation, nevertheless. Perhaps had he not been a lawyer he would never have fought his far-resounding battle against Philip of Macedon, which immortalized not himself alone, but Great Alexander's father also, and by which he gave a new and enduring word to the literature of the world—*Philippic.*

Cicero was a most ambitious statesman as well as the

foremost lawyer and the most popular orator of Rome. The orations on which rests the towering fabric of his fame were nearly all delivered in political controversies or in lawsuits or prosecutions political in their nature. His castigation of Verres will be read with delight as long as learning and patriotism are cherished among men, while his fierce arraignment of Catiline earned for him the proud title of *Pater Patriæ*—a title more honestly won and more worthily worn by George Washington in later times. Had Cicero's courage and fortitude been equal to his ambition, his vanity, and his eloquence, he and not Octavius Cæsar would have been the first man in Rome.

Other instances of Greek and Roman lawyers who figured largely in politics might be cited, but after all known cases are considered, it must be concluded by the philosophic student of history that the sum total of their influence in that field of endeavor is pitiably small when compared to the influence of American lawyers in the public affairs of our country.

Even in England the lawyers who may justly be said to be political leaders and molders of political opinion are not nearly so numerous as in America. The greatest premiers of the last two centuries are laymen, almost to a man. Sir Robert Walpole, the Pitts—father and son—Melbourne, Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Salisbury—not one of these was a practitioner of the legal profession. Lloyd George is a lawyer—reputed to be a good one. His enemies sneer at him as a "little Welsh attorney."

There are a few great names which figure both at the bar and in Parliament. Taken all in all, I am inclined to think that Somers and Brougham and O'Connell are the most conspicuous of those who have achieved eminence in both law and politics.

Emerson says, "America is another name for opportunity." Most assuredly lawyers, of all men, have real-

ized the truth of that dictum. Mr. Justice David J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, declares that "America is the paradise of lawyers." My brilliant friend, Hon. Frederick W. Lehman, who is not only one of the leaders of the St. Louis bar, but also much of a philosopher, in a recent address before the Nebraska Bar Association, uses this striking language: "This is the land of law and lawyers. And too many of both is the general, if not universal, comment. Still the laws increase and the lawyers multiply. The profession here has a larger muster-roll than anywhere else in the world, and however much it may be disparaged in word, nowhere else has it been so much favored in deed."

From 1735, when one Zenger was prosecuted in New York for publishing a libel about the royal governor and his administration, Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer, offered to prove the truth of the words uttered in justification, and, notwithstanding an unfriendly ruling of the court, won a verdict of "not guilty" from the jury, thereby establishing the freedom of the press down to the present moment, the lawyer—especially the country lawyer—has been a dominant force in our political affairs.

If all that the lawyers have done for liberty in Europe and America could be undone, George V would be as rank a tyrant as was King John, and these United States would still be appanages of the British Crown.

In April, 1775, that shot was fired by the embattled farmers at Lexington which was heard round the world; but just a decade prior to that great day a speech was made in the Virginia House of Burgesses by Patrick Henry, a country lawyer, which was also heard round the world, which precipitated the Revolution and which still stirs the heart like strains of martial music.

Lawyers, country lawyers, dominated the Continental Congresses, especially that immortal Congress which pub-

lished the Major Charta of our liberty. That great state paper, the greatest in all the hoary registers of time, was penned by a young country lawyer, Thomas Jefferson, the profoundest philosopher that ever devoted his life to statesmanship, the chief priest, apostle, and propagandist of civil liberty. Were there saints in the political calendar as in the religious, and were particular days assigned to particular persons, the Fourth of July would be universally known as "St. Jefferson's Day."

Lawyers made up a majority of the Congress which framed the old Articles of Confederation, and of the convention which submitted the Federal Constitution to the states for ratification. Another young Virginia lawyer, James Madison, took such a prominent part in drawing and perfecting the latter document that he is called "the Father of the Constitution."

Lawyers have constituted a majority in both branches of every Congress that ever assembled. A majority of the Governors of states are lawyers, and lawyers swarm in the state legislatures.

Not only that, but they may not inappropriately be termed top-notchers. The Committee on Rules is composed entirely of lawyers, as is the Committee on the Judiciary. On the great committees on Ways and Means, Appropriations, Foreign Affairs, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Post-offices and Post-roads, the members of our profession outnumber the laymen three to one.

When he came into the Presidency Washington found a country lawyer in the vice-presidential chair, John Adams, whom Jefferson characterized as "the colossus of debate," in advocacy of the declaration in "the times that tried men's souls," and "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." A majority of both House and Senate were lawyers—country lawyers. Not having even then enough lawyers about him to suit his taste,

Washington, in making up his Cabinet of four members, appointed three lawyers—Hamilton, Jefferson, and Randolph, the latter two being country lawyers. From that day to this lawyers have held high positions in the Federal government in about the same relative numbers as during Washington's administration.

A vast majority of the Speakers of the House, vice-presidents, ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary, have been lawyers—country lawyers at that.

Twenty-eight men have held the presidential office, twenty-four of whom were lawyers and twenty-two of whom were country lawyers, though, truth to tell, several of them were not very busy with their professional duties—as Sam Jones once remarked of certain church members; but simple justice to their memories demands the statement that nearly every lawyer-President would most probably have become a great lawyer had he expended his time and talents entirely in the practice of his profession. Not only were the Presidents lawyers in proportion of more than five to one, but so were the men whom they defeated for the nominations and the elections. The two greatest men that ever aspired to the Presidency, without being able to secure even a nomination, were both lawyers—Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun.

Of course the lawyers have from the beginning completely monopolized the judicial department, as it was intended by the Constitution-builders that they should do, and we have already seen that they also manage to appropriate to themselves the lion's share of the legislative and executive offices. They make the laws, they construe the laws, they execute the laws.

It is one thing to hold an office and an entirely different thing to fill it. It surely must be that through all the years of our governmental existence the lawyers have discharged the onerous and multifarious duties of high posi-

tion with ability and fidelity. Otherwise the people would not continue to elevate them to high office, even to the highest.

What is the explanation of the fact that lawyers wield such power in politics?

My friend Lehman, whom I quoted awhile ago, says that it grows out of this clause in the Constitution: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all the treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges of every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

His comment on that clause is this: "It gave the courts of the United States a power possessed by the judicial tribunals of no other country. It brought within the scope of the lawyer's business cases of a kind that could arise nowhere else—it married law and politics." Those remarks of my Brother Lehman are clear as crystal. His last five words—"it married law and politics"—constitute as terse an epigram as I remember ever to have read.

Mr. Justice Brewer, in his *Atlantic Monthly* article on "The Ideal Lawyer," after speaking of the denunciation of lawyers, says:

"But a curious contradiction to this denunciation of the lawyer is his prominence in official life. Without stopping for statistics—which have been so often collated—it is enough to say that in the public life of this country the lawyer has been the conspicuous factor. The judiciary, of course, is altogether composed of members of the profession. In executive offices and legislative halls the law has predominated, and still predominates over every business and all other professions. Yet the public life of this country has been of the highest character. Acting for the public, as the lawyers have done in their employ-

ment—and it may be safely said that the scandals which have sometimes been found in official life have seldom attached to them—how can this be accounted for except upon the theory of a general personal integrity? It will not do to say that the officeholding lawyers are mere illustrations of that singular character portrayed by the novelist Stevenson—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—honorable, high-toned, faithful, in one aspect of life; dishonest, unreliable, base, in another. Neither will it do to say that they have been selected for public life only for their capacity for drafting statutes, bills, and documents, their familiarity with the details of legislative and executive life, and that the public consciously ignores the want of character. Nor is it a sufficient explanation that, although the great mass of the profession is corrupt, there are a few who are reliable, and they are the ones whom the public select for official life. The truth is their very prominence in public life, their fidelity to the trust therein imposed, is evidence which cannot be ignored that the profession has, and maintains, a character for honesty and uprightness which attracts general confidence.

"Beyond this official recognition is local prominence. Go into any village, town, or city and ask for the leading citizen or citizens and you will be sure to hear the name of some lawyer. In our New England villages, squire, as the lawyer was familiarly called, was generally named as the leading citizen. This official selection and social prominence furnishes satisfactory evidence that the profession is not destitute of moral superiority, for surely it would be an unjustifiable reflection on the American people that they give official and local prominence to unworthy men.

"Still again, no profession is to-day so singled out and entered upon by ambitious, brainy young men as that of the law. No one is so crowded. It does not stand to reason that all the high-spirited young Americans are

pressing eagerly toward a profession whose practice implies dishonesty. Do not all these things point directly to the fact that there is an ideal lawyer, that moral superiority is consistent with and to be found in the profession?"

My own conclusion is that the prominence of lawyers —especially country lawyers—in public affairs grows out of a few facts easily understood: First, boys who choose the law as their profession are above the average in intellectual endowment. Second, the law, being a jealous mistress, compels those who would receive her honors to prepare themselves by assiduous study. Third, the practice of law trains men in the difficult art of public speaking, particularly in debating—a thing invaluable in politics. Fourth, it keeps a man constantly in the public eye, forcing him into a wide acquaintance, even if he were disinclined toward it—which he usually is not—and a large acquaintance is one of the most valuable assets which a public man can possess.

People are generous to ambitious youths, and praise the efforts of young lawyers, thereby causing them to aspire to the honors of public station—even unto the highest. The glorious hope—

> The applause of listening senates to command,
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read his history in a nation's eyes—

is enough to tint the dreams of any lad with roses and with gold.

That there are too many lawyers is probably true. Indeed, all the so-called learned professions except the ministry are overcrowded — the others as much as the law. Of late years there has been much discussion and suggestion to remedy the overcrowding of professions— especially the medical and legal professions. Conditions

precedent to admission have been raised in almost every state of the Union, but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, a great army of the brightest young men in the land, ambitious and hopeful, swell the ranks of the professions, increasing annually. There is constant complaint, among preachers and in religious papers, of the growing disinclination of young men to enter the ministry in sufficient numbers to man the pulpits. Just why that is true I do not know and will venture no opinion, but I do know that there is no such complaint among lawyers and doctors. Quite the reverse.

CHAPTER XI

The St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904.

MEN seeking the honors of this world frequently fail to secure them. To others, sometimes, at least, honors come unexpectedly and unsolicited. Most of the honors which have come to me I have not only sought, but have fought for with might and main. I never dreamed, however, of being permanent chairman of the St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904, which nominated Alton Brooks Parker and Henry Gassaway Davis, until a few hours before I was elected to that high position. I had been on a long lecture tour with General Grosvenor.

I was one of Missouri's "Big Four" to that convention, and while I knew that my name was being sporadically mentioned for permanent chairman—as our friends, the doctors would say—I supposed it was done by personal political friends to help me along. I knew that ex-Governor and ex-Senator David Bennett Hill, of New York, and Hon. August Belmont, also of New York, were in control of the convention machinery, and would select both the temporary and the permanent chairman, so I didn't bother my head about it. In fact, I had no desire for the place.

When I arrived in St. Louis on the eve of the convention I learned two things from the evening papers; first, that John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, a brilliant man, then Democratic minority House leader, had been selected as temporary chairman, which was right and proper, as he

was the highest Democratic official in the land; second, that my friends in the National Committee had, without my knowledge or consent, set me up as a candidate for permanent chairman against United States Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, and that he had defeated me by the narrow margin of two votes. Really, I was surprised that I made so good a showing, and felt no chagrin, no disappointment, and no resentment. Bailey and I were and are friends. While he was minority leader I had supported him most heartily. He had a wider reputation than I and I thought his election was in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. So, after supper, I was sitting in one of the Laclede Hotel parlors, busily engaged in writing my speech placing Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, in nomination for the Presidency. A large shadow fell athwart my writing-paper. I looked up, and there stood Bailey. He said, "What are you doing?" I replied, "I am writing my speech nominating General Cockrell." Bailey took my breath away by saying: "Quit that; you can make an adequate speech for Cockrell without preparation; go to writing your speech as permanent chairman!" I said, "Why, the papers say you were elected permanent chairman, beating me by two majority." He answered: "I don't want it and will not accept it. I am going over to the National Committee meeting right now and will make them elect you. It would do me no good to be chairman and it will do you much good. You have always stood by me and I will stand by you now." It turned out as he said. They had a long and red-hot wrangle, Senator-Governor Hill and his followers bitterly opposing my selection. Hill objected because he said that I did not train with their crowd, and he was afraid that I would rule steadily against them and might thereby knock their plan sky-high. Bailey retorted that he knew me like a book, and that as chairman my rulings would be absolutely fair and judicial.

He also assured them that I was much apter to knock out their plans on the floor in my capacity as delegate-at-large, where I would have full swing, than if they put me in the chair. At last Governor Hill, "swearing he would ne'er consent, consented."

Senator Bailey has a multitude of warm friends and a *quantum sufficit* of bitter enemies, but not one of his enemies would have acted as generously toward me or toward anybody else as he did. I had done him some kindnesses, and he repaid them in Scripture measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over. He voluntarily and gladly secured for me an honor for which many statesmen panted as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. Such splendid deeds of generosity and unselfishness are so rare in this world that it gives me unfeigned pleasure to place in permanent form the story of the great Texan's magnanimity.

I endeavored to discharge impartially my numerous and delicate duties. By ruling correctly, I temporarily angered a few delegates. For instance, once I decided a point against Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman, of South Carolina, whereupon he got as mad as a hornet and shouted, "You are a bigger tyrant than Mark Hanna!" —a remark for which he apologized to me before the convention ended. Senator Tillman was a quick-tempered but kind-hearted man.

The chief business of the temporary chairman is to make a key-note speech outlining the issues of the campaign. This stunt was accomplished by Hon. John Sharp Williams with great éclat.

The principal task of the permanent chairman is to keep order and conduct the business of the convention. The discharge of my duties on that occasion aided me materially to become Democratic minority leader, and subsequently led to the Speakership.

Some folks claimed that I kept order by strong-arm

methods—which are the only methods by which a gathering of twenty thousand people can be kept in order. I made a requisition on the mayor of St. Louis for two hundred policemen, and under my orders they threw disturbers out to the number of one hundred and fifty, and we had no more trouble. The convention never was as quiet as a Quaker meeting, but it was as well behaved as such a large body of men can be.

If the convention system is to be continued, and I had my way about it, conventions would be held in halls with seating capacity of not over three thousand—one thousand for delegates, one thousand for alternates, one thousand for reporters and visitors. Under these conditions the business could be conducted with some semblance of decency and order. In a convention with fifteen or twenty thousand howling, bellowing, perspiring visitors there is no more opportunity for deliberation than there would be in a boiler factory. There is little hope or chance of reforming the convention system; therefore, it should be abolished utterly, and presidential and vice-presidential nominations should be made by primary elections.

Usually, conventions are as much alike as peas in a pod; but that of 1904 was different—as will presently appear—differentiated by an amazing episode.

But to return to our subject. Until after the nomination of Judge Parker the convention proceeded much after the manner of national conventions generally. While waiting for the committee on resolutions to report the platform, the convention called on several popular orators, who enlivened the proceedings with displays of gorgeous verbal pyrotechnics.

On the night of the third day Senator John W. Daniel, chairman of the committee on resolutions—"The lame lion of Lynchburg," as certain of his enthusiastic admirers loved to call him—reported the platform, which was a unanimous report.

That afternoon he had sent for me to come to his hotel, and inquired if it would be in order for him to move the adoption of the platform and to move "the previous question" on its adoption, at once. I told him that as we were operating under the rules of the House of Representatives, he could make both motions if he was "quick enough on trigger." Governor-Senator Hill a few minutes later propounded to me the same question, and received the same reply. Those at all familiar with parliamentary law know that the ordering of the "previous question" cuts off debate, and that the motion for the adoption of the "previous question" is itself not debatable. To cut off debate was the great desideratum with Messrs. Hill, Daniel, *et id genus omne*. They had secured a unanimous report in favor of the platform only after many wearisome hours of wrangling and debate, more or less bitter, and they knew that William Bourke Cockran was lying in wait, loaded to the muzzle with a speech attacking Parker in the same savage manner in which he attacked Cleveland in his famous midnight speech at the Chicago convention in 1892, universally rated as one of the greatest convention speeches ever delivered, ranking with Colonel Ingersoll's "Plumed Knight" oration at the Cincinnati Republican convention in 1876, nominating James Gillespie Blaine, and with Roscoe Conkling's speech nominating General Grant at the Chicago Republican convention of 1880, and with General Garfield's speech nominating John Sherman at the same time and place. So, after expending so much time, energy, and labor in securing a unanimous platform report, Messrs. Hill, Daniel, and others feared above all things to have Cockran queer their carefully laid plans by a burst of splendid oratory. Early in the game the convention had invited him to speak, which invitation he declined. Evidently he was biding his time, and the time at which he hoped to speak was on the adoption of the platform, about which he did not care a straw,

but which would give him an opportunity to flay Judge Parker alive at the critical moment. Going from my hotel, the Laclede, to the Southern, in answer to Senator Daniel's invitation, in front of the hotel I met Col. William J. Bryan, of the platform committee, and asked him how he came out in preparing that document. He said that he came out fairly well, and started in to tell me about it; but a crowd began to gather, and he went his way, while I went mine without his finishing.

Pondering the queries of Daniel and Hill about the "previous question," I made up my mind that I would find out how Colonel Bryan, who was leading the Western Democrats, felt about debating the platform. He was stopping at the Jefferson Hotel, the foremost hostelry in St. Louis. I did not want to go to his room, as thousands of people knew both him and me by sight, and my visit to him would attract attention, excite curiosity, and start all sorts of rumors. So I got a level-headed man from Missouri, not so well known as either Colonel Bryan or myself to the multitude, to go to his room and ascertain his desires as to debate on the platform. I did this because in case President Roosevelt was re-elected I wanted to save as much as possible out of the wreck in Missouri and the West. Colonel Bryan sent me word back that he wanted the platform adopted as soon as possible. On that one thing at least Messrs. Bryan, Daniel, and Hill were agreed, though no doubt for different reasons.

I am reasonably certain that I am the only man living or dead who heard Senator Daniel read that long and tedious platform to a monster crowd in that great hall. Others—some twenty thousand others—saw him read it. I listened only to ascertain when he concluded and made his double motion for the adoption of the platform and for the "previous question" thereon. The night was hot to suffocation—a hotter one, perhaps, was never experienced since the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. The Senator

was physically feeble—his voice, which, at its best, was of clarion quality, was weak and low—so weak and low as not to be audible ten feet distant. Of course, so soon as he began reading, everybody began talking to his neighbor, and the concentrated hum of voices would have drowned out old Stentor himself, or "Rise Up" William Allen, or William Bourke Cockran. There was no such thing under the circumstances as keeping that vast audience in order, and after two or three futile attempts I ceased to try. By the time Senator Daniel had been reading ten minutes the sweat was streaming down his handsome face and Senator Bailey offered to rest him, but the great Virginian waved him off and read on. A few minutes later I suggested to Senator Daniel to permit one of the iron-throated reading-clerks to read awhile, but he declined my suggestion and struggled on to the end. Then in almost a whisper he made his two motions, and I put them instanter. They were carried with a whoop and Mr. Cockran left the hall in high dudgeon.

As many who read this may know nothing of the technicalities of parliamentary law and practice, it is apropos to state that when there is a desire to debate a proposition on which the "previous question" is moved, the way and only way to accomplish it is to vote down the motion for the "previous question"; but in this case there wasn't a chance to vote down the motion for the "previous question," because both wings of the party wanted the platform adopted without debate.

Many speeches were made placing men in nomination and in seconding the nominations. The best speeches, and the most elaborate, were delivered by Martin W. Littleton, of New York, nominating Judge Parker, and by D. M. Delmas, of California, nominating William Randolph Hearst, the two leading candidates. In fact, they were the only candidates who had any considerable strength. Nevertheless, Irvin L. Handy, of Delaware,

made a capital speech in presenting Judge George Gray. Other speeches of excellence seconding nominations were made, the strongest one, perhaps, by Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, seconding Mr. Hearst's nomination, and William J. Bryan's speech seconding General Cockrell's nomination, while not among his famous oratorical efforts, commanded profound attention and was roundly applauded.

General Cockrell of Missouri had asked me to place him in nomination, which I did for three reasons: First, because I not only admired, but loved him; second, because Missouri had instructed for him by a unanimous vote; third, because I was largely responsible for his being a candidate—which came about in this wise: The year before, I was on a lecture tour in California. At Los Angeles the Missouri Society gave me a reception. At that time the Democratic situation as to presidential nominations was quite nebulous. Public opinion was unformed. In responding to the gracious introduction of the chairman, Doctor Jackson, a nephew of Gov. Claiborn F. Jackson, of Missouri, I insisted that the time had come when the Southern states, which uniformly furnished the bulk of the Democratic electoral votes, with a majority of Democratic Senators and Representatives, should present one of their own eminent men for President. I named half a dozen who measured up to the presidential standard, dwelling fondly and particularly on the qualifications of General Cockrell—all of which greatly pleased my Missouri auditors. When I returned home I found the Missouri press ablaze with my Los Angeles speech and with laudatory indorsements of General Cockrell's candidacy. He was universally and affectionately named "Missouri's grand old man"—which, in very truth, he was. Four years a Confederate soldier, entering the army as a private, he came out a brigadier, with a splendid military reputation and several honorable scars. He was

one of the first to accept in good faith the results of the war and to help in restoring peace and amity among the people of Missouri. Emulating the immortal Benton, he was serving his thirtieth year in the United States Senate—one of the most useful of public servants. A more thoroughgoing American never lived. He would have made a safe and sane President, but it was not to be.

During my speech an interesting thing happened. I knew that my candidate did not have a ghost of a show, but, nevertheless, I did my best for him. The whole performance was cut and dried. Governor Hill and August Belmont had a firm grip on the situation, and were proceeding in a way to suit themselves. I had a Cockrell speech about ten minutes long, but I never finished it. Knowing the convention was for Judge Parker, I did not suppose that the mention of Cockrell's name or my speech would elicit much applause or engender great enthusiasm. That's where I missed my guess and lost more than half my speech. I was running a brief parallel between President Roosevelt and General Cockrell. After a while I said, "They say Roosevelt is brave, but old Cockrell"—and that was the last word of that speech that I ever got a chance to utter. Suddenly there was a roar as of many waters. Ten thousand people jumped to their feet and bellowed themselves hoarse. Immediately ten thousand flags were waving. They kept up the shouting, marching, and waving of flags for thirty minutes. That heaving sea of red, white, and blue constituted one of the most beautiful spectacles human eyes ever beheld. Of course, my speech was ruined. No man of ordinary intelligence would have continued after that half-hour's uproarious demonstration.

How and where did they get the flags? Thereby hangs a tale illustrating the accidents of politics. The Parker men, certain of Judge Parker's nomination, had brought in and distributed through the hall ten thousand flags,

tied up in bundles, to be used in a Parker demonstration immediately after his nomination was actually made. Sitting directly in front of the Speaker's platform, up in the first gallery, sat two of the astutest men in Missouri —warm friends of General Cockrell—Sam B. Cook, Secretary of State, and John H. Carroll, attorney for the Burlington Railroad. There was a bundle of the Parker flags close to them. They grabbed it, cut the strings, and threw the flags down on the crowd below. Others did likewise. The people caught on, and in the twinkling of an eye Judge Parker's flags were waving for General Cockrell. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the New-Yorker walked away with the nomination. I knew I was leading a forlorn hope for Cockrell, but we had thirty minutes of hilarious jubilation. The memory of that joyous half-hour can never be taken from us while Memory holds her sway.

Judge Parker was nominated just before sunup, and the convention adjourned until 2 P.M., and was slow and late in reassembling.

Then came an astounding rumor that Gov. William F. Sheehan, of New York, had received a telegram from Judge Parker—known in history as the "Parker Gold Telegram"—declining the nomination unless a Gold plank was incorporated in the platform. All sorts of tales as to its contents were in the air. Excitement was intense. Governor Sheehan could not be found. It was said that he was trying to reach Judge Parker by wire to ascertain the genuineness of his telegram. Men—even seasoned veterans—were running round in circles. I delayed the proceedings as much as possible in order that Governor Sheehan might be found and be made to produce the Parker telegram. I caused the band to perform until the members must have been fatigued, and most probably hate me to this day.

The mystified members were growing weary of the

delay, and confusion was spreading through the convention, when Mr. Siver Serumgard, of North Dakota, reported the death of Jacob P. Birder, a delegate from his state; whereupon Mr. Russell of Alabama moved, as a mark of respect, a recess until twenty minutes after five, which motion was carried—greatly to the relief of all concerned.

After the recess I announced that nominations for Vice-President were in order. Several nominating speeches were made. Before a roll-call could be had Capt. Jerry C. South, of Arkansas, arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, in view of the fact that there are certain rumors which seem to affect the convention, I move that we take a recess until eight o'clock"—which motion he withdrew.

I ordered a roll-call; but before it began Senator Culberson of Texas arose, with a newspaper in his hand, and said, "Mr. Chairman, for reasons which are obvious to all the delegates here, it seems to me we ought not to proceed to nominate a candidate for Vice-President at this time. I therefore move that the convention take a recess. [Cries of 'Why?'] I think the delegates understand what I mean, and I repeat that, in the present exigency confronting the convention, it ought not to proceed to the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President. We want to know, before a candidate for Vice-President is nominated, who will be the nominee of this convention for President. I therefore move that the convention take a recess until eight-thirty to-night"—which motion was agreed to. Taking that recess probably prevented a riot.

It has been claimed that I never put the "no" vote on the motion for a recess. However that may be, I am absolutely certain that I acted wisely in declaring the convention in recess.

The reasons why Captain South and Senator Culberson made their motions for recess was that Governor Sheehan

still failed to produce the Parker telegram, and that the newspaper men, growing tired, framed up a telegram in these words:

> Senator E. W. Carmack, Tennessee delegation: The Gold Standard is established by law, and I cannot accept the nomination unless that plank is contained in the platform.
>
> ALTON B. PARKER

That bogus telegram was in the newspaper which Senator Culberson held in his hand. If true, the convention would most probably take Judge Parker's nomination away from him.

When I reached my hotel with my son Bennett, who was acting as my convention page, I found a messenger from the Missouri delegation, asking me to come to their headquarters at the Southern Hotel at once. I went, and found the rotunda seething with angry, swearing, perspiring men from west of the Alleghanies. They were demoralized and frenzied. I proceeded to the Missouri headquarters. My fellow-delegates were wild. They had determined, so they said, that if the Carmack telegram were correct, to rescind Judge Parker's nomination and nominate somebody else—preferably General Cockrell—and they wanted to advise with me as to how it could be done. They desired to learn whether I would hold that it required a two-thirds majority or a simple majority to rescind his nomination. I replied that I would rule that as it required a two-thirds majority to give him the nomination, it would require a two-thirds majority to take it away from him. Then they asked what majority would be required to repeal the two-thirds rule. I answered that as it required only a simple majority to adopt the rules of the convention, a simple majority only would be required to repeal any or all of the rules.

Thereupon the red-hot Missourians worked out this

scheme: I was to recognize Governor Dockery, chairman of the Missouri delegation, who had moved to make Judge Parker's nomination unanimous, to move to rescind his nomination, at the same time inquiring what vote was necessary, whereupon I would answer, "A two-thirds majority." Then former Lieutenant-Governor Ball, also of Missouri, was to be recognized to move to repeal the two-thirds rule, at the same time inquiring what majority was required to accomplish that, and my decision would be, "A simple majority." That was the plan fully agreed upon.

The proposed action of the Missourians leaked out and the excitement was intense. In order to work the scheme it was necessary that I, or somebody who would rule as I declared I would rule, should be in the chair, and as it was verging on eight-thirty, I did not have time to get supper, but proceeded immediately to the convention hall and took the chair, calling the convention to order on the dot.

As we were leaving the hall when the recess was taken, Governor Vardaman of Mississippi, subsequently a Senator of the United States, sent me word that he desired to be recognized first when we reconvened, for the purpose of making a few remarks. Consequently I recognized him. He should have had his picture taken while speaking. He stood up in the bottom of a chair, about the center of that great hall, with a thousand electric lights beating down on him. Straight as an Indian, dressed in a suit of beautiful white flannel, with his tall figure, swart complexion, and immense shock of long, black hair, he was a handsome, a commanding figure—one to fix the earnest gaze of every one in that vast throng.

Earlier in the afternoon there was a dramatic performance on the chairman's platform, pathetic but amusing, which never got into the papers. Senator Daniel was sitting on my right, a little behind me, when Senator Till-

man came up in a towering rage. Having read the purported telegram from Judge Parker to Senator Carmack, the irate South-Carolinian concluded that in supporting Judge Parker he had been deceived, seduced, maltreated, and hornswoggled. He had blood in his eye and was out for revenge. Somehow he had gotten it into his head that Senator Daniel was responsible for his lapse from political consistency. He pounced on the eloquent Virginian in savage manner for having helped induce him to support Judge Parker. Daniel kept his temper, and tried to mollify Tillman by the soft answer which we are assured turneth away wrath, but he continued his red-hot tirade, swearing and shedding floods of tears by turns. He had lost his handkerchief and used his sleeve to wipe off his tears and other effluvia. Finally the storm subsided, and he went back to the Palmetto delegation.

Finally somebody got the genuine Parker telegram, which is as follows:

Esopus, N. Y., July 9, 1904.

Hon. W. F. Sheehan,
Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.

I regard the Gold Standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

Alton B. Parker.

Senator Carmack, in open convention, denounced the telegram in the evening papers purporting to be from Judge Parker to himself as a fake, declaring positively that he had never received a telegram from Judge Parker in his life—all of which reduced the excitement several degrees and knocked the parliamentary program of the

Missourians and their allies into a cocked hat. Had the Parker-Carmack telegram been genuine, and had the Missouri plan to rescind the two-thirds rule been successful, much subsequent history would be widely different from what it is.

A resolution was offered and carried, to send the following telegram to Judge Parker:

> The platform adopted by this convention is silent upon the question of the monetary standard, because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues are mentioned in the platform. Therefore, there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform.

A furious and long-drawn-out debate on the telegrams was precipitated, in which several strong men participated. After its conclusion the venerable Henry Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia, was nominated for Vice-President on the only ballot taken.

I was made chairman of the committee to notify Judge Parker of his nomination, which function was performed at his country place, Rosemount, in due time.

Perhaps Colonel Roosevelt would have been elected no matter what the Democratic platform was or who was the Democratic candidate, for the tide was running strong in his favor; but many think to this day that until Judge Parker sent his "Gold Telegram," his chances of success were by no means hopeless. However that may be, it unquestionably put a damper on Democrats in West and South, and brought him no additional strength in the East. Colonel Roosevelt was not only elected by an overwhelming majority, but carried with him the biggest Republican majority the House has ever known. Even Missouri joined the Republican column, the first time since 1868. Senator Cockrell lost his curule chair,

and half the Missouri delegation in the House were Republicans.

As a palpable non-sequitur, I will state that I was tendered the permanent chairmanship of the Democratic St. Louis convention in 1916, but declined by reason of my duties as Speaker of the House.

CHAPTER XII

Congressional scholarship.

PEOPLE are liable to underestimate both the quantity and quality of Congressional scholarship. This grows out of jealousy and the perverse tendency to belittle public servants.

During my twenty-five years in the House I have served with many scholars, but Dr. William Everett, of Massachusetts, was easily first. He came of most distinguished lineage, being the son of Edward Everett, who in his day and generation was one of the most eminent preachers, orators, and statesmen in the land, and whose fame is one of the priceless treasures of the Republic.

It is not generally known that Edward Everett was a famous pulpit orator before he began his long and illustrious career as a statesman. But such is the truth of history, and John Quincy Adams, in that wonderful diary in which he jotted down passing events, wrote down the most vitriolic opinions of men and poured out the feelings of his ulcerated heart, notes the fact that one night he went to hear young Edward Everett preach in Washington, and that his sermon was a marvel of eloquence. It can be set down once for all that anybody praised in John Quincy's diary was out of the ordinary.

Doctor Everett told me of one incident in his father's life of which I had never heard, and which I am sure will be interesting news to many. It is that at one time his father was offered the presidency of a Greek republic, which was proposed instead of a monarchy. This high

honor he declined with thanks, stating privately to his intimate friends that he would prefer as a *dernier ressort* to work as a hod-carrier or a deck-hand on a steamboat and remain a plain American citizen than receive any honor from any foreign king, prince, potentate, or country. That was surely a noble sentiment, and should be inscribed upon his tombstone; but, speaking for myself alone, I regret that he did not accept, for nothing could be more in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, unless for Lord Byron to have been King of Greece.

In the evening of his life Edward Everett placed his countrymen under lasting obligations to him by delivering, all over the land, a magnificent lecture on George Washington, the proceeds of which he donated to the "Ladies' Washington Memorial Association," thereby enabling them to purchase Mount Vernon, and save it from the ruthless grasp of the land speculators and to reserve it as a sort of American Mecca, to which every citizen of the country should make at least one pilgrimage in a lifetime.

Dr. William Everett came into the House panoplied with the prestige of a historic and well-beloved name. People were ready to welcome him on account of his father, but without this ancestral renown he would soon have become one of the leading figures of the House.

He possessed character, learning, eloquence, courage, and eccentricities sufficient to distinguish him in any assembly of distinguished men.

He was chosen at a by-election to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge, translated to the Senate. I do not say promoted, for I am not sure that it is a promotion to go from House to Senate. The district was considered reliably Republican, but Doctor Everett, who was not even a citizen thereof, carried it by a close shave.

In his first speech in Congress the doctor declared that

he hardly knew how he came to be elected, and that nobody was more surprised at the result than himself.

At the time of his election he was principal of an academy for boys, at Quincy—pronounced Quinzy by New England Brahmins. He might be called, and not improperly or hyperbolically, a universal scholar. He had the right to add a string of academic titles to his name half a foot long, being an "A.B.," an "A.M.," "Ph.D.," "LL.B.," and a "LL.D." of Harvard; a "B.A.," a "D.D.," and a "D.C.L." of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, etc.

He had been a professor at Harvard, and a lawyer, author, minister of the Gospel, and an orator of uncommon force and fire. He was a bookish man, and brought into the House the mannerisms both of the pedagogue and the old bachelor.

In his maiden speech in Congress he enriched English literature with a phrase, coined, no doubt, in a spirit of banter, which is likely to survive many political landslides and tidal waves.

Where another man—one of the plain people—would have expressed a fear of being put in a hole, the doctor voiced his apprehension of being "deposited in a cavity."

That linguistic achievement at once attracted the attention of the country. Every newspaper in the land commented on it. Every Washington correspondent was ever after on the *qui vive* to catch some other odd or novel expression from the doctor's nimble tongue.

He precipitated a tremendous ransacking of dictionaries by using in one of his speeches the word "octopus," and by placing the accent on the second syllable. For a few days there was as much debate in private circles touching the pronunciation of the word as there was in public about the interminable tariff question.

Finally, when the debate was at white heat, he arose to a question of personal privilege, amid breathless expec-

tation. A thousand ears were strained to hear what he would say. A thousand eyes were fixed upon the great linguist; a hundred Fabers flashed in air, ready to record forever and forever the proper pronunciation of that outlandish word. The doctor fairly took their breath away by saying, very gravely: "Mr. Speaker, some controversy has arisen as to the correct pronunciation of the word o-c-t-o-p-u-s. I am happy to inform you and the country that the proper way to pronounce it is 'cuttlefish,'" and down he sat, smiling and chuckling, amid a roar of applause that was deafening.

As an illustration of his precise scholarship and his familiarity with books, I had an experience with him which it may be interesting to relate. In one of my speeches I had used the Latin phrase *facilis descensus Averni*—easy the road to the deuce, which it certainly is. The Government proof-reader, who was evidently something of a scholar himself, changed it to *facilis descensus Averno*. As either reading was good grammar and made good sense, it mattered little, but I thought I was correct, and appealed to the doctor. He at first said I was right, but in a few minutes he wrote me a note which I shall forever keep as a memento of Congressional life. In it he said: "I have investigated that matter; there are four acceptable readings, *facilis descensus Averni*, *facilis descensus Averno*, *facilis descensus Averno est*, *facilis descensus Averni est*, but the *facilis descensus Averno* appears to have the weight of authority, and the proof-reader is correct."

Afterward, in conversation, he told me that he had in his library at home twenty-six different editions of Virgil.

One day, when some member was delivering a speech which nobody wanted to hear, Mr. Reed, Doctor Everett, and I were over in a corner conversing on matters of pronunciation. Mr. Reed said: "By the way, Everett, I made a speech in Boston the other night, and had occasion

to use the name of the island where Napoleon died. I called it St. Helena—accent on the second syllable—long 'e.' I wonder if I was right. I wouldn't make a mistake in Boston for the world."

The doctor at once replied, "Oh, you were right. It is the French Sainte-Hélêne anglicized." We sent out for Webster's Unabridged and found that the doctor had told the truth.

Then came a more astounding revelation of the doctor's universal knowledge. Mr. Reed said: "When we were at the World's Fair, among the places which we visited was the art-gallery. After a while my sister-in-law said, 'There's a fine picture of Samson and Delilah,' placing the accent on the first syllable and making the 'e' short. I told her I didn't believe she was correct, and asked her if all the Congregational preachers in New England were of no authority on a question of pronunciation. But she stoutly maintained her opinion. I wonder who was right?"

"You were both right," said the doctor. "It is generally pronounced with the accent on the second syllable and with the 'i' long; but in 'Samson Agonistes' the exigencies of Milton's meter placed the accent on the first syllable, and what is more of it in that great poem the first syllable has an 'a' instead of an 'e.'" Once more was Webster appealed to and once more the scholar from Quincy was correct.

What are the disappointments and accidents of politics to a man like Doctor Everett? Every hour he spent in Congress—however distinguished his services—was really so much subtracted from his own pleasure and the permanent good of the human race.

Some years ago I examined into the educational equipment of the eighteen Missourians in House and Senate, and found that fourteen of them were graduates of good institutions of learning.

At the present writing five college presidents are members of the House: Tillman of Arkansas; Fess of Ohio; Temple of Pennsylvania; Aswell of Louisiana, and myself. How many have been college professors I do not know. In the membership are also several authors.

CHAPTER XIII

Denatured alcohol and Ebenezer J. Hill.

ONE of the bills in the passage of which I was active, from which much was hoped, and which was most disappointing in its results, was the "Denatured Alcohol" bill; or, I should say, "bills," for there were two of them.

From the evidence produced before the Committee on Ways and Means (the committee which has charge of all such legislation), it was believed that by making denatured alcohol free from internal-revenue tax the lighting and heating of small towns and of large farms would be revolutionized, and that even cities of considerable size would also be benefited.

Denatured alcohol is easily made. It is clean, non-explosive, and one gallon of it contains twice as many heat-units as a gallon of gasolene.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it should be stated that "denatured" alcohol is simply the ordinary grain and fruit alcohol of commerce, with a sufficient quantity of "denaturing" material put into it to render it dangerous to drink—the "denaturing" ingredients being deadly poisons. How the queer name of "denatured" alcohol was applied I do not know.

Another fact or two may be of interest:

1. Alcohol can be made of any fruit, grain, flower, vegetable—in fact, of everything containing sugar or starch, and what may surprise many is that rotten pota-

toes, frozen corn, decayed vegetable matter, and nubbins make just as good alcohol as the most perfect grains, fruits, etc.

2. Since the two-dollar-a-gallon tax was put on whisky, July 4, 1862, most alcohol manufacturing has been done in large, expensive distilleries, so that people have concluded that distillation is a difficult and costly process, when as a matter of fact it is one of the simplest and cheapest of all manufacturing processes. Indeed, one big mail-order house advertises to sell a "still" for thirty dollars. Of course that is a small one; but one of sufficient capacity for farm purposes can be built for the value of one big fat ox. Consequently it was concluded by the committee, and by the Congress, that if denatured alcohol was made taxless, every considerable farmer would have a little distillery, and at odd times work up his unmarketable grains, fruits, etc., into "denatured" alcohol, thereby rendering himself independent of coal barons, electrical and gas magnates, at the same time converting his farm waste into good coins of the realm. So with much unanimity and enthusiasm we passed the first Denatured Alcohol bill. Our Republican friends made two campaigns for Congress largely on that bill, as a blessing to farmers, conferred upon them by sage Republican statesmen as proof positive of their love for the farmer, notwithstanding the fact that Democrats had fully as much to do with that legislation as did the Republicans.

Strange and aggravating to relate, the bill did no good. Not a distillery that I ever heard of was built to produce denatured alcohol. Farmers and villagers went on heating their houses with coal or wood in all sorts of stoves, and straining their optics at night by the dim light of kerosene lamps, while they had it in their power to read by alcohol lamps furnishing a light pure and white as the best electrical lamps. Traveling about the country, I would visit the largest hardware-stores, asking to see

alcohol lamps and stoves. I never found even one stove, and only occasionally a lamp. That was bill number one.

After laying their heads together the members of the Committee on Ways and Means concluded that the chief reason why the bill failed of the expected results was that the law required every distillery to have a five-dollar-a-day government storekeeper or gager, which rendered the expense prohibitive to the small distiller. Consequently, to get rid of him was the great desideratum.

Knowing that denatured alcohol is used extensively in France, Germany, and certain other European countries, Judge John W. Yerkes, of Kentucky, then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and Representative Ebenezer J. Hill, of Connecticut—both much surprised at the utter failure of the aforesaid denatured Alcohol bill to bring the benefits expected—made a pilgrimage to Europe and investigated the subject thoroughly in every phase. On their return they prepared a bill which practically abolished the five-dollar-a-day storekeeper or gager. The main provision of it was this: When anybody desires to establish a distillery for denatured alcohol he makes application in due form to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who details a man to make a survey of the distillery, which is to have a steel tank attachment of such capacity as the government surveyor prescribes, to which there is but one key, which is to be carried by a government agent so that the proprietor cannot open his own tank. The alcohol is run directly from the still into the tank. When the tank is full, or when it contains all the alcohol which the owner intends to make, he notifies the government agent who carries the key, and he puts in the denaturing material. As one agent can this way look after hundreds of stills, only a small part of his salary falls on one distiller.

When we passed this bill number two we had no doubt

whatever that denatured alcohol would "scatter blessings o'er a smiling land." But it did nothing of the sort. It has proved as flat a failure as bill number one. Why that is true remains a puzzle.

While these bills were pending, Ebenezer J. Hill supported them most enthusiastically and industriously. I was for them, but not so uproariously as was he. I favored them largely because Missouri is so rich in agricultural products that she could furnish denatured alcohol *ad libitum*. Knowing that the agricultural capabilities of Connecticut are limited, I wondered at Mr. Hill's activities. After a while I discovered two facts which afforded ample explanation of his zeal: First, the stiffening in every kind of hat, except straw hats and silk hats, is made of shellac cut with alcohol; second, that a very large portion of all hats is made in the Congressional district then represented by Mr. Hill.

A hatter came before the committee and initiated us into the mysteries of hat manufacturing. One step is to thrust the embryo hat into a tub of shellac cut with alcohol. Then it is taken out and placed on a board. A person using a thick stick, working in the opposite direction from which a drawing-knife works, removes the surplus of the mixture from the hat. No machine has been found to do that stunt successfully. Doing that, the head of the workman is thrown directly over the hat saturated with shellac cut with alcohol. Because wood alcohol, on which there was at that time no internal-revenue tax, was much cheaper than ethyl alcohol, on which there was and is a heavy tax, the hatters used the former, which is as poisonous as ratsbane, and the fumes therefrom would seriously injure the eyes, nose, throat, and ears of the workmen, sometimes causing total blindness. It was to cure these evils that Mr. Hill pressed these bills with such vigor and pertinacity.

It is assumed that everybody knows that wood alcohol,

so called, is not alcohol at all, but is a by-product in burning charcoal in kilns.

A brief account of its discovery may not be considered as inapropos or uninteresting. Up in Michigan a certain man was conducting a big charcoal kiln. A dreamy sort of young man surprised him one day by asking him how much he would take for the smoke. The amazed proprietor told him curtly he could have the smoke gratis, intimating broadly that the youngster was a fool. So the youngster rigged him up an apparatus to utilize the smoke, from which he extracted two articles of commerce —wood alcohol and acetate of lime. When the first run was made the proprietor received 48 per cent. of the financial proceeds, while the dreamer pocketed 52 per cent.

Most readers hereof have seen greasy-looking bricks in old chimneys. That's where wood alcohol was generated accidentally from wood fires.

Long service on the Committee on Ways and Means is a liberal education.

One night during McKinley's administration General Bingham, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, told me this interesting story at a White House dinner, illustrating the durability of charcoal. He said that a short time before the roof of the White House sprang a leak close to one of the walls, which are three or four feet thick. He sent a man up to discover the cause of the leak. In investigating, the man ran his hand along the top of the wall, and pulled it back, covered with a black, wet substance, somewhat the consistency of old-fashioned "New Orleans molasses"—the sort used when I was a boy. Considerable discussion ensued as to what this black stuff was. They finally concluded, so General Bingham said, that when the British burned the White House, in 1814, some of the charred wood remained on top of the broad wall, and the water from the leaking roof had disintegrated it, thus making the molasses-like substance.

By the way, a few words concerning Representative Ebenezer J. Hill and his legislative methods may be of value to new Representatives in the days to come.

When my father was a young man he worked some years as a journeyman buggy- and carriage-maker, at Meadville, Pennsylvania. Being an omnivorous reader, he was well posted as to the prominent citizens at that time living in the Keystone State. He was fond of talking about Governor Shunck, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, and other big-wigs. When I was a boy he told me of a great Philadelphia lawyer who could not make a speech without twisting a certain button on his coat. When this man was about to address a jury on an important case a smart young lawyer on the other side surreptitiously, and with malice prepense, cut that particular button off the eminent barrister's coat, thereby causing him to make an utter failure and to lose the case.

Ebenezer J. Hill, of Connecticut, an able and veteran member, was what may not inaptly be denominated an enthusiastic and enlightened grubber after facts. His head was a literary Old Curiosity Shop, crammed to bursting with miscellaneous information. But he did not depend entirely on his memory. On the contrary, he carried in his hip pocket a book containing statistics on every subject under heaven; and he could, with those figures and sleight-of-hand performance, prove anything he desired. With that book he was armed cap-à-pie. Before I became Speaker I intended for a good while to try to steal his book and then jump him in debate; but the trouble about that fine scheme was that I could never get his book away from him.

He was a rampant Protectionist on everything except raw materials used by his own constituents in their factories. Nevertheless, he did not like to hear other folks misstate statistics. For example, during the hearings on the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill, some gentlemen—

Democrats at that—were insisting on a stiff tariff on long staple cotton. I asked them what reason they could give for such a request. They said they demanded it on the ground of the greater cost of production in this country, whereupon Ebenezer shot his head out after the fashion of a turtle, pulled his book of statistics, and took the fight off my hands.

He asked the witness, "Where did you find out that it costs more to produce long staple cotton here than abroad?"

"Saw it in a newspaper," replied the witness. Whereupon Ebenezer said: "Your information is incorrect. I was in Egypt last year, investigated the matter thoroughly, and discovered that the cost of producing long staple cotton is greater in Egypt than here, and in this book are the figures to prove it!" The witness was utterly discomfited, and that was the last anybody heard as to a tariff on long staple cotton.

The lawyer's button-twisting and Ebenezer's wonderful book of statistics recall a thing done by the brilliant and humorous "Sunset" Cox of Ohio and New York. Once upon a time "Uncle Joe" Cannon asked Cox to yield him time in a debate. While speaking, "Uncle Joe" swings his arms like flails. Cox, knowing that fact full well, told him that he would yield him time so long as he kept his hands in his pockets. "Uncle Joe" accepted the conditions and started in; but in about two minutes up went his right hand like a catapult, and Cox called time on him amid a shout of laughter that almost cracked the glass roof.

The first Congressman I ever heard speak was Aaron Harding, of Kentucky, when I was a barefoot boy. He was a lame man and spoke three mortal hours. During the whole time he never moved his feet six inches.

If "Uncle Joe" had to speak standing still and without gestures, he would be a complete failure. Harding's op-

ponent was Col. Marion Taylor, who had just come out of the Union Army. He canvassed the district in his uniform, including a military cocked hat, military boots and spurs, riding his war-horse, a magnificent dapple-gray stallion, but all this did not save him from a sound beating on Election Day.

CHAPTER XIV

Lure of departmental life.

DOES the man make the circumstances, or do the circumstances make the man? That is a question which has perplexed the human mind *ab urbe condita*, and about which philosophers still differ. No doubt the proponents of each theory are partially right and partially wrong. However that may be, I never visit any of the great departments in Washington that I do not recall Gray's splendid lines:

> Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
>
> Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
> Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The words "neglected" and "laid" do not exactly fit, but as a whole the passage does.

I have no sort of doubt that there are old, gray-haired men, vegetating in the departments, who if they had never secured a clerkship in Washington would have become great lawyers, doctors, preachers, editors, authors, scientists, or merchant princes. To many of them the notification of their appointment, which filled their hearts with joy, and conjured up before their mind's eye gor-

geous visions of conspicuous and lucrative careers, was an unmitigated curse. They came to Washington full of lusty life, of high resolve, of lofty ambition; they are here now, fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, their energies gone, their aspirations dead, their talents frittered away by service on a treadmill, with only one purpose remaining—to hold on to a job; and, unless dismissed *sans cérémonie*, they will be here when the inexorable and inevitable messenger who comes for all, and will not be refused, knocks at their doors, even though he should postpone his unwelcome visit a thousand years. "'Tis true; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The insatiable desire for a clerical position under Uncle Sam is comparable only to being stage-struck.

There is something exhilarating, strengthening, exciting about being a candidate for an elective office. The conflict of mind with mind, the appeal to the people, the noble love of fame, and the craving for victory, inspire a man to do his best and cause him to grow intellectually.

But the universal desire for an appointive position at Washington—more especially the grim determination to hold on to it perpetually—is inexplicable. The short hours, the light work, wages above the average, a chance to see celebrated people, opportunity to gaze upon the passing show—these things explain it partly, but not wholly or satisfactorily.

Over the doorways of the departments should be inscribed, in letters so large that every man who runs may read:

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Many, perhaps the majority, of the bright and buoyant young men and women who seek a clerkship in Washington do so with the honest and laudable intention of using it only as a temporary expedient, as a preparation for a more strenuous life, as a convenient stepping-stone to higher and better things; for it does not stand to reason

or to nature that any youth of good parts will deliberately choose to bury himself alive in these magnificent mausoleums of human hopes; but once here, nearly all fall under some curious spell and settle down to a life which offers the minimum chance for making a reputation, and whose maximum emolument, save in the exceptional case, is a paltry sixteen hundred a year in a city where the cost of living is high. The ultimate average is nearer a thousand than sixteen hundred.

I have seen men who at home were prominent citizens, successful lawyers, leaders of thought in their communities, influential factors in affairs—some of them ex-Circuit judges and ex-Representatives in Congress—occupying positions in the departments where they were compelled to answer the bell-call of their superiors after the manner of a bell-boy in a hotel, and doing what and only what some higher official ordered them to do. There is no chance whatever for intellectual or moral growth in a life like that. It is at best a species of gilded slavery, differing from chattel slavery only because official slaves are not amenable to corporal punishment and cannot be bought or sold; but they are not free from mental torture, for over their heads is forever held *in terrorem* the power of dismissal—like another sword of Damocles. The civil-service laws and regulations have lessened, but not entirely removed, this ever-present fear, for skilful chiefs who wish to dispose of subordinates undesirable from political or other reasons can always, and do always, find a way to "circumwent" the civil-service laws, as Weller *père* would have said; so that nearly every departmental employee feels safer when he has a friend at court. They speak of a protecting Representative or Senator as their "influence" as glibly, if not as frequently, as in the days of yore, when the spoilsman was no hypocrite and made no pretense of being a reformer. The employee who has a really friendly Representative—especially of the ad-

ministration party—as "influence" is considered by his fellows to be in luck. If he have a Senator of the administration party he is in clover; and if, perchance, he have both a Representative and a Senator of the administration party, he is the envy of all.

Not long since, in a debate in the House, the astounding statement was made that at least ten per cent. of the department clerks are utterly incapacitated for service by reason of old age or other infirmity, and no one denied it. In fact, the latest estimate is sixteen per cent. of incapables. That shows what an amazing condition of affairs the desire to hold on to a job has brought about.

To illustrate: After I had been in Congress about a year, one evening a lady and gentleman called at my boarding-house and sent up their cards. I went down to the parlor and found a rather handsome matron in great perturbation of spirit, and a man who left to her the talking part. She introduced herself as "Mrs. Vere de Vere," and her companion as her husband. I asked her what I could do for her, in as soothing tones as possible, whereupon she fell to weeping and wringing her hands, exclaiming between her sobs, "We are ruined! oh, we are ruined!" After a good deal of this hysterical performance she managed to inform me that she and her husband were from my district, that her husband had been removed from a clerkship in the War Department, and that they had come to me for succor in their effort to have him reinstated. The first thing to do was to ascertain if they really were from my district—as a Representative very soon learns by experience that if he attends to the demands of his own constituents he will be carrying a *quantum sufficit* of "the white man's burden" without assuming any of the loads peculiarly applicable to the shoulders of his Congressional brethren.

As I had never heard of anybody in my district—in which I am well acquainted—bearing the name they gave

I was somewhat suspicious—especially as impostors are not unknown in "the finest capital in the world." Consequently I cross-examined her rigidly as to her maiden name, her mother's brothers, their names, ages, appearance, and location. Being satisfied that she was telling me the truth about that, I elicited the further statement that her husband had been a clerk in the War Department twenty-six years—which antedated my advent into Missouri by several years; that he started in at nine hundred dollars per annum, and for the last five or six years had been drawing a salary of sixteen hundred dollars.

I said, "How much money or property have you now?" "Not a dollar's worth," he replied, "except our clothes and household furniture. Indeed, we are in a worse condition than when we came to Washington. We have tried to economize, but the expenses of maintaining a large family have eaten up my income. Our oldest daughter lacks only one year of graduation at a respectable college in the city. If I could only hold my place till she graduates she might do something to help us."

I then asked, "Why don't you get out of Washington, locate somewhere else, set up for yourself, and be a man among men?"

Then came a reply which advocates of life tenure would do well to ponder, for it is true of thousands of others besides this man. He answered, "Because I do not know how to do anything except the routine work I have been doing in the War Department for more than a quarter of a century, and I am too old to try to learn anything else now." A more hopeless declaration I never heard from human lips. A more dismal countenance I never beheld than his, as he thought mournfully of the vanished years. Yet for nearly a generation he had held a position which thousands covet and for which thousands struggle. The end was woe and penury in his old age.

I inquired, "How long since you have been in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri?"

"Fifteen years!" was his answer.

I said: "I will try and have you reinstated on one condition, as you appear to have been dismissed without fault on your part, merely to make room for another. The condition is this: You must go home every two years to vote. No man has a moral right to live in this Republic fifteen years without exercising the right of suffrage—the right preservative of all rights. Vote for me if you can, but if you can't do that conscientiously, vote for the other fellow. At any rate, vote!" He promised faithfully that he would do so.

The next morning I went over to see Col. Dan Lamont, then Secretary of War, the most affable of mortals, and told him the story, with the request that he reinstate my forlorn constituent. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, and asked, "Do you really want this man reinstated, or are you simply going through a perfunctory performance to keep your promise technically to his wife?" I assured the genial Daniel that I was in dead earnest. He complied with my request and restored my protégé to his place and the pay-roll, where he remains to this day. What will happen to him? Why, some time, when there is a Representative from that district who knows nothing and cares nothing for this man's wife's relatives, he will be thrown out for keeps into the cold, cold world, where there are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

His was not an isolated and unusual case. Without having inquired particularly about it, I will guarantee that nearly every Representative and Senator has had a somewhat similar experience—some of them many such.

Seven years passed, and in the rush of events I had almost forgotten the man, his wife, and their troubles; but in the spring of 1900 she called at my house, sent up

her card, and I went down to find her once more dissolved in tears. I jumped to the conclusion—prematurely and erroneously, but not unnaturally—that her husband had been ousted again. Not so, however; he was still holding on; but she wanted me to secure a position in the Census Office for her son, alleging with a great lachrymose flow that he was going to the dogs because he had nothing to do. I flatly refused, advising her to put him to work on a railroad, on a steamboat, on a farm, on the street—any place in the United States where there is honest, manly work to do. This she would not do, claiming that he had been reared too tenderly for such labor. Thus we parted. He may be loafing about Washington yet for all I know. I suppose she deemed me a heartless wretch, but, as I had survived much hard, manual labor, I did not intend to help pamper her indolent son.

Some one may inquire why the superannuated employees are not discharged? Simply because no head of a department desires a reputation for cruelty which shall rival that of Herod and of Nero. If one of them is dismissed Washington is made to reverberate with lamentations, because there are several thousand departmental employees here who expect to be old some day, and they with their families and friends constitute a vast army. When they all wail in unison it is not pleasant to the ear. What, then, would be the condition of the city were the whole sixteen per cent. of incapables, through age and other infirmities, dismissed at once?

Sensible people will contend, and correctly, that these incompetents obstruct the transaction of public business. That is true, and the evil is augmenting constantly as the years go by rather than diminishing. What, then, is to be done? One of four things: First, retain them, to the injury of the public and at the cost of the taxpayers; second, dismiss them without regard to their tears and moans; third, establish a pension roll from the civil walks

of life; or, fourth, enact into law a plan for retaining a certain per cent. of their wages to form the basis for a retiring wage big enough to keep them from want. The first is expensive; the third an outrage on common sense and justice; the second is denounced as heartless because it is claimed that faithful public servants should not be turned out in their old age to starve. The fourth is the only feasible plan. That it will be adopted in the near future I have no doubt. "But why haven't they saved something against the day of old age?" It is easier to ask that question than to answer it. Why is the prodigal son, and not the one who remained at home and toiled, the favorite theme of preachers? Suffice it to say that most of them—no matter what their salaries—do not save anything; some, on account of sickness and for other valid reasons, cannot; many of them live beyond their incomes; some are borrowing money at three and four per cent. per month. They are compelled to pay exorbitant rates of interest because the security is bad. Altogether, it is a problem difficult of solution.

When that splendid gentleman, Major Vespasian Warner, of Illinois, was Commissioner of Pensions he caught half a dozen of his clerks lending money to their fellows at highly usurious rates of interest, and fired them bodily and instanter.

There is a surplusage of employees in all the departments. Warner cured that in his bureau by refusing to appoint any one to a vacancy till he had reduced his force by twenty-five per cent. He was a just and practical statesman.

Hon. William H. Moody, late Secretary of the Navy, tried, so it is said, to get rid of the incapables in his department. When he was remonstrated with as to the cruelty of removing employees incapacitated by age it is reported that he said: "To give these incapacitated employees money out of my own pocket would be a

charitable, perhaps a noble, act, but to give them the money of the taxpayers when they can render no service commensurate with the pay would not be right."

An investigation is now being made by a committee of the House, and hearings held, in the endeavor to solve this problem. Officials and heads of departments and bureaus are lining up on this side and that. The question is being argued in the public press, and much heat is being engendered. The agitation is likely to continue till a remedy is discovered, for every man who has paid attention to the situation knows that the whole system is growing top-heavy and is liable to break down of its own weight.

There are bills pending before Congress to authorize the employees of the Weather Bureau to be formed into an involuntary association, whereby a certain portion of their salaries is to go into a common fund for the purpose of providing annuities for those incapacitated by age or other infirmity. If that scheme proves practicable it may be the solution of the question as to how to get rid, without seeming cruelty, of the superannuated and the helpless clerks; but many look askance at the plan, regarding it as the forerunner of a huge pension roll from civil life. Indeed, in answer to a question which I once propounded, Mr. Wadsworth of New York, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and chief advocate of the bill—father of Senator Wadsworth—acknowledged on the floor of the House that that was its real purpose.

Here is a case in happy contrast to that related above of the weeping woman. In 1900 I was asked by the Census Bureau to nominate three clerks at a salary of seventy-five dollars per month. When they arrived in Washington I stated my views to them about departmental clerkships, and accented my opinion that after they had been here long enough to see the sights and get the hang of things they would benefit themselves by

shaking the dust of Washington off their feet, returning home, and going into business. My words sank into the heart of one of them. About a year after that he came to me and said that he had just been promoted to one hundred dollars per month—also that his brother had written him to come home to a beautiful and growing little city in the heart of an exceedingly rich agricultural neighborhood and go into partnership with him in the dry-goods and clothing business, as there was a stock of goods for sale on very favorable terms. He solicited my advice. I said, "What do you intend to do in life?" He replied, "I have always desired to be a merchant." I told him to go to the depot immediately, purchase his tickets home, and then go to the Census Office and settle up—that if he went to the Census Office first somebody would persuade him to stay and that he would be a departmental clerk as long as he lived. Fortunately for him, he took me at my word. When in his town three years ago I dined at his comfortable home. He told me that he was mayor of the city, owned the house he lived in, also half of a large two-story brick business building, half of one of the biggest stock of goods, together with a considerable bank-account. That man was wise in his day and generation.

In what I have said I am in no way reflecting on the departmental employees. As a rule they are estimable folk, clean, sober, virtuous, kind, polite, and attentive to their duties. What I am trying to do is to state plainly the sad and discouraging facts as they exist, thereby hoping to influence young men and women who are contemplating a departmental career from afar, but have not entered upon it, to stay away, and to dissuade those who have started upon that life to flee before it is everlastingly too late.

I inveigh against a system, not against individuals.

CHAPTER XV

Physique as a factor in public life.

SINCE the lords of creation have worked out most of the theories which delight or harass mankind, as the case may be, it is not strange that it is commonly accepted that only women plume themselves upon their beauty, and that men don't care a copper whether they are themselves handsome or—to steal a word from Nat Dryden's mint—"unpretty."

If this be true, then the genius who first conceived the idea of putting a looking-glass in the tops of men's hats, to sell his wares, was, to say the least of it, no blood relation to King Solomon.

It may be true that as a general thing men do not care for good looks in themselves—though I don't believe one word of it—but if so, there are exceptions which prove the rule.

John Wilkes boasted that he had one advantage over the caricaturists, being so ugly that they could by no possibility make him appear uglier than he really was, and that as a matter of fact their caricatures flattered him.

It is a historical tradition that when Mrs. Gen. William Henry Harrison took possession of the White House, and "viewed the landscape o'er," with an idea of renovating it, she observed, with amusement, that the only portion of the velvet carpets worn threadbare and trodden into tatters was the part immediately in front of the mirrors in the rooms used by President Van Buren as his private apartments. But then "Old Van" was not only "a used-

up man," as the hard-cider, coonskin, log-cabin literature hath it, but was a gay and festive widower—which is an explanation that explains. Although he lacked as much of being an Apollo Belvedere as any of the occupants of that greatly coveted mansion, he was under the dominion of Cupid, the most inexorable tyrant of all the gods of mythology, and whatever time he could snatch from the serious business of his presidential life—*i.e.*, the setting up of pins, the pulling of wires, and the laying of pipes for re-election—he spent admiring his own foxy face and pudgy figure in a looking-glass. How the hard heart of this tough old politician grew tender at such moments, under that all-conquering flame which has melted us all, first or last, would form an instructive chapter in American politics if we only had it, and would perhaps make the world feel kindlier toward the wily "Sage of Kinderhook."

It cannot be disputed that a woman's personal appearance had much to do with her success in life in the good old days, when catching a husband was one of her chief occupations, and has something to do with her career even now, in the day of the "new woman" and her hideous bloomers.

Whether or not a man's looks, physical strength, and size in any way influence his political career is a question which every boy aspiring to public station should study prayerfully and carefully; for, if he intends entering upon that perilous life, he cannot afford to despise any aids which he can legitimately invoke. If he decides that these things count, he can by proper training increase his size, augment his strength, and improve his looks.

I am not expressing any opinion on this subject, but from time immemorial the qualities of people have been more or less estimated by their physical features.

In antiquity rulers were chosen more for their physical than their intellectual prowess.

That idea still survives in our vocabulary, if not in our practice, for the word *king*, when traced back to its origin, means "one who can." It is the same as the German *König*.

Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of Julius Cæsar:

"Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much. Such men are dangerous. . . . Would he were fatter."

It is thumped into the heads of our school-boys constantly—to their detriment, as I think—that every boy is a possible President.

It would be infinitely better to impress on them that they should do their duty honestly, intelligently, and courageously, in whatever station God may place them, and that the chief end of an American—if not of man—is to be a good, law-abiding, patriotic citizen, a true neighbor, a faithful friend, a kind husband, and a tender father.

Every boy can be all these, but only about eight boys out of every generation can be President.

Nevertheless, the Presidency is the measure of human greatness in this country. There have been twenty-eight Presidents. What manner of men were they physically? Of the twenty-eight only four—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln—were over 6 feet, Washington and Jefferson being 6 feet 2½ inches, Jackson 6 feet 1, and Lincoln overtopped them all with 6 feet 4.

Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln were not only very tall, but famous for their strength. Every boy remembers the stories of how Washington pulled a new horseshoe in two with his hands, and how he threw a stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, a performance never duplicated by any other men, while Lincoln could outwrestle any other soldier in the Black Hawk War. Hun-

dreds of stories have been told of Jefferson's strength and grace.

To say that they were great because of their unusual stature would be preposterous, but there can be no doubt that it attracted attention to them.

James Madison was the smallest of the Presidents physically, but he comes near crowding into the first class mentally. He was about five feet six and weighed little above one hundred. He enjoys the distinguished honor in history of being known as "the Father of the Constitution."

In fact, he and Alexander Hamilton—another little man physically—are entitled to the lion's share of the praise for the adoption of that greater charter of our liberties. By this one performance—and it was their *chef d'œuvre*—these two small men did more to influence the destiny of the human race than all the giants who have lived from the days of Og to the present hour.

And Hamilton met his death at the hands of Aaron Burr, the smallest man physically who was ever Vice-President.

The second shortest President was Martin Van Buren. What he lacked in length he made up in girth.

William Howard Taft enjoys the distinction of being the heaviest of all our chief magistrates, Grover Cleveland running him close. General Garfield was about six feet, weighed about two hundred and twenty-five, and was a splendid specimen of physical and intellectual manhood.

Many people will easily recall the malignant ingenuity with which Charles A. Dana stabbed Garfield's illustrious rival—Winfield Scott Hancock, surnamed "the Superb" —by saying, editorially, "General Hancock is a good man, who weighs two hundred and fifty pounds." This, I always believed, did more to defeat him than his ill-advised chatter about the tariff.

COL. JAMES M. THOMSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF "THE NEW ORLEANS ITEM," SON-IN-LAW OF CHAMP CLARK

Franklin Pierce and General Arthur were the most Chesterfieldian of the Presidents, and perhaps the handsomest. They were of fair size.

All the other Presidents, except those above named, would fall under the general head of "medium" in avoirdupois, stature, and handsomeness.

The historic question propounded by the little boy, "How big was Alexander, pa, that people called him great?" had philosophy as well as curiosity at the bottom of it.

The invincible Macedonian was a small man with a wry neck; while another great warrior, Belisarius, who followed him some centuries later in the same fields of conquest, was as big as the Kentucky giant.

My father believed in phrenology, and the best beloved of all my teachers was a phrenologist. An old, rough-and-ready country doctor whom I kne win my boyhood was fond of saying that he judged people by their "flesh marks"—which was his way of saying that he believed in phrenology and physiognomy.

These things, perhaps, have influenced my opinions, for while I reject the doctrine of determining a man's character and capacity by feeling the bumps on his head, I do believe that one man can form a tolerably fair opinion of another from his general makeup, or *tout ensemble*, including his physiognomy, shape and size of cranium, stature, weight, gait, and manner.

I believe that God writes a legible hand, and inscribes a man's character on his countenance, so that all may read. Even little children can interpret it, and confidently approach one stranger while instinctively avoiding another.

Charles Dickens, a rare judge of human nature, pronounced two opinions on historic personages worth quoting. He said that Andrew Johnson would be picked out in any crowd as a distinguished man, and that if all the Russian people were dressed exactly alike, and a stranger

had to select a Czar, guided only by ocular inspection, he would unhesitatingly choose the Emperor Nicholas the First.

When the Carthaginian ambassador returned home after a visit to Rome, and was asked how the Roman Senate appeared to him, he made the memorable reply: "It looks like an assemblage of kings." But that was in Rome's best days.

Before hard work had shown its ravages, General Cockrell of Missouri was the handsomest man in our Senate. Then that honor went to Gorman of Maryland. He was of middle size and had the ideal Greek head and face.

The largest men who ever sat in the Senate were Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, and David Davis, of Illinois. They had to have chairs made specially for them.

Sleicher of Texas was the largest man that ever served in the House, and weighed over four hundred.

Besides those already mentioned, many small men have cut a tremendous swath in our politics.

Stephen A. Douglas, the greatest debater this country ever knew, was short and stocky. His friends delighted to call him "the Little Giant," and in very truth he was. As a sort of ill-natured offset to the enthusiasm which that title aroused among the people, Thomas H. Benton, when asked if Douglas could be elected President, replied, "No, sir; his coattails reach too close to the curbstone."

Lincoln said that when he first saw Douglas he thought he was "the littlest man" he ever saw.

"Sunset" Cox, wit, scholar, humorist, and statesman, was a mere pygmy in his physical proportions. Strange to say, he represented the same New York district once represented by John Morrisey, who won the heavyweight pugilistic championship of America by thrashing John C. Heenan. That district was certainly experimenting on the relative value of brawn and brains.

One of the most remarkable men, all things considered, who ever figured in our politics was Alexander H. Stephens. He never weighed a hundred, and was sick all his days. In his last years in Congress he was conveyed in a wheeled chair daily into the House of Representatives by a faithful colored servant. But he was a host within himself. Once some big Georgian who was having a tilt with him got mad and said, "I have half a mind to swallow you alive." Whereupon Stephens replied in his shrill tenor, "If you do, you'll have more brains in your belly than you ever had in your head."

Among soldiers, too, little men have held their own. While Maximin, one of the Roman emperors, who fought his way from the position of a private mercenary soldier to the throne, was of gigantic stature, being over eight feet high, and so large that he wore his wife's bracelet for a finger-ring, ate forty pounds of meat a day and drank an amphora of wine, Napoleon was only five feet five, and in his younger days extremely thin visaged. Five feet five are the figures usually given, but, strange to relate, nobody knows his exact stature, it being stated all the way from five feet two to five feet five, though it surely must be that, being a soldier all his life, he must have been measured under a standard more than once.

William the Third and the Duke of Luxemburg, who contended for the mastery at Landen, Steinkirk, and Minden, were small, lean, and so frail that they spent half their time in bed in the hands of physicians.

The physical feature most indicative of military capacity, so it is said, is the nose. Napoleon judged his officers in that way.

Fowler and Wells state it positively in their journal that history furnishes no example of a really great general who did not have an aquiline nose.

They state the further amazing fact that if a boy with a perfectly straight nose is put to studying military

books, his proboscis will gradually take on the aquiline style.

But the most astounding proposition which they laid down in their articles on noseology was that if Horace Greeley had had a Roman nose he would have defeated General Grant for the Presidency!

As a practitioner and exponent of athletics, Colonel Roosevelt stood easily first among the Presidents—which fact was one of the elements of his popularity.

CHAPTER XVI

Wit and humor in Congress.

MANY men in House and Senate use wit and humor as incidents of speech—merely that and nothing more. But, first and last, there have sat in the House six humorists of the first order: Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Corwin, Samuel Sullivan Cox, James Proctor Knott, "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, and Frank Cushman, of Washington.

Strange to say, there cannot be found any trace of Lincoln's humorous faculty in his Congressional career. In speeches elsewhere he exercised that faculty freely. One of his most delightful mots was this: He generally sat in a rickety old chair in the White House. One of his visitors said: "Mr. President, that is a bad chair. You should have a better one."

"Yes," he replied, "this is a bad chair, but, bad as it is, I am inclined to believe that I know several statesmen who are perfectly willing to occupy it."

Stranger yet, there is in Lincoln's Congressional career no trace of those great qualities which made him immortal. What is the explanation? Simply this: Congress did not suit him, and he did not fit Congress.

Rev. Sydney Smith, of witty and blessed memory, once said that when God made the world He made round holes, and round people to fit into them, and three-cornered holes and three-cornered people to fit into them; but many round people had got into three-cornered holes, and *vice versa*, so that there were many misfits. We see sam-

ples of his (Sydney's) theory every day. In fact, he was an example of his own humorous theory.

Many persons who never had a bright idea in their heads, or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor, and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of, the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of "sour grapes." To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dullness. It is natural for jealous souls to belittle those qualities which they do not possess. It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom and that a wit or humorist is lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

It was the success of the theory of the dry-as-dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint, "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!" Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips, for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist had cost him the chief-magistracy of the Republic. But in that he was mistaken; it was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made, and one of the greatest ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of presidential possibilities.

No sane person would elect to be continually cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions,

any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin, humor. King Solomon tells us that there is a time for every purpose under heaven—a time to weep, and a time to laugh.

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear, and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said, "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him."

Wit and humor, like all other of the numberless and precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech, and they give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a "fetching" sim-i-le, a happy mot, an apropos anecdote, may extricate one from an embarrassing predicament where all else would utterly fail.

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin, whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. While the anti-slavery agitation was becoming acute, and the Abolitionists growing strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect them, Corwin—who was as swart as Othello—being a candidate for Congress, was once addressing a great open-air meeting in southern Ohio, and doing his best to offend no one, when a wily and malicious auditor, in order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query:

"Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks, in hotels and on steamboats?"

"Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction, "Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view, which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck."

If he should answer "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes

would be cast against him and he would be defeated. Should he answer "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him.

He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay," but—his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain victory—he replied:

"Fellow-citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!"

The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse, and the "Wagon-Boy" carried the day and the election.

Now I propound to a candid world this pertinent question: Could any dry-as-dust statesman have escaped the net of the fowler as easily and gracefully as did Corwin? I think not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company—with Shakespeare and Bacon; Swift and Sheridan; Jerrold and Sydney Smith; with Dickens and Thackeray; Curran and Lamb; with Burns and Byron, and countless masterspirits of the elder world; and with our own modern master minds—Washington Irving, Tom Marshall, and George D. Prentice; with Sargent S. Prentiss; with Lowell and Holmes and Lincoln; with "Sunset" Cox, Henry Watterson, and Proctor Knott; with Horr, Ingersoll, and Thomas B. Reed; with Justice Harlan and George G. Vest; and with a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets, and literati—not to mention all the professionals from "John Phœnix" to Mark Twain.

It is a significant fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish food for reflection, that the three most distinguished New York humorists were simultaneously located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate, ambassador to Great Britain; Gen. Horace Porter, ambassador to France; Chauncey Mitchell Depew, United States Senator.

It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New-Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments; and he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States. It is safe to say that Doctor Talmage's humorous faculty netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and Governor Bob Taylor's placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseeans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their pioneer, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible humor compelled the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel.

By universal acclaim Demosthenes is the Grecian orator, Cicero the Roman orator, Mirabeau the French orator, Castelar the Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke the English orator. Their "right there is none to dispute."

Who is the American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

The universal gift of utterance in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech; for all use them who can, and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none.

Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith, of Kentucky and Missouri, commonly called "Raccoon" John Smith, because he was

once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of "Campbellite." In our time Sam Jones and Billy Sunday have rivaled Beecher and Smith in this respect. Of course all four have been severely criticized as innovators, but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various measures of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some genius had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of *The Wit and Humor of the Bible*. I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that "curiosity of literature." From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes, I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor, and anecdote—that is, amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meager and of rather a lugubrious effect. They are used most frequently and most appropriately at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform, and in after-dinner speeches.

The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man is that of Henry W. Grady, at the banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York in 1886. It is a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor, and anecdote. To illustrate the power of faith, he told this story, which is perfect:

"There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the

page—'one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood, and covered with pitch inside and out.'

"He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said, 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

I once heard Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart, in an after-dinner speech in Washington, speaking to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this mot, "Since I have been in office I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate was no less celebrated as a post-prandial orator than as a lawyer. Nothing verbal could be more delicious than his description of the dinners of the New England Society of New York, as "those gatherings of an unhappy company of pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New-Yorkers agree that either Choate or Chauncey M. Depew was the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas

Society Choate was down for the toast 'The navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The army.' Depew began by saying: 'It's well to have a specialist; that's why Choate is here to speak about the navy. We met at the wharf once, and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the navy.'

"Choate responded, 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Doctor Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe.'"

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee. By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858. The United States Senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the Presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the Presidency to Lincoln.

Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing, but they laid on and spared not, being none too particular about not "hitting below the belt."

On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whisky.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whisky by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar, and the judge was on the outside; I busy selling, he busy buying"—which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich,

but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general, and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells so much as its pointedness, snappiness, above all, its applicability. Probably no better story-teller than former Lieut.-Gov. David A. Ball, of Missouri, ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that, notwithstanding the fact that they differed with the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many others that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows:

"How would a mossback Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike County an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes, and said, 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in heaven!'

"'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?'

"And that," concluded Governor Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!"

I have heard that anecdote told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, now a Federal judge—Col. David Patterson Dyer—owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican, and was sent to Congress during the Reconstruction period, though his Democratic opponent received a large

majority of the votes cast. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents, and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while, however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection, and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble.

For example, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the decalogue, and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed:

"Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!"

Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied, "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who was never elected!"—a happy shot, which restored the *entente cordiale* between the colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington litterateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit:

"During his twelve years of senatorial service the Coloradoan won for himself the honor of being about the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he was wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern state to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end about the same time, and that not since

1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and, upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointment, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker, and disappeared behind the scenes.

"Wolcott began his speech at once, with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, 'Rats!' Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!'

"The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward the Senator said, 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl.'"

Occasionally the humor at a public speaking comes from the audience instead of the speaker. Sometimes the humorous auditor makes a hit unconsciously. Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures —really "knock-down-and-drag-out" political discussions, but denominated "lectures" because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies—with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Charles B. Landis, of Indiana, and in addition thereto heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion

is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight, from Bryan down to constable—never voted nor thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about one hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise:

One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls County, at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend, Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans with all the power I possessed about their policy and conduct in the Philippines, declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and un-American fashion. After I had been going on for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked, *sotto voce:*

"Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef-cattle are seven cents a pound on the hoof!"

That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western states for the Republicans. I have always thought it lucky for me that no quick-witted newspaper man was within ear-shot of "Nuck" when he uttered his ejaculation. If that dangerous epigram had ever got into print I should not have heard the last of it till the polls closed.

While a man may be both humorist and anecdote-teller, it does not necessarily follow that because he is one he is also the other. The best anecdote-teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last twenty-five years, is Hon. W. Jasper Talbert, of South Carolina, who

will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State. He is a Free-Trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he told this story in a speech in the House:

"Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi*. So when the miller took out the toll the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that, too, and he thought, furthermore, that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home, and fell down in the yard, out of breath.

"His father ran out and said, 'My son, what is the matter?'

"Whereupon the boy replied, 'That old, fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn, and gave me an awful race for the sack!'

"Now," said Mr. Talbert, that "illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn, and now they are after the sack!"

Gov. Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, after several years' service in the House of Representatives, retired with a great reputation for capacity and none for wit and humor. Nevertheless, he told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world. Among his many qualifications for successful public

speaking, Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the bull of Bashan, if that historic animal had ever heard the Tammany Demosthenes. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case. Cockran's big voice was in prime condition, and made the glass roof of the hall of the House rattle.

O'Ferrall, though chairman of the Democratic committee on elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery, until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise.

O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of a story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule, and who was caught in a violent thunder-storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway, except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion:

"'O Lawd, if it's jes' the same to you I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!'

"Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise, and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

The dry-as-dusts solemnly asseverate that humor never did any good. They are cocksure of that. Now let's see. How did "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, get to Congress? He joked himself in. One "fetching" bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national lawmaker. The first time John ran for the Congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and served with

distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump.

General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow-citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember, as I do, the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game, in the following amazing manner:

"My fellow-citizens, what General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow-citizens, that I was vidette picket, and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow-citizens, all of you who were generals, and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen!"

The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he stayed till the world was filled with his renown.

It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the dry-as-dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a Congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker, and at the general's expense. Right or wrong, success is universally admitted to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John Allen succeeded.

Of course, every Representative must make his "maiden speech" in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The Congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his

constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes riveted upon him, but, nevertheless, he feels, as he rises for the first time to say "Mr. Speaker," that he is a sort of universal optical target, and, so feeling, he is liable to an attack of heart failure or stage-fright. Lucky the member who catches the ear of the House, and of the country, in delivering his "maiden speech." He is not only lucky; he is scarce—almost as scarce as hen's teeth.

In due time "Private" John Allen delivered his "maiden speech" in Congress, proved to be one of the lucky ones, and took an instant secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he held as long as he occupied his seat. The members regarded Allen as a godsend—as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition horrid grind" of the Congressional mill. John arose to make his "maiden speech" an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of "Childe Harold," and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The River and Harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time, and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it; but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said, with melancholy accent:

"Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in *The Record*, and insert 'laughter and applause' in appropriate places." That was his astonish-

ing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House—"leave to print"—tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of assurance, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying, "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloak-room for a few moments, to receive the congratulations of admiring friends"—which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloak-room, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends—a performance which went on at frequent intervals, until his death.

The dry-as-dusts are absolutely certain that humor never pays; but here is what I saw John Allen do one day. I saw him joke the House into such a beatific frame of mind that it voted a half-million dollars' worth of land to endow a female college in Mississippi. I shall never forget one sentence in his speech. It was this, "Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, that school is maintained for the benefit of a lot of the loveliest female girls the world ever saw."

Who could resist an appeal like that?

CHAPTER XVII

Cloak-room stories.

THE term cloak-room appears very frequently in Washington correspondence. It is a relic of bygone days. At a time when a man wearing a cloak is a rarity under the sun, cloak-room is clearly a misnomer. What, then, are these cloak-rooms? They are long, narrow, handsomely furnished, richly carpeted rooms just off the hall of the House of Representatives, where the ice-water tanks and the telephone-booths are located, where members hang their hats and coats, and where they lounge, smoke, converse, consult, lay plans, form cabals, seek relief from oratorical bores, swap yarns, and in other ways enjoy and disport themselves. In the cloak-rooms every subject under heaven is discussed, from the immortality of the soul to the last transit of Venus. Many very able discussions are heard in the cloak-rooms. The fate of many a bill is settled therein.

The cheerful roaring fires in the open grates of the cloak-rooms appear to stimulate the story-telling proclivities of the members. Many who never figure in *The Congressional Record* or newspapers as wits or humorists shine with brilliancy in the cloak-room séances. With most Representatives these cloak-room talks are mere incidents, temporary recreations; with some they appear to constitute the main features of their Congressional lives. A few famous cloak-room raconteurs never open their mouths on the floor except to answer "Aye" or "No" on roll-call. Others would have world-wide fame for repar-

tee if they would utter their bright mots in debate in the House instead of squandering them in the comparative seclusion of the cloak-room, where the audience is small and where there are no stenographers.

Lord Byron always contended that there never were but seven original jokes in the world. If that be true, the fact remains, nevertheless, that the variations upon them are for multitude as the stars in heaven or the sands upon the seashore.

I think sometimes that every anecdote told since Adam first opened his wondering eyes upon the glories of Eden has been repeated in these cloak-room "gabfests." Joe Miller and Æsop have been reproduced entire. Even Baron Munchausen is revamped; but if old acquaintances frequently appear, so do the latest stories, the freshest witticisms, the most recent bit of humor. Indeed, the best cloak-room sayings originate there on the instant, where diamond cuts diamond, and where each participant endeavors "to raise" the others out of the game.

Here are a few samples of stories related in the sacred precincts of the cloak-room:

Once in the cloak-room several members were holding a sort of "experience meeting" as to campaigning, when Col. Buckley Constantine Kilgore chipped in with this: "When I returned home to begin the canvass for my third term in Congress, which was a decidedly lively one, I asked one of my chief bell-wethers what my enemies were charging me with this time. 'Oh,' he replied, cheerfully, 'just the same old charge—that of being a plain d—d fool!' which," chuckled "Buck," "was short, but if not sweet, at least sufficiently comprehensive."

Most of the cloak-room stories are funny, or at least intended to be so, but some are pathetic, others dramatic. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, thrilled his hearers with this recital: "Governor Dick Oglesby was an extraordinary man. Not long before he died I heard him make

a wonderful talk at a great dinner-party at Chicago. The company was of remarkable variety. It included several theatrical people, among whom was Joseph Jefferson. When Oglesby was asked to say something he began in a simple manner:

"'I am an old man. You must let me talk in my own way. I was born in Kentucky. Most people who come from Kentucky will tell you that they come from the Blue Grass country. There is some powerful poor country in Kentucky. I came from that part. I was a poor boy. My father died when I was eight years old. I remained in Kentucky until I was nine. Then I started to Illinois. I had a married sister in Decatur—Mrs. Peddicord. I was going to her. I remember the journey through the big woods of Indiana. I stopped all night at Terre Haute. The people told me in the morning I must cross the Wabash River and take a road leading across the prairies. They called it the "Springfield Trace." They said that if I kept on that I would be all right. It would take me where I wanted to go.

"'I remember that when I started out over that road the next morning the rosin-weeds seemed to be about one thousand feet high. But there was just the one road, and I followed it. There were few houses. Late in the afternoon I came to a place called Pinhook. I asked if I could stay all night. They told me no, that there wasn't anybody who could keep me, but if I would go on about three miles across the prairie I would come to a house where a Mr. Wallace lived. The Wallaces kept people who were passing through the country. I went on, and when it was almost dark I came to Mr. Wallace's. I asked if a poor boy could get to stop all night, and they said yes, they would keep me all night. The house was pretty full, but I could sleep on the floor in front of the fire. They asked me if I had eaten any supper, and I said I hadn't. They gave me something to eat. I

remember that I thought they were kind to a poor boy.

"'After supper I was shown where I was to sleep in a corner by the fire. It was in the fall of the year, and the nights were frosty, so the fire felt good. I did not go to sleep right away. Some play-actors were in the house. They were on the way from Terre Haute to Springfield. In those days the actors went from place to place and stayed two or three weeks, or longer. That night the actors gathered about the fire and talked. I had never seen any actors before, and the conversation was interesting to me. I remember that after I had listened for some time one of them, the leader of the party, turned to me and asked me about myself. I told him who I was, that my father was dead, and that I was on my way to my sister's house. He put his hand on my head and said: "Sonny, how would you like to go with us and learn to be an actor? This is my boy here, a little younger than you, and you would be company for each other." I said I would like to go first-rate, and it was arranged that I should go on to Decatur with the actors, and that, if my sister would consent, I should continue with them. She did not consent, but kept me with her. I have often wondered if that was not a turning-point to be regretted by me. And by the way'—turning to Mr. Jefferson—'I remember that the actor who was so kind to me, and who offered to take me with him, was named Jefferson.'

"'"My God! Governor," exclaimed Jefferson, "that was my father, and I was that boy with whom you were to travel!"'"

Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Ohio, was not only one of the most prominent members of the House and one of its crack debaters, but was also a most genial companion in private, and a fascinating conversationalist. He was nicknamed "Old Figgers," by reason of his penchant for making arithmetical prognostications as to

elections, and was also denominated "the Grim Old Lion of Athens," from the savage manner in which he debated.

I had read and heard much of Tom Corwin's famous speech in the House, flaying General Crary of Michigan for an assault the latter had made upon Gen. William Henry Harrison. The accepted tradition is that Corwin so thoroughly used up Crary that a few days afterward ex-President John Quincy Adams, then a member of the House, referred to him in a speech as "the late General Crary of Michigan."

Being anxious to enjoy the speech in full, I went over to the Congressional Library, got a *Life of Corwin*, and read the speech, as old man Harper of Kentucky used to run his horses, "from eend to eend." The more I read the more I was surprised, for, while not a dull speech, it falls far short of the high rank assigned to it by common fame —that of being the finest sample of wit, humor, irony, and sarcasm in our vernacular.

I went to General Grosvenor in the cloak-room and said, "General, did you ever read such and such a life of Tom Corwin?"

"Yes."

"Did you read his speech on General Crary?"

"Yes."

"Do you suppose that it is a full and correct report?"

"Yes."

"One of two things is true," I replied; "either that report is not correct or Corwin is vastly overrated as a humorist."

"Neither proposition is true," replied the general. "Tom Corwin was not overrated, but no report of his humorous speeches, however accurate, will sustain his reputation. His wonderful effect upon an audience depended more upon his marvelous facial expression than upon anything he said. To illustrate this I will give you this instance: Once Corwin and a talented, high-spirited

preacher in his town of Lebanon got into a very hot discussion on the street, and became very angry. Everybody, including Corwin, took it for granted that the preacher would skin Corwin on the next Sunday from his pulpit. So the next Sunday everybody, including Corwin, attended that particular church to enjoy the skinning. Corwin took a seat in the amen corner, facing the audience.

"The preacher did not know Corwin was in the audience, but he proceeded to excoriate him nevertheless. As the preacher spoke, Corwin, facing the audience, punctuated and illustrated the speech with all sorts of facial contortions and grimaces. Interrogation points, exclamation points, and all sorts of points and comments appeared upon Tom's dark and mobile countenance. The audience began to smile, the smiles grew into titters, and at some severe thrust made by the preacher, and some extraordinary facial grimace by Corwin, the audience burst into a roar of laughter. The preacher looked around, saw Corwin, and grew so angry that he quit speaking suddenly, and left the victory to Corwin.

"Corwin's humor was uncontrollable," continued the general. "It bubbled out of him at all times. He was always very poor. In those days a man could be arrested for debt. A great many persons wrote to Corwin at the period of his greatest fame, asking him to run for President. On one occasion a friend found Corwin in a secluded spot, busy reading a pack of letters.

"'What are you doing here, Tom?' asked his friend.

"'I guess,' replied Corwin, 'that I am the only statesman in the history of the human race who was compelled to hide from the constable long enough to read letters requesting him to run for President.'"

Amos J. Cummings joined the cloak-room assembly on one occasion when they were discoursing on amusing interruptions of speeches. Amos said:

"One of the funniest things of that sort I ever witnessed

was in the closing days of the Fifty-second Congress. Col. Charles H. Mansur, of Missouri, had been defeated for renomination. He was making a sort of farewell address to the House. Among other things he said: 'I have worked hard during my six years here—very hard. My labors on the Committee on Claims were onerous and unceasing. I have reported on hundreds of bills. I have worked all day, and sometimes all night. Time and time again I have remained in my committee-room in the Capitol until the morning light streamed through the windows.'

"Just then some irreverent wag inquired, 'What was the "ante," Colonel?' which question was received with a roar of laughter, cutting off Mansur's brilliant peroration."

On one occasion members were relating their speech-making and debating experiences in the cloak-room. Dolliver said: "Among the first elaborate set speeches which I made in the House was one on the tariff. As I was new at the business I had taken particular pains to fix it up in the best manner possible. I had written and rewritten it, boiled it down, polished it up, and committed it to memory. There was one passage with which I was particularly pleased. As an argument in favor of the tariff as a generator of prosperity I drew as graphic a picture as I could of how foreign-born citizens of Iowa would come into my law-office at Fort Dodge, employ me to write letters to the old folks across the sea, including money to promote their comfort and happiness, and how, while engaged in this kindly duty, tears would roll down their cheeks. Just as I was in the midst of what I deemed my most eloquent, thrilling, and pathetic passage Caruth arose and said:

"'Mr. Speaker, what did I understand the gentleman from Iowa to say those people were crying about?'

"The House caught on instantly, and spoiled my per-

oration entirely. It has not been delivered until this day."

Dolliver is not the only man whose oratory was knocked to pieces by the genial Kentuckian. There are others, among them Lemuel Eli Quigg, of New York.

One day, when the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill was under discussion, Quigg was lauding the Republicans to the skies. He said:

"The Republicans rode into the lists all booted and spurred, like the Roman gladiators." What else he had in his mind to say in that particular vein will never be known. Whatever it was, he did not say it, for Caruth arose gravely to a question of information, and said:

" 'I would like for my friend from New York to state when and where any Roman gladiator ever appeared booted and spurred. If such a thing ever happened, it has escaped my attention.' "

The House roared till it was red in the face, and Quigg mustered his "booted and spurred gladiators" out of the service.

Representative John Dougherty told this story about the Missouri Legislature:

"Colonel Crisp, when in the Missouri Legislature, was one of the central figures in a scene which promised bloodshed, but which ended in a hearty laugh and which was the cause of an astounding remark from Hon. John W. Farriss, the then Speaker. Crisp and another belligerent son of Anak got into a debate, which grew into a quarrel. They shook their fists at each other and roared like a pair of Numidian lions. Everybody expected, and many hoped to see, a regular old-fashioned knock-down-and-drag-out fight, which expectations and hopes were frustrated and dashed to the ground by Speaker Farriss remarking:

"'If you gentlemen do not quit fussing and take your seats, I will order the chaplain to take you into custody!'

which so amazed the bellicose legislators that they stood in a state of lingual paralysis, while the spectators laughed till they were red in the face. Humor saved the day."

When debate is dull in the House the cloak-rooms are in their glory. The wits light their cigars and go for one another in liveliest style. They cut and thrust and parry, so that frequently the merriment which they engender causes such boisterous laughter as to disturb the gentleman who is speaking to the shorthand reporters and through them into *The Congressional Record* and to the country.

In the cloak-room one day members were having a sort of "experience meeting" as to campaigning. Doctor Norton of Ohio said: "When Tom Corwin was in his palmy days and his fame as orator and humorist was at the zenith he made a speech in that part of Pennsylvania where Quakers did most abound. He began by telling one of his most fetching anecdotes. Not a ripple of applause or a smile. He tried another, with the same unsatisfactory result, whereupon 'Black Tom' became nettled, and for two mortal hours poured wit, humor, sarcasm, irony, and eloquence upon his audience, who sat grave as a tombstone. At last he quit in disgust. As he was going out an old fellow approached him and said: 'Friend Thomas, at times thee almost made me laugh!'

" 'And why in the deuce didn't you laugh?' roared the irate Ohioan as he strode away, realizing for the first time that he had been speaking to a crowd of Quakers."

Once upon a time, when "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, and Col. Pete Hepburn, of Iowa, had a bitter debate, and almost came to blows on the floor of the House over the bill to construct the Nicaragua Canal, the excitement was intense. Charlie Wheeler of Kentucky wanted to stop the fracas with a point of order, but so many members yelled "Let them alone!" that he desisted from his efforts at peacemaking.

After the row was over Col. M. E. Benton, of Missouri, in the cloak-room gave a new rendering of the story as to the disinterestedness and impartiality of the woman who encouraged both participants in a fight by shouting, "Go it, husband!" and "Go it, bear!" Colonel Benton said:

"During the historic campaign of 1870 in Missouri, when the Republican party in the state split in twain and nominated two tickets in my county, two leading Republicans, Colonel Dale and Captain Hopkins, got into an argument in the court-house, which grew into a quarrel and then into a fight. They were both powerful men and were mauling each other at a great rate. A large crowd gathered. Capt. E. E. Carnes, an old east Tennessee Confederate of giant stature and strength, climbed upon a barrel to get a clearer view of the combatants. Several persons, seeing him up there and recognizing his great physical prowess, shouted to him:

" 'Part them, Captain Carnes; part them!'

"The old soldier took another look at the fighters, and then, gazing at the crowd, said: 'Part them? Why, dash them, I wish they would kill each other!'"

Major McDowell told this exquisite anecdote of Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed and Col. James Hamilton Lewis. Everybody knows all about Mr. Reed. Colonel Lewis is an exceedingly brilliant man, entirely *sui generis*. While he was always whacking Mr. Reed, the latter was very fond of him. Major McDowell, who was clerk of the House, said:

"One morning Colonel Lewis went into the Speaker's room to secure recognition from the chair to call up by unanimous consent some bill of interest to his constituents. After a little conversation Reed drawled:

"'Well, I guess I will have to grant your request, Lewis. I am not so ugly as I look.'

"Lewis bowed nearly to the floor, went through all

sorts of genuflexions and gyrations, and with a graceful sweep of his arms, said, in deprecatory tones:

"'Impossible, Mr. Speaker; utterly impossible!' which amused Reed very much, though clearly the joke was on him. They were both great characters," continued the major. "It will be a long time before we see their counterparts."

Major McDowell's mot reminded me of a passage of arms between Horace Greeley and Dr. William K. Pendleton, who was for many years president of Bethany College, West Virginia. He came of the old Virginia Pendleton family, which has given so many soldiers and statesmen to the Republic. He was an accomplished orator, scholar, and gentleman. During Reconstruction days, when all the West Virginia Representatives were Republicans, Doctor Pendleton, who was a Democrat, came to Washington, and while here was introduced to Horace Greeley as "Doctor Pendleton, president of Bethany College, West Virginia."

Horace looked at the courtly Virginian and in his shrill tenor said:

"Judging by the sort of Congressmen which West Virginia sends to Washington, I had concluded that there are no colleges in West Virginia."

"Ah, Mr. Greeley," replied Doctor Pendleton, with a graceful bow which would have done honor to Lord Chesterfield, "all those West Virginia Congressmen whom you have met are Republicans! They are not fair samples of the intelligence of our state."

One of the most picturesque figures in American politics was Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, usually called "Old Ben Wade." He was bluff, emphatic, dogmatic, and domineering. He was a tough customer to tackle in debate. He was in the Senate of the United States many years, and was President *pro tem.* when Andrew Johnson's impeachment was attempted. Had the Tennessee com-

moner been convicted, Wade would have become President. The change of one senatorial vote would have landed "Old Ben" in the White House. Taken all in all, Senator Wade ranked as one of the most popular of the anti-slavery leaders.

The late Hon. Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania, used to tell this anecdote on Wade:

"During the presidential campaign of 1848, Benjamin F. Wade was a Circuit judge in Ohio. Gen. Zachary Taylor was the Whig candidate, Gen. Lewis Cass the Democratic, and Martin Van Buren the candidate of the Free-Soilers. Judge Wade adjourned his court frequently to make stump speeches for the hero of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Buena Vista. The Free-Soil committee, knowing the judge to be an ardent Free-Soiler, could not understand his conduct and called on him for an explanation. They got it promptly and in no equivocal terms. Judge Wade said:

"'When I saw that illustrious soldier, eminent patriot, and true Christian, Gen. Zachary Taylor, being crucified between two such dashed rascals as Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren, I just had to talk or bust!'"

It is very much to be doubted whether Stephen A. Douglas ever had a superior on this continent as a debater. He and Wade were, of course, generally on opposite sides of questions in the Senate, but were firm personal friends. One day, in discussing some bill, the great Illinoisan said:

"Mr. President, that proposition is contrary to my code of morals."

Wade jumped up and shouted:

"Against his code of morals! Good God! Mr. President, his code of morals! I didn't know he had any!" which was one of those offhand shots at point-blank range which would disconcert any man, temporarily, at least.

Once Wade was crossing the plains. On the train a man said:

"All this region needs is more water and better society."

"Yes," growled "Old Ben"; "that's all hades needs to make it an ideal dwelling-place!"

Of course Senator Gorman's astounding and dramatic performance, as heretofore described, set everybody to talking about the Cleveland-Gorman feud. Hon. J. Fred C. Talbot, an ex-Confederate soldier and for a quarter of a century Representative in Congress from Maryland, a close friend to Gorman, on one occasion entertained the cloak-room with this remarkable bit of history. He said:

"When Grover Cleveland was nominated in 1884 Senator Arthur P. Gorman was chairman of the executive committee of the National Democratic Committee. Soon after the nomination Daniel Manning wrote to Gorman to come to Albany. He went, and Manning took him over to the gubernatorial mansion and introduced him to Mr. Cleveland. During the conversation Gorman said:

"'Governor, I came down to consult you as to the conduct of the campaign.'

"Cleveland replied: 'I don't know a continental thing about a campaign! You run it to suit yourself,' which Gorman, taking Cleveland at his word, proceeded to do. Now be it remembered that Cleveland had a habit of spending a good deal of time incubating a document and then springing it suddenly upon an unsuspecting and astounded public. Toward the end of the campaign Manning telegraphed Gorman to hasten to Albany on business of most serious import. Gorman obeyed, and took the first train for New York's capital. Manning met him at the depot and told him that Cleveland had prepared an address to the people which, if published, would knock his presidential fat into the fire and play the deuce generally; that he had endeavored to dissuade him from his suicidal course without avail, and that he had

sent for Gorman as a last resort to see if he could devise some plan to circumvent Governor Cleveland and prevent his political undoing. Gorman listened, wondered, said little; but, after the fashion of the Irishman's owl, 'kept up a divil of a thinking.' They drove to the Governor's mansion. It was a clear, crisp, frosty day, and a bright fire was burning in the open grate.

"After passing the compliments of the season, Mr. Cleveland said:

"'Senator, I have prepared an elaborate address to the public, and before I publish it I desire to know what you think of it.'

"With this modest preface he handed Gorman a large roll of manuscript in that small, feminine calligraphy for which he is famous. Most men would have been utterly nonplussed, but Senator Gorman is one of the coolest and least excitable of mortals. He read the document carefully, and then did the most remarkable thing ever done to a paper prepared by the hand of either a President *in esse* or a President *in posse*. Just as Gorman concluded its perusal and the Governor was enjoying by anticipation a eulogy on his production, Gorman amazed, disgusted, and enraged him by unceremoniously and promptly flinging it into the fire with the sententious remark:

"'That's what I think of it!'

"Cleveland hopped around like a turkey on a hot griddle, tried to claw his precious paper out of the fire, and only had burnt fingers for his pains. And his great address went into the limbo of oblivion along with the sibylline leaves and the *Lost Tales of Miletus*. Not being able to rescue his document from the flames, he swore and ranted and cavorted, telling Gorman that he would permit no living human being to take such unusual and unheard-of liberties with the children of his brain. Gorman, looking like a Greek statue, said:

"'When first nominated I asked you for your ideas of

running the campaign. You said you had none, and told me to run it to suit myself. This paper would defeat you. I will not be responsible for any such performance. You either run this campaign or I will run it.' With that Gorman bowed himself out, and the world knows the result.

"It may be—who knows?—that that incident at Albany laid the foundation for the mutual dislike between President Cleveland and Senator Gorman which finally took on the character of a feud and which was productive of a great deal of history. What a pity that that queer and unique scene could not have been placed on immortal canvas by a cunning hand!"

The Maryland Representative before quoted also made this statement in the cloak-room: "In 1888 Senator Gorman went to the St. Louis convention as the representative of Mr. Cleveland, with a set of resolutions in his pocket which had been submitted to President Cleveland and John G. Carlisle, and which bore interlineations, changes, and corrections in the handwriting of those two great tariff reformers. Arrived in St. Louis, Gorman offered these resolutions to the committee on resolutions, of which he was a member, as the platform of his party. He was antagonized by Col. Henry Watterson, who had also gone to the convention with a ready-made platform in his pocket. He and Gorman locked horns, and a battle royal ensued. Watterson won out by one majority in the committee on resolutions, the Kentuckian's platform was adopted by the convention, and upon it President Cleveland went down to defeat. In the debate in the committee Senator Gorman stated that his resolutions had been indorsed and amended by Cleveland and Carlisle. Some incense-burner did not believe this, and telegraphed to those two worthies at Washington to find out. Carlisle could not be found, and his secretary telegraphed, signing Carlisle's name, declaring that he did

not remember or know anything about it, and Cleveland has never answered to this day. Senator Gorman still has his original resolutions bearing the alterations of Cleveland and Carlisle."

It's an accepted saying that old soldiers like to fight their battles o'er again. Consequently, when I run across a veteran of the Civil War I interrogate him as to his experiences during that calamitous but heroic epoch in our history.

Young Gen. John B. Clark of Missouri was a Confederate brigadier by the time he could sport a mustache, was ten years a Member of Congress, six years clerk of the House, and for many years filled a high and responsible position in the Treasury Department.

Some years since I ran across him at a place where we both had some enforced leisure, and to overcome his natural modesty and to induce him to talk of his military life, I said: "General, were you ever wounded during the war?" "Yes; several times," he replied, "and the worst I was hurt was by a wound in the groin from a spent grape-shot which neither broke the skin nor drew a drop of blood. It made a black spot about as big as a walnut, which suppurated, and kept me in the hospital several months.

"At Lexington, Missouri, I received a wound which did not disable me in the least, but which made me bleed like a stuck pig, and which came within a Georgetown graze of nipping my military career in the bud. It is amusing to recall it now, but if the bullet had gone two inches farther to the right I would not be here to tell the tale.

"The Union troops under General Mulligan, a brave and gallant officer, were well intrenched on top of a hill and armed with the best long-range rifle then known among men. Gen. Sterling Price, as fine a man as ever lived, commanded the Confederates, not one in fifty of

whom had a rifle. Therefore we were at vast disadvantage. About two hundred yards in front, toward Mulligan's fortifications, stood an old church. General Price ordered me to take a squad of men and two old brass cannon, and take shelter behind the church, and when I got a chance to take a shot at the fortifications. I obeyed orders, but every time we ran one of the cannon out from behind the church a tall, handsome Union soldier, particularly noticeable by reason of his long, black, curly hair and his red shirt, would appear on the parapet of the fort and pick off one of my men. I had a fine rifle which Gen. Ben McCullough had presented to me, and I concluded to try it on that Union crack shot. From the church there was a tall plank fence, which was tolerably close to the fort. Weeds grew along the fence taller than my head. So I thought I would slip along under cover of the weeds and fence and perhaps get a chance to pick off the black-haired, red-shirted Union sharpshooter. I got as near as I could, and thought I was unobserved. I took a top plank for a rest, cocked my rifle, and waited. Out came the man with the red shirt, but instead of firing at my men at the church, to my surprise he turned and blazed away at me. We fired simultaneously, and the reports of the two guns appeared to be only one. He shot the lobe of my left ear off. I went back to my men covered with blood, and they had a good deal of fun at my expense about going out gunning for a fellow and catching it in the ear myself."

"General, what became of the handsome soldier with the red shirt and the raven locks?" I asked. "I don't know, but he never appeared on that parapet any more," replied the general, grimly.

Patriotism is oftener the theme in Washington than in any other place within the broad confines of this puissant Republic, and the Stars and Stripes are more in evidence. This is but natural, for everywhere in "the finest capital

of the world" are the monuments of our greatness. The first object that greets the eyes of the Washingtonian upon arising from his virtuous couch is the splendid shaft erected to the memory of the Father of his Country. The effigy of the immortal George is seen on every hand and upon everything—stamps, books, periodicals, street-car tickets, and, prior to prohibition, even upon beer-barrels, kegs, and bottles. The denizen of that delightful city can't look about him without seeing Old Glory floating proudly to the breeze. He can't walk three hundred yards without looking upon some American who won renown by land or sea—in war or the paths of peace. The "oldest inhabitant" has heard all the great orators, from Daniel Webster to Senators Borah and Reed, and witnessed more patriotic processions than any Roman who dwelt upon any of the seven hills famed in story and in song. The two Houses of Congress are schools of patriotism to the Washingtonians, and they scarcely finish up one inaugural show until they begin to lay plans for another. And, truth to tell, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as the marshal of an inaugural parade. Perhaps it is a good thing that he wasn't.

The very fact that the Washingtonian cannot vote appears to increase his fondness for talking politics. He delights to describe the stirring scenes, all of which he saw and part of which he was. Consequently it happens that politics is the resounding theme of every Washingtonian's tongue. If you appear at all sociable, the artist who shaves you, or the gentleman who blacks your boots, will open up a cheerful conversation as to our status as a world Power or swap opinions with you as to the fate of the pending bill, whatever it may be.

To the average Washingtonian "the old flag and an appropriation" are things inseparable, for sixty per cent. of him somehow gets a living out of Uncle Sam.

But patriotism—and of the most ultra type—is found

elsewhere, as the following anecdote, contributed to cloak-room séances by Mr. Braezeale of Louisiana, will show:

"There exists in Louisiana a law requiring a United States flag to float over each court-house while the state court is in session. This statute was placed upon the statute-books in Reconstruction days, but it is now entirely obsolete, few lawyers or judges even being aware of its existence.

"Some few years ago a venerable and eminent lawyer, an ex-justice of the Supreme Court of the state, was employed as counsel in an important case to be tried in a small town in the interior of the state. The day of trial came on, and the justice found himself unprepared for trial because of the absence of an important and material witness. He was extremely anxious for a trial, but could not risk it without his witness, whose voluntary attendance he had depended upon, omitting to have him legally subpenaed. Opposing counsel, learning of his adversary's predicament, insisted on a trial, and for hours the battle raged, every resource of an able lawyer was exhausted, and finally the trial judge, being about to rule the case to immediate trial, the ex-justice bethought him of this ancient statute and invoked its protection, insisting that his sense of patriotism forbade him from trying a case in a court-house which did not fly from its cupola the emblem of our country's greatness. A more patriotic and eloquent speech was never before heard within the walls of that little court-house than that delivered by this eloquent jurist, whose reputation as an unreconstructed rebel was a household word throughout the state. As he closed his matchless peroration and turned to take his seat, he saw coming into the court-room his delayed witness. Immediately addressing the court, he said, 'May it please your Honor, I believe, however, that my outraged feelings will be assuaged and my patriotism satisfied if, instead of the flag being raised, your Honor

will instruct the high sheriff to step to the window and whistle a bar of "Yankee Doodle."'"

Judge John C. Bell, of Colorado, one of the most capable men in the House, was not much given to story-telling. He is a close blood relation to John Bell, of Tennessee, who ran for President in 1860. Before coming to Congress, Judge Bell was for many years on the Circuit bench of his state, and is on all hands regarded as a first-class lawyer.

He told me in the cloak-room the following story of Mr. Reed and Hon. James B. Belford, who was for years in Congress and won for himself the unique sobriquet of "the Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies." Belford was an orator of surpassing force and fire. Only a few years ago his name was in the papers almost constantly. Judge Bell says:

"Prior to the adoption of the Reed rules in the 'eighties the Republicans had a small majority in the House and had a bill to the voting-point that the Democrats opposed. When a roll would be called no Democrat would vote, and with a few absent and a few obstreperous Republicans, this left the House without a voting quorum. Under the old rules no one could be counted for a quorum except those voting.

"A coterie of Republicans got their heads together and agreed that they must adopt some means to smoke the Democrats out of their dumb condition, as for days they had sat like Quakers, never saying a word except to suggest that no quorum had voted. There was a consensus of opinion that the eloquent and brilliant James B. Belford, of Colorado, was the most polished and effective browbeater in the House, and if any one could drive the Democrats back to their speech Belford was the man.

"He had taken several days to prepare a speech of withering sarcasm. He took his place at the head of the central aisle, between the Democratic and Republican

sides. For some reason Mr. Reed had not been taken into the scheme, and as Mr. Belford started in at the head of the aisle Mr. Reed wabbled in from the lobby and stood at the foot of the center aisle with his hands locked behind him, his mouth hanging open, and looking at the Speaker and the Democratic members in blank astonishment. The Democrats were so still that one could have heard a pin drop. Mr. Belford charged down the aisle, shaking his fist at the Democrats and saying:

"'The people of the country are suffering for Congressional aid, and we have appealed to you, begged of you, and prayed that you would wake up from your lethargy and allow us to relieve their distress, but there you sit, silent, dumb, speechless.'

"'N-o-o,' said Mr. Reed, in his droll way, 'they are not saying a darned word.'

"The House and galleries broke into hysterical laughter, rested, and laughed again and again. Mr. Belford coughed, stammered, tried to talk, failed, broke into an embarrassed chuckle, made a swinging bow to Mr. Reed, took his seat, and that great speech has not up to this time been delivered."

All of Mr. Reed's sayings were not sarcastic. He was generous in recognizing merit. The green-eyed monster did not bother him. It was told about the Capitol that when he first heard Hon. Evan Settle, of the Ashland district, the old Henry Clay district, speak, Mr. Reed said:

"My God! Don't they raise anything but orators in the Ashland district?"

Judge Bell of Colorado told a rich story of Hon. Horace A. A. Tabor, once Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, and a Senator of the United States for thirty days.

Tabor got rich suddenly and immensely in mining operations. Then he plunged into politics and cut a tremendous splurge. During his stay in Washington the newspapers astounded the country by publishing a story

to the effect that Senator Tabor arrayed his manly form at night in a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar nightshirt. He was a generous, whole-souled fellow, willing to help almost anybody, went broke, and died while postmaster at Denver.

Judge Bell says: "Just before Senator Tabor left Washington at the end of his brief senatorial term he gave a banquet to his friends—a banquet which Lucullus would have envied. At the conclusion a guest arose, glass in hand, and proposed this toast:

"'Our host! This nectar is fit for the gods!'

"Of course it was received with great éclat. Tabor was not up in fine words, but the toast was drunk with so much enthusiasm that he concluded it was a good thing and that he would work it off as original. So shortly after his return to Denver he was a guest at a great banquet. At the conclusion he brought down the house by proposing this toast, 'Our host! This necktie is good enough for the gods!'"

Good American citizens probably differ more widely concerning the righteousness of prohibition than they do upon any other question ever brought before them. Even slavery did not engender more heat. Kansas has had it on her hands for nearly a generation. It has wrecked many political fortunes and many business careers. Men have fought it, and ruined themselves thereby. Others have indorsed it and gone down for so doing. Still others have dodged it, and also perished. On the contrary, some have ridden into power by fighting it, others by advocating it, still others by dodging it.

The vitriolic Senator Ingalls was always caustic and epigrammatic. When in the heyday of his popularity, somebody asked how prohibition worked in Kansas.

"Oh, first rate," he replied. "The prohibitionists have all the law they want; the other fellows have all the whisky they want. Consequently everybody is happy," which sneer helped to retire Ingalls to private life.

Few men have served in either House of Congress whose smart sayings are more frequently quoted in private conversations than those of John James Ingalls. They are not humorous, but are sarcastic. The one most frequently repeated as a sample of his utterances is this: One day a stately Senator whom Ingalls did not like was walking up and down in the area back of the Senate chairs, whereupon Ingalls sneeringly said:

"There goes a man who thinks he's thinking."

Col. John T. Crisp, of Independence, Missouri, was one of the most interesting characters in American politics. He was a Confederate soldier and was built on the pattern of Sir John Falstaff. He was an orator of force and fire. As a swearer of strange oaths he could give "our army in Flanders" pointers and then beat them at the sulphurous game. He was as humorous as Mark Twain, as witty as Artemus Ward, and as sarcastic as John James Ingalls.

Senator William Joel Stone set the cloak-room in a roar telling this tale about Colonel Crisp:

"On one occasion Colonel Crisp made a speech at Holden, Missouri. When he got through he received many congratulations. One old fellow was especially enthusiastic, hugged Crisp, and swore that Crisp's speech was the greatest since the days of Patrick Henry—indeed, since the time of Demosthenes and Cicero. Crisp was much pleased and thanked his admirer profusely.

"'Where do you speak next?' inquired the old man.

"'At Warrensburg, to-night,' replied the colonel. Now Warrensburg is about fifteen or twenty miles from Holden. When Crisp arose to begin his speech, to his surprise and displeasure he saw his ardent admirer occupying a front seat. So he changed the order of his remarks, but delivered substantially the same speech as at Holden. At its conclusion his enthusiastic auditor came forward and showered Crisp with compliments, finishing up by asking:

"'Colonel, where do you speak to-morrow?'

"'At Webb City,' answered Crisp, which was about one hundred miles away. When he began his Webb City speech the first man Crisp clapped his eyes on was the same old man, a sight which filled him to bursting with disgust. He chopped his speech up, put the last part foremost, the first part hindmost, and did his everlasting best to appear to deliver a new speech. At the finish his enthusiastic friend rushed up, slapped him on the back, and said:

"'Great, Colonel! Greatest ever delivered; beats your Holden and Warrensburg speeches all hollow; never enjoyed myself so much in my life. My dear Colonel, where do you speak next?'

"Crisp, wild with anger, could hold in no longer, and roared at his persecutor:

"'I speak next in sheol, you blanked, blanked old fool! And I hope that the first blanked, blanked idiot I see sizzling in the bottomless pits will be you, you blanked, blanked rascal!'"

CHAPTER XVIII

Heredity in American politics.

"IS there any such thing as heredity in American politics?" is a question which affords food for reflection to sociologists, philosophers, and statesmen. Evidently Thomas Jefferson did not intend there should be, for the entire theory of our institutions is bottomed on his famous dictum, "All men are created equal." He never meant, as some hypercritical persons who were either very stupid or decidedly uncandid have tried to make it appear, that all men have the same endowments of mind, soul, and body.

Such an assumption would have been preposterous, and most assuredly Jefferson did not deal in the preposterous. With his exquisite intellect, he could not have thought that the chances of all men for political preferment are equal. He understood too well the philosophy of environment and how great a part luck or accident plays in the affairs of men.

What he meant, and all that he meant, was that all men are endowed by nature with equal political rights, and I am inclined to think he used "men" as a generic term, like the Latin *homo*, including the women also. His immortal saying contains the entire motive power of that leveling process which has been abroad in the world for more than a century.

It is fatal to the theory of aristocracy.

It rejects the idea of hereditary honors; and yet we see hereditary political honors more and more in vogue

in this land of universal male suffrage. If the sins of the fathers are to be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation, it is by no means strange that their talents and virtues should also be transmitted, and that the children should be the beneficiaries to some extent, at least, of the honors and friendships of their progenitors. Is there any such thing as heredity in the human family?

Psychologists have wrangled about that always, and will continue to do so to the end of time. I believe that not only talents and physical traits are transmitted from father to son, but manners, tastes, inclinations, and aptitudes. "The Hapsburg lip" is a recognized feature of the late reigning family of Austria-Hungary. Why can't mental characteristics descend as well as physical? Astronomer Proctor, in his explorations into the realm of mathematics, figuring on the doctrine of chances, ciphered it out some years ago that only one royal flush—whatever that may be—would be held in a million hands in the game of draw-poker.

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When the Constitution was adopted, so thoroughly did the idea of hereditary political honors appear to be exploded in this country that the prophet would have been hooted at who predicted that in the first century of constitutional government a father and a son of one family and a grandfather and grandson of another would all be Presidents of the Republic, while the sons of two other Presidents would be mentioned as a possible presidential team. It is true that John Quincy Adams was an abler man than old John, and that Gen. Benjamin Harrison easily outclassed Gen. William Henry Harrison. But no man who regards truth, and who takes cognizance of the doctrine of cause and effect, will for one moment believe that the younger Adams and the younger Harrison would ever have been President had not their illustrious ancestors held that exalted station. "Grandfather's hat" was

a great thing for paragraphers and cartoonists, and furnished the world with lots of fun in 1888, but it stirred the heart of many an old Whig who could remember the log-cabin campaign and the rhyming battle of

Tippecanoe
And Tyler, too.

Perhaps—who knows?—it was the straw that turned the scale against the New-Yorker and in favor of the Hoosier.

This is a country where men are elected to office solely on their merits, and the son of the lowliest has equal chances with the son of the greatest. That is the way we say—but is it true?

John Adams, and Abigail, his wife, transmitted their talents, tastes, and ambitions farther than any other pair in American history. They must have been an ideally mated couple. Two Adamses, John and John Quincy, were Presidents. These two, and Charles Francis, son of John Quincy, were Ministers to the Court of St. James's.

Charles Francis was the Free-Soil candidate for Vice-President with Martin Van Buren in 1848, and came near capturing the Liberal Republican nomination for the Presidency which Horace Greeley received in 1872. A great many wise men believe to this day that if he had been nominated instead of the "Sage of Chappaqua," he would have been elected.

His son, John Quincy, had been the Democratic nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, and Gen. Charles Francis Adams, who recently died, was a man of extraordinary parts.

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Besides those already mentioned, there are many other instances in our annals where the tendency toward political life and the ability to succeed therein have descended

from father to son. In all fairness it should be stated that in many cases the sons are of greater ability than their fathers.

In ante-bellum days it was common enough for sons ultimately to succeed their fathers as the representatives of Southern constituencies.

The two Dodges—the father from Wisconsin and the son from Iowa—sat side by side in the Senate of the United States before the war.

For many years—indeed, as the Romans would have said, *ab urbe condita*—the senatorial office in Delaware was hereditary in the Bayard and Saulsbury families.

Four Bayards have sat in the Senate—James A., his two sons, Richard B. and James A., Jr., and James A. Jr.'s son, Thomas F. The last named was sworn in just as his father's term expired. He was ambassador to the Court of St. James's, after having been Secretary of State.

His grandfather, James A., who was the founder of the dynasty, and who succeeded his own father-in-law in the Senate, served as one of the commissioners to Ghent, and declined the missions to both France and Russia.

The strange spectacle was once presented in the land of the "Blue Hen's Chickens" of three Saulsbury brothers being candidates for the United States Senate against one another. One of them did actually succeed the other. The son of one of the three has just retired from the Senate.

Eli Saulsbury always boasted that he was the only man who ever served more than six years on one election to the Senate. This is how he did it: When the hands of the clock marked the hour of twelve noon—at which time his term expired—he was up making a speech, and they couldn't choke him off till he had spoken twenty minutes beyond his senatorial life.

This triangular fight of the Saulsbury brothers was paralleled in Tennessee, when Bob Taylor was the Demo-

cratic nominee for Governor, his brother Alf the Republican nominee, and their father the Prohibition nominee. Some wag proposed to have Mother Taylor nominated as the Woman Suffrage candidate.

Senator Nat Claiborn once ran against and defeated his father for the Virginia Legislature.

Judge Jeremiah S. Black, in his younger days was nominated against his father for Congress, but declined, very much to his own honor.

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Missouri has the distinction of having among her governors a father and son—the Marmadukes—and she fondly cherishes the memories of both. Indeed, by affinity and consanguinity that family has furnished three governors, for Hon. Claiborn F. Jackson married seriatim three sisters, maternal aunts of Gen. John S. Marmaduke. It is commonly reported that when he asked old Doctor Sappington for his third daughter the knight of the pills replied, "All right, Claib, take her, but for Heaven's sake don't come back for the old woman."

In comparatively recent years Simon Cameron, while he was sure of the Pennsylvania machine, resigned a seat in the Senate in the middle of his term, in order to have his son Don elected as his successor. Simon had also been Secretary of War and Minister to Russia. But Don was by no means obscure when he succeeded to the curule chair of his wily sire, for he had been Secretary of War under Grant—which place, however, he most likely obtained out of a desire on the President's part to please "the Winnebago Chieftain," as the head of the Clan Cameron was dubbed.

Two sayings of the elder Cameron are not inapropos. Once he remarked, "I had one great advantage over Don —I was born poor." On another occasion, when wrangling with Don about his high-handed methods of procedure, he said, "Don, you are much richer than I, but

I will have a blamed sight more mourners at my funeral than you will."

In passing, it may be remarked that Don Cameron is the only American statesman who was born in a bank.

It is said that the ultimate ambition of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, is to be Secretary of the Navy, because in the olden time that position was held by his great-grandfather, George Cabot.

Two of the greatest orators in the Senate at one time were uncle and nephew—Voorhees of Indiana and Dubois of Idaho. At another time during his long senatorial career one of Voorhees's sons sat in the House for two terms as a delegate from Washington Territory.

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In the House of the Fifty-third Congress were something like a dozen men whose fathers had sat in Congress —Everett of Massachusetts; Wilson of Washington; Hall of Missouri; Tucker of Virginia; Houk of Tennessee; Mallory of Florida; Tyler of Virginia, son of President John Tyler; Breckenridge of Arkansas, son of Vice-President John C. Breckenridge; Mutchler of Pennsylvania, and Robertson of Louisiana.

George D. Wise, of Virginia, was a collateral descendant of Henry A. Wise, who was one of the most brilliant men Virginia ever produced.

Col. William C. P. Breckenridge was not the son of a Congressman, but his father, old Dr. Robert J., was not only a theologian of renown, but managed always to find time to take a big hand in politics, being, among other things, chairman of the Union National Convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.

It is safe to say that first and last Breckenridge has had one hundred cousins of near degree in the House, Senate, Cabinet, gubernatorial chairs, diplomatic positions, and the Vice-Presidency.

Tom Marshall and Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge were kinsmen and began to practise law about the same time. In his declining years, referring to the doctor's penchant for politics, Tom once said, "Dick Menifee drove me to my bottle and Bob Breckenridge to the pulpit, but I have stuck to my text much closer than he has to his," which, though jocularly stated, was historically and pathetically true.

Judge Culberson of Texas was the only Congressman with whom I have sat in the House who could boast that he was the father of the Governor of a great state; but Col. Josiah Patterson was nearly as proud of the fact that his son was Attorney-General of Tennessee and afterward became Governor, while Mr. Speaker Crisp had for secretary his son Charles, who subsequently served in the House, and, excepting Mr. Reed, knew more parliamentary law than any Representative on the floor.

Senator Cockrell of Missouri and Representative Cockrell of Texas were brothers.

Thomas F. Marshall and two of his brothers served together in the House, as did three of the Washburn brothers. While Roswell G. Horr was in Congress his twin brother lacked only a few votes of joining him there.

It is not generally known that an uncle, Field of California, and his nephew, Brewer of Kansas, were simultaneously members of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Gen. George B. McClellan's son, George B., Jr.—"Young Mac," as his friends lovingly called him—represented a Tammany district in Congress, and was mayor of New York.

In the same House with young McClellan sat young Belknap, son of General Belknap, who was one of Grant's War Secretaries.

All these facts go to prove the doctrine of political heredity in this country, though it must be admitted that

as a rule our statesmen have no sons of sufficient caliber to succeed to their honors.

This may, however, be explained to a large extent by the sad plaint of Fletcher Webster, son of the "godlike Daniel," who fretted under the fact that he was always compared, to his own disadvantage, with his father, and that, no difference what he did or attempted in politics, his envious competitors declared that it was because of his sire's towering reputation.

When, at the beginning of the Civil War, he was appointed by Governor Andrew to the command of a regiment, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God, Daniel Webster was never a colonel of infantry."

It is queer that there is no case in our history of father and son serving together in the House. It has happened only once in the Senate, but never in the House, where naturally one would expect it.

CHAPTER XIX

Hepburn, Shields, and Matthew Lyon.

ONE of the three strongest Republican debaters—debaters, not orators, mark you—with whom I have served in the House was Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, who held the boards for a quarter of a century, the two others being Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Mr. Speaker Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Illinois. On the paternal side he was of Scotch extraction, as is demonstrated by his name. On the maternal side he was of Irish blood, being a great-grandson of the famous Irishman, Matthew Lyon, as stanch a Democrat as ever lived. While Colonel Hepburn was a most uncompromising Republican, he certainly came by his belligerency honestly. One day in a cut-and-thrust, running-fire debate with Colonel Hepburn, which was decidedly hot, I expressed surprise at his savage assaults on the Democrats, and twitted him with having departed so widely from the political faith of his illustrious great-grandfather, Matthew Lyon. With that tilt fresh in mind, a day or two afterward I sat down by him and inquired how, considering his lineage, he happened to be such a thoroughgoing Republican. He said that when a boy he was inclined to Democracy, but he wanted to learn to be a printer, and, the editor of the Democratic paper in the town having no room for him, he found employment in the office of the Republican paper, where, by reading Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*, he was converted to Republican beliefs —which was an explanation that explained.

Statuary Hall—the old hall of the House of Repre-

sentatives—"the American Valhalla," as it is fondly called—"the Chamber of Horrors," as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge denominates it—"the Whispering Gallery," as it is sometimes named, has been set aside as the permanent abiding-place of the effigies in bronze or marble of certain of our worthies who have gone to their reward. Each state has the right to place two, and only two, therein, but five Missourians are there—Col. Thomas Hart Benton, Gen. Frank P. Blair, contributed by Missouri; Stephen F. Austin, "the Father of Texas," contributed by the Lone Star State; Gen. James Shields, contributed by Illinois, and Senator E. D. Kenna, contributed by West Virginia. Not only is the law right which requires that the statues of dead persons alone shall be placed in that historic hall, but it should require that they shall have been dead for at least fifty years. Otherwise it will be cluttered up with a lot of local celebrities of only fleeting fame, by various states which later on may produce some really great men who deserve places therein. Of course, I do not mean to say that new states may not produce great men. I could not, being a Missourian, hold to any such theory, for Col. Thomas Hart Benton, the greatest statesman that imperial Missouri ever produced, one of her first two Senators, is one of the illustrious occupants of that historic hall; but even his statue was not placed therein until he had been for half a century in his grave. What I do say is that a delay of fifty years would give the states, particularly the newer states, more material, if not better, to choose from. Some of even the older states have so far not availed themselves of the privilege of placing Representatives in Statuary Hall. Among these is Kentucky, which has delayed her choice by reason of the rich and superabundant material she has from which to choose. Perhaps no state can produce a longer bead-roll of fame from which to select her worthies.

John Breckenridge, United States Senator, and Attorney-General under Thomas Jefferson; Henry Clay; John J. Crittenden; Richard H. Menifee; Thomas F. Marshall; George D. Prentice; Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, theologian and statesman; Col. Richard Mentor Johnson, "Old Dick"; Gen. John C. Breckenridge; John Marshall Harlan; Bascom, the famous preacher; John Griffin Carlisle—any one of these and others not necessary to mention would be fit companions for that goodly company.

Illinois chose as her representatives in that more or less illustrious company Gen. James Shields and Miss Frances E. Willard, whose fame rests on her activities as head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She is the only woman thus far to find a place in Statuary Hall. Shields is remarkable for four things:

First, he was a general in two wars—the Mexican and Civil Wars. A few other Americans have been generals in two wars; so he is not alone in that regard.

Second, he served in the United States Senate from three different states—a feat never accomplished by any other man, and perhaps never to be duplicated so long as the Republic endures. Indeed, no other man has ever served in the United States Senate from two different states. To most aspiring statesmen it is difficult enough to break into the Senate from even one state. General Shields served in the Senate six years from Illinois, about a year from Minnesota, and thirty-nine days from Missouri. "Old General" John B. Clark, of Missouri, a man of fine ability, the man who kept John Sherman from being Speaker of the House, hated General Shields most cordially. When he heard that the latter had been elected to the Senate for thirty-nine days General Clark said, "Thank God, old Shields has gotten a nubbin at last!" a caustic reference to General Shields's chronic habit of seeking office. The way he happened to be elected for that short period was this: When Senator Lewis V. Bogy

—"Bogus," as Col. Thomas Hart Benton scornfully denominated him—died in the fifth year of his senatorial term, Gov. John Smith Phelps appointed, as a chair-warmer for himself he hoped, Col. David H. Armstrong, a fine old gentleman, but only a local St. Louis politician. The man most hated in Missouri for conduct during the Civil War was Gen. John McNeil. While he was in command in northeast Missouri it was reported to him that a "bushwhacker" had shot a Union man, whereupon McNeil took twelve citizen prisoners charged with being Confederate sympathizers out of jail at Palmyra and had them shot, without even the semblance of a trial, in retaliation—which performance is known to this day, and will be forever known, as "the Palmyra Massacre." Unluckily for Colonel Armstrong, while he was serving in the Senate by appointment, President Hayes nominated General McNeil for some position in the Indian service, which nomination had to be confirmed by the Senate, and Colonel Armstrong voted to confirm him because, as it was alleged, General McNeil had saved his life during the war. However that may be, his vote to confirm McNeil so thoroughly angered the people of Missouri that when the Legislature met it flatly refused Colonel Armstrong the compliment of an election to the Senate for the remaining thirty-nine days of the Bogy term, and gave it to brave old General Shields. The chances are that the fact that it would confer on Shields the unprecedented honor of senatorial service from three states had some influence, as he was exceedingly popular with both Democrats and Republicans.

I once heard him introduced to an audience as "the only man that ever licked Stonewall Jackson." He began his speech by saying, "I came nearer licking Stonewall Jackson than anybody else ever did, but I did not do it by a d—d sight!" Subsequently, I studied thoroughly the history and literature of the Civil War, and discov-

ered that General Shields did defeat Stonewall Jackson in the small but bloody battle of Kernstown. Jackson laid the blame on General Garnett, whom he broke for disobedience of orders, and who died a hero's death under Pickett at Gettysburg. General Shields, then a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Attorney-General, was clearly playing politics in his denial of "licking" Jackson.

Third, General Shields was also peculiar for a most curious reason. So far as history shows, he is the only man to survive being bored clear through the lungs and body by a grape-shot. That happened at Cerro Gordo. When I was a little chap my father bought me a book about our heroes in the Mexican War. Among the illustrations was that of General Shields lying on the ground and bleeding so profusely that a horse was walking in the blood. Mr. Speaker Cannon told me once that when General Shields defeated Sydney Breeze for the United States Senatorship in 1849 one man said, "That grape-shot wound in Mexico does not appear to have hurt General Shields much." Another replied, "The curious part is that it went clear through Shields without permanently injuring him and killed Sydney Breeze two thousand miles away!"

Shields is one of two men of foreign birth who, upon being elected to the Senate, were refused seats in that body because they had not been naturalized long enough, Albert Gallatin being the other. Shields defeated Breeze for the Senate in 1849, and, having then been a naturalized citizen for the period prescribed by the Constitution, he was duly seated. Mr. Speaker Cannon told me that the day after his election in 1849, Shields wrote Breeze a letter congratulating him on his defeat, stating that, had he been elected, he fully intended to kill him!

I said above that no other man ever served in the Senate from even two different states, but a few have

served in the House from one state and in the Senate from another. Among them were Daniel Webster, who represented a New Hampshire district in the House and Massachusetts in the Senate; Rufus King, who represented a Massachusetts district in the House and New York in the Senate; William R. King, who represented North Carolina in the House and Alabama in the Senate; Charles Henry Van Wyck, who represented New York in the House and Nebraska in the Senate; Gen. James Henry Lane, Representative from Indiana and Senator from Kansas; Stephen B. Elkins was a delegate in Congress from New Mexico and Senator from West Virginia; Edward D. Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, Representative from Illinois and Senator from Oregon; William M. Gwinn, Representative from Mississippi and Senator from California; Edward Livingston, Representative from New York, also both Representative and Senator from Louisiana; Gen. Sam Houston, Representative from Tennessee and Senator from Texas; William Charles Cole Claiborn, Representative from Tennessee and Senator from Louisiana; James Hamilton Lewis, Representative from Washington and Senator from Illinois. No doubt there are others whom I do not remember.

A few men have represented two different states in the House. Among them were Samuel Sullivan Cox, who served from Ohio for eight years and from a New York district for many years, and Gen. William Vandever, who sat in the House for both Iowa and California. Charles A. Towne was both Representative and Senator from Minnesota as well as Representative from New York.

Fourth, General Shields was not only a brave and gallant soldier on the battle-field, but was equally ready to fight in a private quarrel when he considered himself insulted or his reputation assailed. Nobody familiar with his career in the Mexican and Civil Wars will be surprised at that, but I imagine that most persons who read this will be

amazed to learn that Abraham Lincoln, one of the kindest of mortals, was once challenged to a duel by General Shields, which challenge Lincoln accepted, and that they, together with their seconds and friends, actually started to "the field of honor," a spot in Missouri in St. Charles County, three miles from Alton, Illinois, which spot happens to be in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri, which I have the honor to represent. I think I will sometime have a monument erected on that spot of earth. When they reached Alton, the night before the duel was to take place, friends patched it up.

When trouble is afoot the French have a saying, *Cherchez la femme* (search for the woman), and a woman was at the bottom of the near-duel betwixt Shields and Lincoln. It is surely one of the queerest rows of which history furnishes a record, demonstrating the courage of Shields and the chivalry of Lincoln.

In 1842 Lincoln and Shields were both residents of Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln a struggling young lawyer and Shields State Auditor. Lincoln was a Whig and Shields a Democrat. Lincoln was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, whom he subsequently married. She was a very bright, highly educated young woman, who wrote elegantly and, alas! sarcastically. She wrote some sarcastic letters about General Shields which she signed "Aunt Rebecca," and which, unluckily for the peace of mind of several persons, were published in *The Sangamon Journal*. Perhaps of all the denizens of Springfield the most dangerous person to practise sarcasm on was Auditor Shields. He had a temper inflammable as a powder-magazine, and was proud and sensitive to an unusual degree. So he hied him to the editor and demanded the name of the author of the letters aforesaid, and the editor gave the name of "A. Lincoln"—who assumed the authorship to shield the lady. Most likely she based her articles on Lincoln's jokes. However that may be, Shields promptly chal-

lenged him to mortal combat. Lincoln, being the challenged party, had choice of weapons, etc. Here are the terms Lincoln formulated, "First, *weapons*—cavalry broadswords of the largest size, precisely equal in all respects and such as now used by the cavalry company at Jacksonville.

"Second, *position*—a plank ten feet long, and from nine to twelve inches broad, to be firmly fixed on edge on the ground as the line between us, which neither is to pass his foot over, upon the forfeit of his life. Next a line drawn on the ground on either side of said plank and parallel to it, each at the distance of the whole length of the sword and three feet additional from the plank; and the passing of his own such line by either party during the fight shall be deemed a surrender of the contest."

How they could have fought on any such terms must forever remain a mystery, for it seems impossible that even Lincoln, who stood six feet four in his stockings and had, therefore, a tremendous reach, could have touched Shields with his cavalry broadsword, and most assuredly Shields, who was about five feet and six inches tall, could no more have touched Lincoln than he could have touched the man in the moon; but happily for them and for the country the ugly controversy was ended by the good offices of friends without actual hostilities, and to the honor of both the principals.

It is pleasant to remember that Lincoln went to Congress, while Shields went to Mexico, where he won unfading laurels and a brigadier's star, and that at the beginning of the Civil War Shields hurried from California to offer his sword to the Union cause, and that his old antagonist, President Lincoln, accepted his services, instantly made him a brigadier once more, and gave him an important command.

Abraham Lincoln was barely out of what he termed "my duel with Shields" when he was called upon to act

as second to Doctor Prettyman, who had been his second in the Shields affair and who had been challenged by General Whiteside, who was the second of Shields in his affair with Lincoln. The Whiteside-Prettyman row also eventuated without blood-letting.

Ward Lamon, one of Lincoln's first biographers and his lifelong friend, makes this comment on the Shields-Lincoln near-duel: "Abraham Lincoln in the field of honor, sword in hand, maneuvered by a second learned in the *duello*, would be an attractive spectacle under any circumstances. But with a celebrated man for an antagonist, and a lady's humor the occasion, the scene is one of transcendent interest."

The nearest duplication in the House for General Shields's service in the Senate from three states was the case of Matthew Lyon, Colonel Hepburn's great-grandfather. He served four years from Vermont and eight years from Kentucky. In addition thereto he stopped off in the territory of Missouri long enough to run for delegate to Congress at her first election, but was defeated by Mr. Hempstead. He was then appointed by the President to an office in the territory of Arkansas, and was elected her first delegate to Congress, but died before he reached Washington to be sworn in. It is an interesting coincidence that Shields and Lyon were both born in Ireland and were both rampant Democrats.

Lyon's biography is as interesting as any romance ever written. He was so poor that he was sold at auction for a term of years to pay his passage to America. He was bought by a man who was afterward Governor of Vermont and father-in-law of young Lyon. He purchased his freedom by turning over to the man who had bought him a pair of bulls, and ever after he swore "by the bulls that redeemed me."

Matthew was elected to Congress twice from Vermont; was indicted under the Sedition law for making oppro-

bious remarks about President John Adams; was convicted and thrown into jail, and was re-elected while in prison. He was finally released from jail when the Democrats of Virginia sent General Mason on horseback from the Old Dominion to Vermont with one thousand and sixty dollars of gold coin in his saddle-bags to pay Lyon's fine and costs.

It fell to Lyon's part to perform a great historic act—to cast the vote of Vermont for Thomas Jefferson for President in the Jefferson-Burr contest in the House, thereby making Jefferson President. Under the Constitution, and before the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment, each presidential elector voted for two men for President instead of voting for one for President and for another for Vice-President, the one receiving the highest vote to be President and the one receiving the next highest to be Vice-President. Should two or more receive the same vote, being the highest, those receiving the highest vote went before the House, where each state delegation had one vote and one only. It so happened under this clumsy arrangement that Jefferson and Burr received the same electoral vote—the highest electoral vote—for President, though it was as thoroughly understood that Jefferson and Burr were candidates for President and Vice-President, respectively, as that Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Riley Marshall were candidates for those offices in 1912, and again in 1916. It happened, furthermore, that the Federalists had a majority of the House, but not a majority of state delegations in the House. The Federal Congressmen, to help their party and to plague and split the Democrats, undertook to elect Burr. They came so near doing it that Jefferson was not elected till the thirty-sixth ballot in the House. In the mean time excitement ran high, much bad blood was engendered, civil war was imminent, and a new constitutional convention was threatened. In fact, Governor

McKean of Pennsylvania and Gov. James Monroe of Virginia began preparations to arm their states, and General Darke's brigade at Harper's Ferry was getting ready to march on Washington and "know the reason why Jefferson should not be President." Jefferson himself wrote, "The very word convention gives them the horrors." If a new convention was called to make a new constitution, Delaware was afraid she'd lose her identity as a state and become a county or counties of Pennsylvania; Maryland was fearful that she would lose the Federal capital, etc.

The situation was this: There were sixteen states; nine were required to elect; eight voted for Jefferson; six voted for Burr, and two delegations, those of Vermont and Maryland, were divided evenly, and therefore did not count. If Jefferson could get one more state delegation, he was successful. At that time, as now, Vermont had two Representatives. One of them was a Federalist, Lewis R. Morris, nephew of Senator Gouverneur Morris; the other was brave old Matthew Lyon, as stanch a Democrat as ever lived, greatly embittered by his imprisonment, mentioned above. The situation was so strained that on the thirty-sixth ballot Lewis R. Morris, the Vermont Federalist, was induced to absent himself, and Matthew Lyon cast the vote of the Green Mountain State for Jefferson, thereby electing him.

To his eternal credit be it said that all through that dangerous contest Alexander Hamilton used his utmost endeavors to have Jefferson elected over Burr, and he finally persuaded the Vermont Federalist Representative to absent himself on the thirty-sixth ballot. Matthew Lyon cast the vote of Vermont for Jefferson, and he was elected.

It seems to me that Hamilton shows to better advantage in that transaction than in any other political performance of his life. He did not love Jefferson. On the

contrary, he denounced him as "a fanatical Jacobin," and, while admitting his honesty, differed with him on principle *toto cælo;* but after he saw that it was utterly impossible to elect a Federalist, he did yeoman service to elect Jefferson, his great rival, for two reasons:

First, he said that the people intended to elect Jefferson President and Burr Vice-President.

Second, he, whether right or wrong, regarded Colonel Burr as a dangerous man, or, as he expressed it, "an embryo Bonaparte."

No doubt Hamilton's support of Jefferson constituted a count in Burr's indictment against Hamilton, which the latter answered with his life at Weehawken, July 11, 1804.

Jefferson and Hamilton were rivals in their lives; they are rivals in history and even in their graves; and it is one of the queerest freaks of fate that Hamilton should have been forced by circumstances to be such a powerful factor in elevating Jefferson to the highest political office ever devised by the wit of man.

Matthew Lyon came near being expelled from the House by reason of a fight which he had on the floor of the House with Representative Griswold of Connecticut. They fought all over the hall with canes, cudgels, and tongs. It was alleged that Lyon spat in Griswold's face. On the resolution of expulsion the Federalists cast fifty-two ayes, and the Democrats forty-four nays. As two-thirds voting in the affirmative are required for expulsion, Matthew Lyon, the man who subsequently made Thomas Jefferson President, retained his seat in the House. My good friend Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and certain other historians, endeavor to transfer the honor of electing Jefferson from Matthew Lyon to James A. Bayard, of Delaware, but the facts confound them—for on the thirty-sixth and decisive ballot Bayard voted blank!

The truth is that Bayard, a "high-flying Federalist,"

to borrow a phrase from Jefferson, was really for Burr as against Jefferson, and no doubt would have voted for Burr to the end but for the influence of Hamilton. After it was all over he left the wrathful opinion on record that Burr had lost his only opportunity to be President and "could have been elected by deceiving one man who was a great blockhead, and by corrupting two who had already been corrupted"!

It is interesting but bootless to conjecture what effect on our institutions and history the election of Burr to the Presidency would have had. Things governmental were in the plastic state then, and "the Virginia Dynasty" —Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—in the twenty-four years of supremacy shaped our destiny upon lines of a truly representative government. That Burr in the White House would have attempted the Napoleonic rôle, as Hamilton believed he would, is a thing incredible. Having attained the highest station under our system, he most probably would have devoted himself with his extraordinary energies and ability to making a great President. Love of fame—one of the master passions of the human soul—it seems to me would have impelled him so to do. That a man with his brains ever harbored the delusion that a monarchy could be set up here is utterly preposterous.

CHAPTER XX

Personal encounters in Senate and House—List of duels of national note—Ollie James, peacemaker—Jerry South, gigantic barrier—Foote and Fremont, bantams.—Benton's raging defiance of death.

SOME two thousand years ago, to show his poor opinion of contemporary Romans, in a fit of pessimism Cicero exclaimed, "*O tempora! O mores!*"—most likely for some particular purpose—"to point a moral or adorn a tale." His lugubrious words have echoed down the corridors of time, and in every generation there are little Ciceros decrying the men and institutions of their own day.

This country is cursed with a surplus of prophets of evil, who assert that the world, especially our part of it, is going to the dogs—that we are a job-lot of degenerates.

Patriotic and humane people believe and love to believe that the world is improving, and it is. Saint Simon was correct, let us hope, when he asserted that "The Golden Age is ahead of us."

For instance, every person of good sense and the right sort of heart believes that dueling and other kinds of private combat were bad practices, though good men have fought duels and engaged in private combats. Whether or not our country is improving all along the line, it is most assuredly improving in this regard.

Up to the time—July 11, 1804—when Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, killed Alexander Hamilton, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Major-General, in a duel at Weehawken, dueling was the fashionable way in which gentlemen settled their quarrels. James

Parton speaks correctly of their *both* falling on that fatal field. That duel gave the bloody system a body blow from which it never recovered. "Cervantes," so it is said, "laughed Spain's chivalry away." The American people laughed dueling away. What they failed to accomplish by laughing they achieved by enacting the most stringent statutes. Of course there were after-Weehawken "affairs of honor," but they grew less and fewer as the years went by. General Jackson killed Dickinson; William H. Crawford killed *his* man; Colonel Benton killed young Charles Lucas; Henry Clay, while Secretary of State, fought a bloodless duel with John Randolph of Roanoke, a United States Senator; Clay had previously fought a bloody duel with Humphrey Marshall, in which both were wounded, and he was with difficulty restrained from challenging Col. William R. King, of Alabama, as late as 1841, when he was sixty-four, for words spoken in debate; Judge David S. Terry resigned from the Supreme Court of California to kill Senator Broderick in 1859; fifteen years after Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington fought a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea; Charles James Fox, when at the zenith of his usefulness, appeared as a principal on the field of honor; Canning and Castlereagh fought duels; Daniel O'Connell killed D'Esterre; Gen. James Shields challenged Abraham Lincoln, and the latter accepted; Barron and Decatur fought; Senator Mason was killed by Colonel McCarty; George McDuffie was crippled for life; and other more or less famous duels could be named. Strung together in close array they appear numerous, but, as a matter of fact, they were fewer and fewer, till there are now none. The last fatal duel between Congressmen was the Graves-Cilley duel, in which the latter was killed. Of course, there have been near-duels since between Congressmen—the Breckenridge-Cutting and the Potter-Pryor quarrels, for instance—but friends intervened and prevented bloodshed,

One of Tom Marshall's brightest witticisms was at the expense of the Colonel Graves who killed Cilley. Marshall and Graves were opposing candidates. Graves asserted that Marshall was an aristocrat, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, while he himself was the son of a cooper; therefore he urged that Marshall should not be elected. Marshall grew weary of that. So one day when Colonel Graves had repeated his formula he sat down close to Marshall to rest. Marshall arose and said: "Fellow-citizens, Colonel Graves boasts that he is the son of a cooper and appeals for votes on that account. The elder Graves, no doubt, was a good cooper, but he put a blamed poor head in this whisky-barrel!"—at the same time clapping his hand on the head of the astonished Graves. Folks who knew Marshall's bibulous habits deemed that the finest joke of the season.

We are degenerating, are we? The winter after killing General Hamilton Mr. Vice-President Burr presided over the Senate *nem. con.* Suppose Vice-President Marshall were to kill a man in a duel, does any sane man believe he would ever be permitted to preside another minute over the Senate of the United States? Should Mr. Secretary of State Lansing fight even a bloodless duel, as Henry Clay did, would he be permitted to hold his high office for an hour? Most certainly not; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the little Ciceros will go on till the crack of doom shouting, "*O tempora! O mores!*"

It goes without saying that Members of Congress should deport themselves properly, and they do as a rule; but an election to Congress does not in any way, or to any degree, reduce the human quality in men. They bring with them their passions, prejudices, tempers, likes, dislikes, and their ideas as to behavior. Consequently there are ugly scenes, quarrels, and, alas! sometimes, but infrequently in these latter days, fights on the floor of the House.

During my long service in Congress I have seen many near-fights, but only two fights, both of which were stopped by members who were close to the combatants before much damage was done.

The day we declared war against Spain there was much excitement and great tension. Judge Bartlett of Georgia and Judge Brumm of Pennsylvania got into an argument, which grew into a heated quarrel, and which Brumm ended by calling Bartlett a liar. That made the hot-blooded Georgia jurist so furious that he threw a volume of the Revised Statutes of the United States, weighing several pounds, at the head of the Pennsylvanian. Happily for all concerned, Bartlett's aim was bad, otherwise he might have grievously injured, even killed, his antagonist. A great uproar ensued, all members stood up, many shouted loudly, and John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, was so anxious to participate in the fray that he ran along on top of the desks for thirty or forty feet; but Col. David B. Henderson, afterward Speaker, hobbled on his crutches across the area in front of the Speaker's stand and, in such stentorian tones as to drown out all the rest, shouted: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, back to your seats! This is the House of Representatives." Thereupon the "shouting and the tumult ceased," Bartlett and Brumm were led away by fellow-members, and thus the fight ended.

The fighters were reconciled to each other through the kind offices of friends, and the House never took official notice of the affair.

That was the only occasion when I ever saw Mr. Speaker Reed really perturbed while in the chair. He was thoroughly mad and white as a sheet. No wonder, for it looked as though we were in for a riot, bloody noses, blackened eyes, cracked skulls, and the usual accompaniments.

One day in the Sixtieth Congress Representative Mondell of Wyoming, now majority floor leader, and Dele-

gate Wickersham of Alaska got into an argument about some aggravating question touching Alaskan affairs—and most questions touching that far-away portion of our widely extended domain are exceedingly aggravating. One word brought on another, growing constantly in rudeness and unparliamentariness until the men came to fisticuffs. They were not injuring each other to any marked extent, but other members interfered, and in an effort to separate them Hon. David J. Foster, of Vermont, nearly choked the breath out of Mondell to quiet him. If Mondell was hurt, it was Foster, and not Wickersham, who did it. The fight settled, debate proceeded placidly as a river through a prairie. One reason why the mill created so little flurry was that there was a very "thin" House at the time.

One of the most serious near-fights in the twenty-five years that I have been in Congress was between George W. Southwick, a Representative from Albany, New York, and Judge Bartlett of Georgia. It was the last night of the session, near midnight, when everybody was weary and nervous. The two statesmen aforementioned were standing in the front row of seats on the Republican side, near the door on the Speaker's left. A dispute developed between them about some question of pending legislation. Southwick said something which Bartlett, who has a very peppery temper, construed as an insult, whereupon he whipped out his pocket-knife quick as a flash and opened it, evidently intending to perform a surgical operation on the New-Yorker, when that famous son of Anak, Ollie M. James, then a Representative from Kentucky, later a Senator, now deceased, reached out his giant arm, took Southwick by the collar, and dragged him out of the House into the Speaker's lobby, thereby preventing bloodshed, mayhap death. That night Ollie James earned the blessing vouchsafed to the peacemakers in the Sermon on the Mount.

One day while I was Speaker, but while I was out of the hall—by reason of the fact that the House was in the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, with Representative Ben Johnson, of Kentucky, in the chair—Messrs. Norton of South Dakota and Heflin of Alabama had a short set-to with their fists, growing out of hot words used in debate, but as there was no blood-letting the House took no official notice of it. That was the only case of physical encounter during my eight years as Speaker. The reason is that I would not permit members to quarrel. As soon as one began edging up to the danger-line in his language I would stop him, and thus preserve not only the peace, but that decorum which is becoming in statesmen legislating for one hundred and ten million people.

One morning two members, who hated each other cordially, had fifty-four minutes each on a question touching which they had grossly insulted each other the day before. I knew the situation was ticklish and I was determined they should not fight. What made it worse, they were not more than twenty feet apart, with no benches or members intervening. While one spoke from the semicircular area in front of the Speaker's stand, the other sat on the rim of it. Before they began I directed Mr. Kettron, deputy sergeant-at-arms, a robust young man, who had been a football player, to keep his hand on the mace, his badge of authority, and at a word or nod from me to arrest the men and to be very quick on trigger. Without waiting for a member to raise a point of order against their language, I must have stopped each of them a dozen times that day when verging on a quarrel, and in that way preserved order.

The day that Captain Hobson and Oscar W. Underwood had their red-hot debate about personal matters they were sitting on the same bench with only one vacant seat between them. Everybody anticipated a fracas. So

I asked ex-Lieut.-Gov. Jerry C. South, chief clerk of the House, who was leaning against my desk, to go quietly up to where they were wrangling and take the empty chair between the angry antagonists, which he did. I knew then that there would not be—indeed, could not be—any fight, for Captain South is nearly as big as the Kentucky giant and strong as Sandow. While Underwood and Hobson are men of good size and of fair strength, they are no match for South in that regard, and so long as he occupied that chair between them their chance of grappling with each other in physical combat was *nil*. So we escaped a fight that day.

In popular estimation the Senate is a more sedate and decorous body than the House, though the facts hardly justify the conclusion. The grave and reverend Senators sometimes let their angry passions rise and indulge in "loud, offensive, and tumultuous language, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace"—to borrow a phrase from the Statutes of Missouri. Once in a long while there is actually an exhibition of physical violence in the Senate.

Several years ago the serenity of our Conscript Fathers was rudely disturbed by Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, laying violent hands upon Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, of Indiana, and slightly choking the Hoosier statesman. A little later Senators Benjamin R. Tillman and John L. McLaurin, both of South Carolina, illustrated senatorial courtesy by engaging in pugilistic playfulness on the floor of the Senate. That encounter happened on the day on which President Roosevelt was giving a dinner at night to Prince Henry of Germany. Senator Tillman was among the invited guests because he was top Democrat of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and Prince Henry was the ranking admiral in the Imperial German Navy. Colonel Roosevelt heard of the fight, and, strange to relate, withdrew the invitation

to Senator Tillman, thereby laying the foundation for a personal feud which endured till both men's death. Why such a belligerent character as Colonel Roosevelt should object to Senator Tillman or anybody else indulging in any sort of fight, at any time or at any place, is an insoluble riddle. Napoleon said that the rules of conduct which were made for ordinary men did not apply to him. Perchance Colonel Roosevelt reasoned in the same way.

About midnight, March 3, 1851, the night which ended the senatorial career of both of them, Senator Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, a pro-slavery Hotspur, and Gen. John Charles Fremont, of California, the Great Pathfinder, Col. Thomas H. Benton's son-in-law, Republican candidate for President in 1856, thumped each other just outside the big door of the Senate Chamber until separated by onlookers. They were bantam statesmen and did each other little physical harm.

The most spectacular row ever witnessed in the Senate, which did not eventuate in a fight, was that between Senator Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, and Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. No two men of eminence were more unlike. Physically Foote was a small man with a lifelong limp caused by a bullet planted in his hip by Sargent S. Prentiss in one of their two duels. He possessed a very acute intellect. Benton was a large, strong, robust man, who kept himself in the pink of condition. Intellectually, also, he was a giant. Soon after his advent into Missouri Benton had killed young Charles Lucas, United States district attorney, in the last of two duels which they fought on "Bloody Island." So both Foote and Benton believed in "the code." Foote was a scholarly man of exquisite literary taste; Benton was a man of vast information, gathered by incessant study and long association with learned men. Foote was a dilettante sort of statesman; Benton was an Indian-fighter in his youth and retained the manners of an Indian-fighter

till the day of his death. So, immediately upon the entrance of Foote into the Senate, where "the Great Missourian" had already become a notable historic personage, these two able men quite naturally formed a mutual repugnance for each other.

Partly because he did not like Benton, and partly because he deemed Benton unsound on the slavery question, Foote began making verbal thrusts at him—most probably to aggravate him into sending a challenge, knowing that Benton had killed his man, believing that he would not hesitate to fight, and not knowing that the one ever-present regret of Benton's long life was the death of Lucas by his hand. So Foote seems to have been bent on badgering Benton into a duel with him, realizing that he would have two chances to Benton's one by reason of their difference in size. However that may be, he kept on with his opprobrious remarks to or about Benton, until one day he so enraged him that the latter shook his fist at him and peremptorily commanded him never again to mention his name on the peril of his life.

Foote sat near the mouth of the big aisle in the old Senate Chamber, now the room of the Supreme Court, while Benton occupied a seat far away on the outside rim.

One morning shortly after Benton had forbidden Foote ever to mention his name again the latter arose in his place and began a severe attack on Benton. As soon as his name was mentioned Benton started for him in a menacing manner, whereupon Foote hopped out into the big aisle, drew a revolver, cocked it, and leveled it at Benton. A couple of Senators, seeing what was about to happen, grabbed Benton and tried to stop him, which they could not do on account of his great strength. They could only retard his progress. He kept on. As he approached close to Foote, the latter, with his cocked revolver still in hand, began to retreat down the big aisle

till he reached the Vice-President's stand, Benton tugging along after him as fast as he could, with two Senators holding on to him. When they came to a standstill Benton tore his shirt open and exclaimed: "Let the assassin shoot! He knows that I am not armed!"

From reading all accounts of that dramatic scene, I am certain that when Foote first drew his pistol he fully intended to kill Benton, for nobody ever doubted his courage, but that while he had a very short time for reflection it was enough for him to realize what a monstrous thing it would be to kill a Senator on the floor of the Senate, especially one of such age and eminence as Colonel Benton.

The Senate appointed a committee to investigate the occurrence, which they had all witnessed. The investigation lasted for days, divers persons testified, and the committee made a long and incomprehensible report, which was never acted on. That's the only case I ever heard of where a pistol was drawn by one Senator on another in open Senate.

CHAPTER XXI

The rules revolution—Parliamentary epochs; Reed's day and Clark's day.

IN the Fifty-first Congress that masterful, great man, Mr. Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed, wrought a far-reaching revolution in parliamentary procedure. His *chef d'œuvre* was the counting of a quorum. He did not originate the quorum-counting rule. It had been practised before his day in certain state legislatures. He was not the first to suggest it in Congress. John Randolph Tucker, a Virginia Democrat, tried to have it adopted years before. Speaker Keifer wanted to count a quorum, but Mr. Reed and others persuaded him not to try it. It was suggested to Mr. Speaker Blaine, but he would have none of it.

Mr. Speaker Reed did much to bring order out of chaos and to expedite the transaction of business, and for this he deserves well.

His course was bitterly opposed, and it brought down upon him much abuse.

Among other evidences of their displeasure the Democrats refused to vote for the customary resolution of thanks to the presiding officer, at the close of his first term in the Speakership.

In that respect, at least, his career parallels that of Mr. Speaker James Knox Polk. It is certain that Mr. Speaker Reed's so-called "high-handed" conduct contributed somewhat to the overwhelming Democratic majority in the House of the Fifty-second Congress,

though of course the McKinley Tariff bill was the principal factor in that political upheaval.

Time, however, speedily vindicated Speaker Reed, for in the Fifty-third Congress, in order to do business, the Democrats were compelled to adopt a quorum-counting rule, which has been adopted by all succeeding Congresses as a mere matter of course.

Mr. Reed was justly proud of this vindication at the hands of his political enemies, a vindication to which he contributed mightily by practising with malice prepense every species of filibustering and obstruction possible.

The chances are that he extracted more satisfaction out of his vindication than he did out of his two subsequent elections as Speaker.

When the Democrats adopted a quorum-counting rule he no doubt recalled Byron's lines:

> Time at last sets all things even;
> And if we do but watch the hour,
> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Whatever others thought, down deep in his heart he deemed the abuse heaped upon him as a grievous wrong, which he never forgave until he was vindicated—perhaps not even then.

That by his quorum-counting rule, and some other changes made in the rules at the dictation of Mr. Reed, considerable good was accomplished no candid and intelligent man will deny. But a great evil was also produced—the concentration of abnormal powers in the hands of the Speaker. Finally it became intolerable, and enough Republicans joined hands with the Democratic minority to work another far-reaching revolution in parliamentary procedure.

CARTOON OF SPEAKER THOMAS BRACKETT REED

The things which gave the Speaker his vast power were: First, his prerogative of recognizing members for "unanimous consent"; second, his prerogative of appointing all committees; third, the fact that the Committee on Rules —the steering committee—consisted of five members—two Republicans, two Democrats, with the Speaker *ex-officio* chairman—which arrangement made the Speaker practically the whole committee.

The complaint was not so much that the Speaker was a member of the Committee on Rules as that, because of the manner in which the Committee on Rules was constituted, the Speaker was virtually the entire committee. Perhaps to the three things above stated there should be added a fourth, which contributed to the discontent. In the Speaker's hands was the power to order "the call of the committees," which gave every committee in its turn an opportunity to bring up a bill or bills. By systematically neglecting to order "the call of the committees," more power was thrown into the hands of the Committee on Rules—therefore into the hands of the Speaker. So that at last the Speaker practically decided what bills should be considered—except revenue bills and appropriation bills, which are "privileged bills"—which means that they may be called up at any time.

As I was minority leader and led the long, difficult, and successful fight of the "Allies" to liberalize the old rules, I will be pardoned, I hope, for stating that I had no personal grievance against any of the four Speakers under whom I had served—Crisp, Reed, Henderson, and Cannon. So far as I was concerned, the fight was made for two reasons: First, because the rules, in my opinion, needed liberalizing; second, for political advantage.

It is said that "an open confession is good for the soul," and I have made it in the second reason. I honestly believed that it would be better for the government to pass into the hands of the Democrats, and I seized with delight

the growing dissatisfaction among the Republicans in the House over the rules, as a wedge with which to weaken and finally split the Republican party wide open.

That great party split began in the House, and it was consummated at the Chicago convention of 1912. If we had not made the rules fight in the House, a Democratic House would not have been elected in 1910, and a Democratic Senate, House, and President would not have been elected in 1912.

Because I led the fight which overthrew the Republican House machine, split the Republican party in twain, and made national Democratic success possible is the reason why the story is entitled to be set forth at length in these pages.

It is also the principal reason why I should have received the Democratic presidential nomination at the Baltimore convention in 1912.

It goes without saying that the bookmakers of New York and of New England will give all of the credit (or discredit, as the case may be) to that extraordinary man, Theodore Roosevelt.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Democrats and the insurgent Republicans of the House in the Sixty-first Congress, by their combined fight on the rules, disrupted the Republican party and rendered the Chicago achievement possible.

Theodore Roosevelt needs no borrowed plumage to make him one of the most conspicuous personages in latter-day American history. I propose to set forth, with perfect candor and accuracy, the parts played by various men in that momentous movement, so far as I know—whether the men are my friends or enemies, personal or political.

The first objection to the old system I ever heard in the House was at the beginning of the extra session of the

Fifty-third Congress in August, 1893—my first Congress —by Col. William Peters Hepburn, a veteran soldier and statesman and an able Republican Representative from Iowa.

When the usual motion was offered to adopt the rules of the preceding Congress Colonel Hepburn made a furious attack upon the system then in vogue. Nobody gave much heed to his onslaught. So far as the old members were concerned it was a twice-told tale. In fact, it has been told oftener than twice—frequently. The new members had sense enough to keep out of the shindy. So far as I was concerned—being in the Congressional kindergarten class—I regarded his strictures only as an ill-natured and ill-timed exhibition of spleen against Democratic supremacy. But, as an act of absolute and even-handed justice, I record the fact here with pleasure that he was expressing his objections as a matter of principle, and that he remained faithful in that regard to the end of his long and honorable career, whether the Speaker and the House were Democratic or Republican. He was a potent factor in the parliamentary revolution which I led, and deserves his full meed of honor and of praise.

From the day of Colonel Hepburn's speech, onward till March 19, 1910, when victory perched on the banners of the "Allies," there were sporadic assaults upon the tyranny of the rules and the despotism of the Speakers, all of whom were personally popular in varying degrees. Until toward the close of the Sixtieth Congress, one of the assailants-in-chief was Judge David A. DeArmond, of Missouri, a man of long service and splendid ability.

In DeArmond the sarcastic faculty was perhaps more largely developed than in any other man that ever sat in either branch of Congress. No doubt the fame of Tristam Burges, John Randolph of Roanoke, John James Ingalls,

and Thomas Brackett Reed will survive longer than DeArmond's; but in order to eke out their sarcasm they ransacked all literature, ancient and modern, prose and poetry, sacred and profane. DeArmond's sarcasm was all his own. He quoted nothing, he told no anecdotes, he borrowed from nobody, he spun the vitriolic stuff out of his own inner consciousness, and it burned and scorched his victims like melted lava. His merciless sarcasm made for him mortal enemies, who hated him while alive and some of whom hate him in his grave. One whom he had savagely excoriated actually said he was glad when he heard that DeArmond was burned up in his own home.

Everybody has heard of "the fatal gift of beauty." There is also "the fatal gift of sarcasm."

DeArmond's features were as delicate and as perfectly chiseled as a fine cameo. He looked not at all dangerous, but he was "a fighter from Bitter Creek," and over-fond of a scrap.

Fighting in pairs with DeArmond was Judge Dorsey W. Shackleford, also a Missourian of long service and ample capacity. He is as persistent as the force of gravitation, and is a most skilful organizer. For both personal and political reasons he agitated constantly for the liberalization of the rules and the curtailment of the Speaker's power.

In an elaborate article in *The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* for June, 1910, on the rules revolution, Hon. Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, one of the strongest men in the House, has this to say of Judge Shackleford:

"The contest which reached a partial culmination in the passage of the resolution on March 19th had its beginning several years ago.

"One will find in *The Congressional Record* many strictures upon the system reaching back far behind the date of Mr. Cannon's first election as Speaker. It is believed,

however, that the most potent single effort which led to the March revolution was a speech by Mr. Dorsey W. Shackleford on the 24th of January, 1908, during the first session of the Sixtieth Congress.

"Mr. Shackleford is a Democratic Representative from the Eighth District of Missouri. He is restless in temperament, aggressive in disposition, of inquiring and incisive mind, ready in debate, forceful in delivery, and bold in utterance and action. He carefully prepared an exhaustive and adroit attack upon the power of the Speaker under the system of rules, and delivered it one day when the House was in Committee of the Whole, having general debate on an appropriation bill.

"It was couched in plain, blunt language, and put the matter in a concrete manner, easy to be understood by the average man, even though he might know nothing of parliamentary law or House procedure.

"He selected a number of bills, some of merely local interest to his state or district, others of a general public character that had been introduced and for action upon which there was a general demand. He pointed out that these bills had been long before the committees to which they had been referred—committees appointed by the Speaker—and that these committees refused to report them to the House; pointed out that there was no way, under the rules, whereby it was in order to claim the floor as a matter of right, and move to discharge the committees from further consideration and bring them before the House for action by the chosen representatives of a free people in what is supposed to be a representative government.

"'Take your hands off those committees, Mr. Speaker,' he cried, in substance, 'and let them act; or if they will not act, then recognize me or some other member to move to discharge the committees from further consideration, and let the House act.'

"The blow struck home; it created a sensation in the House; thousands of copies were called for and circulated throughout the country; the press took it up; the magazines began to write, and the public began to take notice. A particular bill to which Mr. Shackleford called attention was one which nine-tenths of the newspapers and other journals were especially interested in—the bill to remove the tariff duty from wood pulp and white print paper. Quite naturally they took a lively interest in his utterances, and appreciated the force of his suggestions."

While both DeArmond and Shackleford, on principle, fought the "Cannon rules," so called, which were not "Cannon rules" at all, but were the "Reed rules," they were also moved mightily by personal animosity to John Sharp Williams, now a Senator from Mississippi, then Democratic minority leader in the House.

DeArmond and Williams hated each other so ferociously that they finally came to fisticuffs in the hall of the House, but not while the House was in session. Their mutual dislike began in political rivalry for the minority leadership, with an eye on the Speakership, and grew stronger and stronger till it equaled that betwixt the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Judge Shackleford's hatred of Williams came about because Williams demoted him. During his minority leadership Mr. Speaker Cannon delegated to Mr. Williams the power of making up the minorities of the committees, reserving to himself a sort of suzerainty in that regard.

William Randolph Hearst, the greatest newspaper publisher the world ever saw, served in the House in the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses, and he introduced certain stringent bills for the regulation of interstate railroads, which were referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The Republican members of that great committee reported a very conservative bill. The majority of the Democrats on the

committee reported a bill much less conservative than the Republican bill, while Judge Shackleford and Gen. William B. Lamar, of Florida, both Democrats, reported the Hearst bill.

Williams and Hearst were at loggerheads. What about I do not know. Even if I did know it would shed no light on the rules fight.

It is utterly impossible that these two eminent men should pull well together in double harness. The only things they both have in common are ability, of which both possess an abundance, and wealth, of which they have ample portions. In every other way they are naturally antagonistic. Williams is a conservative; Hearst is a liberal, verging on radicalism. No great reform has been accomplished, or even agitated, in this country, in a quarter of a century, without the powerful and aggressive aid of his papers and magazines.

Arthur Brisbane, one of the most brilliant newspaper men in the world, and certainly the highest salaried, recently stated to me that the Hearst publications are read by ten millions of people.

More than any other man living or dead, Hearst precipitated the war with Spain.

Williams is a scholar, having been, so it is said, a classmate of the Kaiser at a German university.

Hearst is also a college-bred man, but not so studious as Williams—being too deeply immersed in business affairs of great pith and moment.

Williams is influenced much by precedents, while Hearst is an iconoclast with the heart of a poet and the spirit of a crusader. Williams acts somewhat on the principle of Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna's famous saying, "Let well enough alone!" which is only another dressing for Lord Melbourne's favorite dictum, "Why not leave it alone?"

Williams constantly harks back to the Fathers of the

Republic—particularly to the immortal Jefferson, of whom he has written a very interesting *Life*—whereas Hearst is eternally looking out for something new to benefit the people, having no sort of reverence for a thing simply because it is old. Williams was born in Tennessee, his father, a Confederate colonel, dying at the head of his regiment on the red field of Shiloh; and the Congressman has lived the life of a combined lawyer and planter in Mississippi all his days. His maternal grandfather was a captain in the famous "Mississippi Rifles" which at Buena Vista, under Col. Jefferson Davis, turned the tide of battle in favor of the Americans.

Hearst is "a native son" of California, his father and mother having been among the modern Argonauts who in '49 crossed the plains in search of the golden fleece. They were from the Congressional district which I have represented so long. William Randolph Hearst's father, George Hearst, was a Senator of the United States from California, and, being the best judge of precious-metal mines in America in his generation, he amassed a splendid fortune.

Physically Williams is rather a small man, with swarthy complexion; Hearst is a blond, almost in the giant class, and as bashful as a girl. Both are good public speakers; both are happily married, with large families of children, Hearst's two youngest being twin boys. Each is insistent to an extraordinary degree in having his own way.

When these two able and eminent men were brought into juxtaposition they naturally and inevitably disliked each other, thereby laying the foundation for much history.

Hearst has been outrageously maligned by jealous rivals and their supple tools—also by certain men whom he has defended and supported, to his great financial loss. The principal charge brought against him, and asserted with

such damnable iteration that many believe it, is that he is as changeable as the wind—true to nobody and to nothing. I know that that charge is a gross slander—baseless as the fabric of a vision. For years, indeed ever since our friendship began, he has been as true as steel to me through evil and through good report—that, too, notwithstanding we have differed widely on more than one important issue of public policy.

So, at the beginning of the next Congress, Williams, to punish Shackleford and Lamar for reporting the Hearst bill, took them off the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and gave them inferior committee assignments, stating as his reason that he wanted a minority on that committee which would act in unison. By so doing he made mortal and lifelong enemies of Shackleford and Lamar. They were in a white heat. Lamar took it out by making a vitriolic speech, going so far in his anger as to denounce Williams as "a shriveled ape" on the floor of the House; while Williams retorted that there was nothing to Lamar except his name, intimating broadly that Lamar was a disgrace to that name.

Shackleford got his revenge by stirring up mutiny and rage through private and incessant agitation—in which he is a past-master. He worked at his self-appointed task day and night. He never let up till he succeeded.

The reader may ask, "What had the animosity of DeArmond and Shackleford to do with the overthrow of Mr. Speaker Cannon and 'Cannonism,' so called?"

The answer is easy. They held him responsible for the committee assignments made by Williams; they believed they would not be fairly treated by Williams so long as he was minority leader, and believed they would be more unfairly treated when he became Speaker, which it was generally assumed he would be some day, for they knew that he was in favor of the Speaker appointing the committees. Therefore they proposed to deprive Mr. Speaker

Cannon, and incidentally Minority-leader Williams *in esse*, Mr. Speaker Williams *in posse*, of that power. They were constant as the northern star to their self-appointed task—Judge Shackleford by his genius for private agitation and Judge DeArmond by his incisive and caustic speeches—some of which burned his victims like *aqua fortis*.

These two men were largely responsible for the revolution in the rules of the House. It is not too much to say that, so far as they were concerned, Mr. Speaker Cannon made vicarious atonement for the acts of Minority-leader Williams.

It was, however, not until after the election of 1908 that the movement to liberalize the rules began to be organized and systematized. About a week after the election I arrived in Washington to participate in the "hearings" on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, being the top Democrat on the Committee on Ways and Means. Albert Sidney Burleson, subsequently Postmaster-General, whose talents run largely to intrigue and who delights in that sort of work, had spent the summer and autumn in Washington, closely observing what was being said and done in the city.

One day he said to me that he desired some time shortly to see me at the Cosmos Club, where he was stopping, as he had an important suggestion to make. So one evening I called on him, when in substance we had the following conversation. He said:

"You will be unanimously elected minority leader to fill out the unexpired term of John Sharp Williams, who will resign when Congress meets, and you will be elected minority leader for the full term in the next Congress. From what I have heard, if you will agree to lead the fight to liberalize the rules in the next Congress, I believe enough Republicans will vote with us to win. If our men stand firm, it will require only twenty-four Republican votes to give us the victory, as they will have a ma-

jority of only forty-seven in the next [Sixty-first] Congress, whereas they have fifty-seven majority in this [Sixtieth] Congress."

I replied: "I have no faith in twenty-four Republicans standing fire when the test comes. Men do not like to break with their party. It is a painful operation, disrupting all their relations in life, social as well as political. It is like tearing out their heart-strings. More than once I have negotiated a *modus vivendi* with certain Republicans, but they always flew the track when the pinch came. Moreover, I do not know how our folks will feel about it. But I do know that I am very busy with the tariff hearings, and it is a big undertaking to line up one hundred and seventy-two Democrats on anything, as they have the chronic and incorrigible habit of disagreeing with one another and of fighting among themselves"—which was literally true then, but which, happily, is not true now.

Finally he asked me if he could use my name in "feeling out" the Republican insurgents and assure them that I would lead the fight provided enough Republicans would toe the mark. I agreed to that proposition, but charged him to be cautious. That conversation in the Cosmos Club led to a revolution in the House and to a political revolution throughout the land. I talked to the present Senator Oscar W. Underwood about it. He stood next to me on the Committee on Ways and Means and he advised making the fight if we could find twenty-four Republicans willing to join us. I also spoke to other Democrats from time to time. Burleson reported progress occasionally. He was as busy as a bee in the intrigue with the insurgent Republicans, and as enthusiastic as a lover in courting his first sweetheart. After several weeks spent in his congenial labors, he assured me that thirty Republicans were lined up. I told him that I would fool away no time on them until at least twenty-four signed a paper stating what propositions they would

stand for. In a few days he reported that thirty had formulated and signed their propositions, and inquired if I would see a committee of three insurgent Republicans to consult as to the propositions. I said, "Yes."

So in due time the committee—Messrs. Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, George W. Norris, of Nebraska, now a United States Senator, and E. A. Hayes, of California, came to my office with their propositions in writing, signed by thirty Republican members. I ran a pencil through four names because I did not believe their owners could be trusted in the fight we were preparing to make. That left twenty-six—enough, provided all the Democrats would stand fire. Then I read over their propositions twice. I told the committee that their propositions were too involved and that they must simplify them, for I would not undertake to explain to one hundred and seventy-two Democrats any resolutions that I could not understand at first reading. They brought back the simplified propositions, and then Mr. Underwood and myself went forth to line up the one hundred and seventy-two Democrats in favor of our reform resolutions.

Underwood is one of the most urbane and patient of mortals—clear-headed, resolute, courageous. The old Latin saying, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," fits and describes him exactly.

For about six weeks he and I worked like beavers to induce all the Democrats to collaborate. We made no claim then, and make none now, that we did it all. That would be preposterous, for many others helped, Judge Shackleford being the most active propagandist, with Burleson intriguing by day and by night.

The extraordinary session of the new Congress began on March 15, 1909. Everybody knew that there was to be a pitched battle on the adoption of the rules, and excitement ran high both on the floor and in the galleries,

Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania, foremost among the Republican chieftains, moved that the rules of the Sixtieth Congress be adopted as the rules of the Sixty-first Congress, and on that motion he moved the previous question in order to cut off extended debate. We antagonized him, and after a hot debate of forty minutes defeated his motion for the previous question. That threw his motion to adopt the rules open to debate, and gave me, as minority leader, charge of the question. I offered the Democratic-insurgent proposition as a substitute. After two hours of hot debate our substitute was defeated and Dalzell's motion with amendments agreed to, twenty-six Republicans voting with us and twenty-three Democrats voting with the Republicans. Thus ended the first chapter.

The fight on the rules, just described, engendered much bad blood among both Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Speaker Cannon was not only victorious, but vengeful. He used, and used for the last time to any great extent, the abnormal powers centered in the Speaker under the old rules. Among other things he took from me the authority he had given to John Sharp Williams, when he was minority leader, to make the minority appointments on the various committees, an authority which had been exercised in a lesser degree by Minority-leader Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, under Mr. Speaker Reed, and by Minority-leader James D. Richardson, under Mr. Speaker Henderson.

Mr. Speaker Cannon, in his anger, took that authority away from me as a punishment for having the courage and audacity to fight the tyrannous old rules and practices; but I have always been glad that he did so, thereby relieving me of an unpleasant duty. He did have the grace to reappoint me top Democrat on Rules and on Ways and Means. He possesses his *quantum sufficit* of worldly wisdom, and he knew full well that it would be too raw a performance not to reappoint to those places

the minority leader elected twice by the unanimous vote of Democratic caucuses.

He promoted, out of order, certain Democrats who fought for him, and demoted some able and conspicuous Republicans who fought against him. By the demoting process, as subsequent events demonstrated beyond all cavil, he was simply laying up trouble for himself, and lots of it—to use an expression common in the West, whence he and I both come—was "pickling a rod for his own back." He could neither bend their necks nor break their spirit, and they bided their time, "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," or, more exactly, "to keep it hot," "warm" being too feeble a word to express their feeling.

The next morning after our defeat all the papers announced in great, black, flaring head-lines that the rules fight was over, and most of them congratulated Mr. Speaker Cannon and his "regular Republicans" upon their crushing victory. They condemned the insurgent Republicans without mercy, and jeered at the Democrats with ghoulish glee. Henceforth, so they declared, the demoralized and beaten Democrats would be a negligible quantity; and that "Uncle Joe," like Alexander Selkirk on his desert island, was "monarch of all he surveyed." "His right there was none to dispute."

I will never forget how those head-lines looked; but the jubilators reckoned without their host, never dreaming that in precisely one year and four days the men so thoroughly licked, March 15, 1909, would achieve a triumph so sweeping that it would not only work a revolution in the rules of the House, but would work a political revolution throughout the land, the first-fruits of which would be a Democratic majority in the House of the Sixty-second Congress which would rend the Republican party in twain and give the Democrats the President, the House, and the Senate, March 4, 1913.

It cannot be stated too often that our successful rules fight placed the Democrats in power, not only in the House, but in the nation.

The next day, after we were trounced, the "Allies" went about their business as though nothing untoward had happened, pursuing the even tenor of their way, waiting patiently for an opportunity to renew the conflict. It was slow in coming, but it came at last and in a most unexpected manner.

From the fifteenth day of March, 1909, to the seventh day of January, 1910, we worked along, trying, whenever there seemed to be any chance, to break through the Republican lines, but they were wary and constantly on guard. On January 7, 1910, a resolution came up authorizing the Speaker to appoint a committee of six members to investigate Mr. Secretary Ballinger of the Interior Department. I was absent in Missouri, campaigning to elect a successor to Judge DeArmond in the Sixth District, that election being the first by-election after 1908, and being deemed important as a straw showing the direction of the political wind.

The combined Democrats and insurgent Republicans offered a substitute, providing that the House should elect the committee. Mr. Underwood led the "Allies," and after a short fight the "Allies" won a decisive victory.

Peace reigned until the late afternoon of March 16, 1910. We were debating under the five-minute rule, in a drowsy sort of way, the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation bill. There was a lump-sum item in it carrying a goodly amount to pay special attorneys to be appointed by the Attorney-General. I asked Mr. James A. Tawney, the able chairman of the committee, if anywhere in that lump sum was concealed any salary or emolument for Wade Hampton Ellis, who had been a Democrat, but had ratted to the Republicans. The reason I asked that was that a few days before a statement

appeared in the newspapers that Ellis had resigned the position of Assistant Attorney-General, at seven thousand a year, to accept a position as special attorney, with a roving commission at a higher salary, ostensibly to look after government business, but really to take charge of President Taft's political affairs in Ohio; and I was bent on proving that, if possible. Mr. Chairman Tawney beat about the bush a good deal. Several members participated, carrying on a desultory debate of considerable extent. While it was dragging its slow length along I had the Democratic whip send for our men. When the debate ended, on motion of Doctor Foster of Illinois we recommitted the bill. This was merely a petty skirmish on the eve of a parliamentary battle bitter, long drawn out, and memorable forevermore.

The Republicans were furious and claimed that we had tricked them. Anyway, a man came to me that night and told me that they had ordered in their men. I did likewise, and on the 17th there was a large attendance on both sides of the Chamber, and the atmosphere seemed charged with electricity.

A portion of *The Congressional Record* for March 17th runs in this wise:

Mr. Norris: Mr. Speaker, I present a resolution made privileged by the Constitution.

The Speaker: If it is a resolution made privileged by the Constitution, the gentleman will present it. The clerk will report the resolution.

House Resolution 502.

Resolved, That the rules of the House be amended as follows: "The committee on rules shall consist of fifteen members, nine of whom shall be members of the majority party, and six of whom shall be members of the minority party, to be selected as follows:

"The states of the Union shall be divided by a committee of three, elected by the House for that purpose, into

nine groups, each group containing, as near as may be, an equal number of members of the minority party.

"At 10 A.M. of the day following the adoption of the report of the said committee each of said groups shall meet and select one of its number a member of the Committee on Rules. The place of meeting for each of said groups shall be designated by the said Committee of Three in its report. Each of said groups shall report to the House the name of the member selected for membership on the Committee on Rules.

"The Committee on Rules shall select its own chairman.

"The Speaker shall not be eligible to membership of said committee.

"The rules, or parts thereof, inconsistent with the foregoing resolution are hereby repealed."

The point of order was made that the Norris resolution was not privileged, and on that ostensibly the battle was waged. The real purpose was to overthrow and uproot "Cannonism." We all realized that the decisive battle was on, none more thoroughly so than Mr. Speaker Cannon, who, fearing that he did not have a majority at his back in the House at that particular time, declined to rule, and carried on a filibuster from the chair for three wearisome days and two more wearisome nights.

I take it for granted that that was the only occasion in the entire history of the House when the Speaker led a filibuster. He was waiting for reinforcements enough to outvote us, for everybody knew two things: First, that when he did rule he would sustain the point of order, thereby holding the Norris resolution not to be privileged; second, that we would appeal from his decision. He could not be forced to rule. He was deferring to get a majority. We were holding on grimly to our majority. He wouldn't rule. We would not let the House adjourn.

It was St. Patrick's Day, and many members were

absent in near-by cities attending banquets of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and making speeches. By sundown every absent member had been telegraphed for. The Speaker hoped that when the midnight trains arrived his cohorts would muster enough votes to sustain the ruling which he intended to make; but when the midnight trains got in they brought seven of his supporters and six of ours!—not enough to change the *status quo ante*. We scrapped all that night and all of the 18th, until 2 P.M.

The country was aflame. Neither side would yield an inch. At 2 P.M. on the 18th the regular Republicans and the insurgent Republicans, voting together, forced a recess for two hours. We feared that they would patch up a compromise, but they didn't, because they couldn't. At 4 P.M. they voted together and forced an adjournment till noon of the 19th to make a final effort to compromise their differences. The Democrats felt certain that they would get together, and were not in either a hopeful or an amiable frame of mind.

I went to our apartment, ate supper, got shaved, took a bath—all of which I needed—went to bed, telling my wife that the regular Republicans and insurgents would get together, and to let me sleep till I awoke of my own motion. I was dead to the world for twelve hours. Next morning, however, she was up bright and early to read the news, which stated in great black head-lines "that the Republicans were still split."

Notwithstanding my injunction to let me sleep, she poked me in the ribs, bidding me arise, saying that it was my day. So I dressed in my Sunday best and went up to the House, which was packed from the floor to the glass roof.

There was an insistent rumor that when we overruled him—for everybody knew then that that was what we would do—Mr. Speaker Cannon would resign. I never

believed that rumor for one moment. I knew the courage and the will-power of the man too well for that.

When the clock struck twelve, at it we went, and a historic "field day" was on in the House. After a heated and brilliant debate of four hours—nearly every member being present—Mr. Norris offered as a substitute for his own resolution one which Mr. Underwood had prepared, and which I had been lugging around in my pocket for three days. Norris demanded that he should offer it, and I yielded to his demand, not intending to lose on a punctilio the great battle after it was virtually won, though several Democrats got hopping mad because I yielded to him, some of them indulging in "loud, tumultuous, profane, and offensive language, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace"—notably Representative Henry D. Clayton, now a Federal judge in Alabama. He swore like our army in Flanders because the insurgent Republicans, as he vociferated, would not play unless they held the center of the stage and monopolized the limelight. To use a phrase more emphatic than elegant, he cursed them through all the colors of the rainbow, and profanely avowed his disgust at "the tail wagging the dog."

The substitute resolution offered by Norris, now Senator from Nebraska, was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the Rules of the House of Representatives be amended as follows:

"1. In Rule X, Paragraph 1, strike out the words 'on Rules to consist of five members.'

"2. Add new paragraph to Rule X as follows:

"Paragraph 5, there shall be a Committee on Rules, elected by the House, consisting of ten members, six of whom shall be members of the majority party, and four of whom shall be members of the minority party. The Speaker shall not be a member of the Committee, and the Committee shall elect its own chairman from its own members.

"*Resolved,* further, that within ten days after the adoption of this resolution there shall be an election of this committee, and immediately upon its election the present Committee on Rules shall be dissolved."

When the debate closed Mr. Speaker Cannon, in a written opinion, sustained the point of order, holding the Norris substitute to be not privileged, and therefore not in order. I promptly appealed from his decision, and just as promptly Mr. Dalzell moved to table my appeal. The roll was called amid breathless, almost painful, silence. We triumphed by a large majority, every Democrat toeing the mark and thirty-odd insurgent Republicans voting with us.

Immediately, and without consultation with any Democrat so far as I have ever heard, Mr. Burleson popped up like a jack-in-the-box, pulled out of his waistcoat pocket a visiting-card on which was written a resolution declaring the chair vacant, and providing that the House proceed to the election of a Speaker.

Instantly the House was converted into a bedlam. The roll was called. All of the insurgents save nine joined the regular Republicans, and the Burleson resolution was defeated, which gave Speaker Cannon a Pyrrhic victory.

Why Burleson offered his resolution remains to this day a profound mystery. Several explanations were suggested, none flattering to him. But as there was no way of discovering his motive, and as the "Allies" had won on the main issue, nobody consumed much time or wasted much ingenuity or energy in trying to solve the riddle. Men wondered why he did it, but nobody cared much.

That contest is the finest example in our annals of debate under the five-minute rule and of our superb capacity for self-government. For three days and nights the battle raged with utmost fury, yet not one word of unparliamentary language was used except that General Hollingsworth of Ohio was wroth because, under a call

of the House, a deputy sergeant-at-arms routed him out of a nice downy bed and brought him to the bar of the House in the wee, small hours of the morning, when and where he expressed a sulphurous and elaborate opinion of all concerned, very much to the amusement of the other weary and sleepy members.

It must, in ordinary justice, be written down here that Mr. Speaker Cannon, throughout that bitter contest, bore himself with the utmost dignity and decorum, never appearing to better advantage in his life.

Technically speaking, under the rules of the House, he ruled correctly on the Norris resolution. The Democrats and insurgents never claimed the contrary, but we boldly and candidly asserted that what we were doing was a revolution in parliamentary procedure for the good of the House and of the country. The only way we could accomplish it was to overrule the Speaker—which we did. Otherwise the Norris resolution would have been referred to the Committee on Rules, where it would have slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Neither Underwood nor myself entertained the least ill-will toward Mr. Cannon. We were and are his personal friends. We were not fighting him. We were fighting a system which he had inherited and which was improperly called "Cannonism." We honestly deemed it a bad system, and we destroyed it forever.

The change as to the Rules Committee, the number of its members, and the method of selecting them was not all that we accomplished, for in the closing days of the Sixtieth Congress and the early days of the Sixty-first "Calendar Wednesday" and "the Unanimous Consent Calendar" were instituted. These two rules were largely the handiwork of Hon. John J. Fitzgerald, of New York, the best parliamentarian in the House.

"The Wednesday Calendar Rule" compels the call of the committees on Wednesdays—when the committees

can get their bills up, while "the Unanimous Consent Calendar Rule" deprives the Speaker of the arbitrary power of recognizing members for unanimous consent, and makes it obligatory to have that calendar called on the first and third Mondays of each month.

Mr. Speaker Cannon, after trying out that rule, declared it to be a positive relief to the Speaker—an opinion in which I fully concur. The most important change the Democrats made in the rules is to have the committees elected by the House instead of being appointed by the Speaker. We also adopted a rule for the motions to discharge committees from consideration of bills or resolutions. It has never been invoked, but the fact that it is held *in terrorem* over the heads of committees has spurred them into action. Until that rule was adopted some of the committees had the bad habit of "smothering" bills, thereby preventing their consideration in and by the House. The great Committee on the Judiciary was such an incorrigible sinner in that regard that members nicknamed it "the Morgue."

These changes in the rules and practices of the House have emancipated the House, expedited business, and engendered a better and kindlier feeling among the members.

The aftermath of this great upheaval on the Norris resolution was remarkable.

The night of the 19th there was a meeting of the Washington Illinois Society, and Mr. Speaker Cannon spoke, opening the vials of his wrath, not upon the nine insurgents who voted for the Burleson resolution to unseat him, but upon the insurgents who recanted their insurgency and voted for him. Those who heard it say that his fury made men gasp.

The next day these repentant insurgents began to hear from home by wire. On the second day letters of criticism and objurgation began to pour in upon them. By the

fourth day they were scared and sick at heart. Some of them came to me and wanted to do it all over again and oust Mr. Speaker Cannon. I said to them:

"Nay! nay! You had your day in court and did not have the courage to use it. Poor as I am, I would not have him ousted for ten thousand dollars, for he is our most valuable asset in the impending campaign," and he was.

It is worth noting in this connection that the best speeches against the system called "Cannonism" were delivered by Mr. Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin, Mr. Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, Mr. Norris, Mr. Poindexter, and Mr. Underwood; while the strongest speeches for the old system were made by Mr. Samuel W. McCall, since Governor of Massachusetts, and Mr. Frank W. Nye, of Minnesota.

Much more space has been given in newspapers, magazines, and books to Mr. Speaker Reed's revolution in parliamentary procedure than to the revolution wrought by the "Allies" in 1910. The main difference, however, is that his revolution contributed much to the rout of his party at the polls in 1890 and 1892, while our revolution gave to the Democrats the House at the election of 1910; and then the House, Senate, and Presidency in 1912. I am decidedly of the opinion that the one hundred and seventy-two House Democrats who brought about the revolution of 1910, in conjunction with the insurgent Republicans, have the best of it in comparing the two revolutions, and deserve well of the country.

It must be taken and accepted as a fact that sane, self-respecting men desire to be vindicated for their words and deeds. That's only one manifestation of human nature.

In 1909 and 1910, when we made our spectacular fight to overthrow the Cannon system and liberalize the rules, with few exceptions the great metropolitan papers were

against us. They criticized, abused, and poked fun at us. They denounced us as a lot of cheap-John demagogues and pestilent disturbers of the Congressional peace. Day in and day out they declared that we were seeking the unattainable and could not accomplish our purpose. When, in spite of their malicious and idiotic chatter, we achieved our great victory, they savagely asserted that we could not keep order, maintain decorum, and transact the public business, and that chaos would come again. All of these wild and preposterous predictions and assertions have been contradicted by the event—by the splendid, the unequaled, record of the House during the last eight years.

Now the Republicans are on deck in the House once more. Are they going to repeal the rules which we adopted? There is not a whisper of so doing. They have adopted them all—notably the Committee on Committees—and made them their own. Wherefore? Because they know full well that the people would not stand for a counter-revolution in parliamentary rules.

In ordinary fairness it should be stated that in our rules revolution we did not originate the idea of a Committee on Committees. That was advocated at least as far back as Blaine's Speakership, when Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, tried to have it adopted. He couldn't make it go; we did.

They even adopted my plan of having a caucus of the Republican members of the new House in February, before the new House began its life on the 4th of March, to nominate the Speaker and other officers. When I called such a caucus in January, 1911, all the Republican papers, and, truth to tell, several self-styled Democratic papers, ridiculed my plan at a great rate—because it never had been done, therefore it could not be done. They asseverated that the newly elected members would not attend, and that the whole thing would go up in

smoke. They gloated over my impending failure. One of my most brilliant Republican newspaper friends wrote an elaborate article which he entitled "Champ Clark's Crazy Scheme." The night for our caucus came, and, lo and behold! all the Democratic members of the new House, except four—two newly elected and two who were members of both the old House and the new, and two not of the old House—attended, and all went as merry as could be.

Now the Republican House has adopted "Champ Clark's Crazy Scheme"—which is surely abundant vindication. The reason I called that unprecedentedly early caucus was that among all hands we had agreed to have the committees nominated by a "Committee on Committees"—the Ways and Means Committee—and we wanted the members of that committee selected by the caucus so that they would have time to select the other committees, in order to be ready to begin work promptly at the opening of the impending extra session.

There is no more chance to revert to the old order of things in the House, which we overthrew after hard fighting and great tribulations, than there is to repeal the Rule of Three.

CHAPTER XXII

Vice-President Sherman.

THERE is an old and familiar Latin saying, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, the philosophy of which may explain why some statesmen desire to be Vice-President—whose title old Ben Franklin suggested should be his superfluous highness. The value of the office depends entirely on the chances of reaching the higher office. Vice-President Marshall, who is a great deal of a wit, has delivered himself of many very amusing quips touching his high position. However that may be, I have served in the House with one Vice-President, Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman. He wanted the place, and got it. I suppose he wanted it because he felt that he was fit for it, for he was. He got it for the reasons set forth herein.

I have elsewhere stated that a vice-presidential nomination is generally determined by the presidential nomination, being given as a sop or consolation prize to some member of the defeated faction, the most notable case being that of 1880, at the Chicago convention, when, upon being asked to name a vice-presidential running-mate for General Garfield, the lordly Roscoe Conkling contemptuously flung the prize to Chester A. Arthur, who, though he made an acceptable President, was at the time of his nomination rated only as a machine politician—simply a cog in Conkling's machine. Sometimes geography largely determines it, but as a rule it is settled on the principle stated above. That was what gave the nomination to James Schoolcraft Sherman, who at that time was, and

for many years had been, a Representative in Congress. He was a prominent member, not so prominent as Mr. Speaker Cannon, and certainly of no greater prominence than James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, James E. Watson, of Indiana, and some others. He was an industrious, level-headed, capable member, and a capital presiding officer. He rivaled Lord Chesterfield or Senator James Hamilton Lewis in courtesy. These qualities, however, did not secure him the honor which he coveted. It had been foreordained by President Roosevelt that William Howard Taft should have the first place on the ticket as a reform, up-to-date Progressive candidate. Roosevelt's choice was by no means the choice of the Old Guard or Stand-pat Republicans, but they accepted him because they could not help themselves. Colonel Roosevelt, being wise in his day and generation, knew that that seasoned and well-organized faction must be placated, so, in order to insure the election of his then favorite, he graciously permitted them to name Taft's running-mate, believing that by reason of his robustness, barring accidents, Taft would live through the four years next ensuing.

The Stand-patters selected Sherman partly because he wanted it, partly because they could trust him, and partly because he was perhaps the most acceptable of all the Old Guard chieftains in the House to President Roosevelt. When Mr. Speaker Cannon walked out on the platform and, slipping his sleeves up, made a heartfelt and impassioned speech for Sherman, that settled it, for he was *facile princeps* of the Old Guard. The two wings flapped together, and the ticket was elected by an overwhelming majority.

That Vice-President Sherman made an ideal presiding officer of the Senate is confessed of all men; and he was universally respected in life and universally mourned in

death. Had President Taft died pending his term, it is commonly believed that Sherman would have made a safe and sane Chief Executive—safe and sane according to the standards of the Old Guard faction to which he belonged, and would have ranked with Millard Fillmore and General Arthur.

Counting the Continental Congresses, the following Vice-Presidents served in the House of Representatives: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Elbridge Gerry, Daniel D. Tompkins, John C. Calhoun, Richard M. Johnson, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, John C. Breckenridge, Hannibal Hamlin, Andrew Johnson, Schuyler Colfax, William A. Wheeler, Thomas A. Hendrix, Adlai E. Stevenson, and James S. Sherman. These Vice-Presidents had been United States Senators: Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, George M. Dallas, William R. King, Andrew Johnson, Henry Wilson, Thomas A. Hendrix, and Charles Warren Fairbanks; while John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckenridge were United States Senators after being Vice-Presidents. Andrew Johnson served in the Senate both before and after he was both Vice-President and President.

General Breckenridge was the youngest of the Vice-Presidents, and George Clinton the oldest.

We are now living in the thirty-third presidential term. Five Presidents have died in office, three by violence, and two from natural causes. So that five Vice-Presidents have reached the White House by reason of the death of their chiefs, which shows that their chances of becoming Chief Magistrate of the Republic by that route are five out of thirty-three. It is an interesting fact that for fifty-two years after George Washington was first inaugurated no President died in office; and another interesting fact is that while we have had Democratic Presidents about half the time, no Democratic President has died in office.

Barring Vice-Presidents Sherman and Marshall, the Vice-President with whom I was best acquainted was Charles Warren Fairbanks. He was a splendid gentleman and was the tallest of all Vice-Presidents, standing six feet four, even topping Jefferson, who was six feet two and a half inches. Some malicious newspaper man fastened on Fairbanks the name of the "human icebox," thereby doing him a great and permanent injury. The story was not true, for he was a genial statesman.

CHAPTER XXIII

Repartee and sarcasm.

THE power of repartee is an invaluable equipment for any sort of public speaker—especially for a member of the House of Representatives. Men don't stand on ceremony there. Quarter is neither asked nor given. It is every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The fittest survive in that field of fiercest competition. It is an unequaled arena for intellectual slugging-matches.

Twenty Congressmen can make a fairly good set speech if the Speaker keeps others off where one can take care of himself in a running-fire debate.

To succeed in that species of discussion, a man must keep a clear head; must have a nimble tongue; must think rapidly; must strike from the shoulder; must not lose his temper; for it is true, as James G. Blaine states in his *Twenty Years of Congress*, that "usually to lose one's temper in debate is to lose one's cause."

In it every kind of mental weapon is used—the claymore, broadsword, Damascus blade, battle-ax, knife, stiletto, sledge-hammer, club, small arms, rifled cannon, and mortar guns. Attacks are made front, flank, and rear.

If, as Alexander Pope hath it, "order is heaven's first law," then the House of Representatives is not a heavenly place. I have seen a dozen men on the floor at once cross-firing at one another. Then it is that what Cæsar denominated *gaudium certaminis* (pleasure of the conflict)

is most in evidence — an idea which good Sir Walter enlarges in his famous couplet:

> The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

On such occasions the House is in the utmost confusion —sometimes it puts the Speaker up to all he knows to restore order. It is in these running-fire debates that the power of repartee is of most service. Frequently one sentence of the right sort—one happy retort—floors an opponent completely. In them a man of general information, with wit, humor, and sarcasm, shines to the best advantage.

The poet Cowper says:

> Variety's the very spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavor.

And the varieties of repartee are numberless, ranging from the pleasant to the brutal, from the ridiculous to the sublime. Some are delightful persiflage, while others leave rankling wounds that never heal and lay the foundations for animosities that never die.

Once when a great many members were interrupting Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, "Sunset" Cox, who was a little bit of a man physically, joined in the attack on the grim old warrior. Butler waved him off, and quoted the popular song of that day: "Shoo, fly; don't bodder me! Shoo, fly; don't bodder me!" That was happy, harmless, humorous, and apropos—a sort of love-lick, for Butler and Cox were bosom friends, and Cox speaks of Butler in kindest terms in his book.

But when John A. Bingham quoted against Butler General Grant's famous letter about his being "bottled up" on the James and referred to his highly unpopular career at New Orleans, it so enraged General Butler that he hurled at Bingham the crushing charge that he was one

of the judicial murderers of a woman—referring to Bingham's part in the trial of Mrs. Surratt.

That was savage. It is certain that Bingham never forgot or forgave it till his dying day.

Senators have always claimed that the manners of the Senate are far superior to those of the House, but certainly few passages at arms in the latter body have exceeded in ferocity certain choice epithets which some Senators have hurled at one another's heads.

William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, during his high career in the Senate, often performed the office of a gadfly to perfection. He had as much mischievousness and ingenuity as a monkey, and nothing pleased him so much as to set his sleepy confrères by the ears.

Sometimes, however, he got more than he bargained for. In the closing days of the Fifty-third Congress he took it into his head to read the Democrats a lecture on purity in politics and the sanctity of the ballot-box. Among other soft impeachments, he charged that David Bennett Hill stole the Legislature which elected Murphy, and that John Martin, of Kansas, never was elected to the Senate, whereupon Hill denounced Chandler as a "ghoul" and a "hyena," while the gentle Jayhawker chipped in with the declaration that Chandler would never reach his proper place in society until the doors of the penitentiary closed upon him. That was what Professor Squeers of Dotheboys Hall would have called "richness."

Once upon a time Senator Allen of Nebraska informed the Republican Senators that they had been lying for, lo! these many years, and Senator Teller assured John Sherman that infamy would rest upon his name long after he was in his grave.

These three samples show that the Conscript Fathers are taking on the popular manners of the House.

In the language of the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, "the world do move."

Senator Hoke Smith, when Secretary of the Interior, was by no means a favorite with the members of the House from the Far West. Many Republicans assailed him bitterly, smote him hip and thigh, treated him with contumely and scorn, and metaphorically danced war jigs upon him. The men from the territories and new states hated him intensely, and charged that he had filled all the land offices and Indian agencies out there with his Georgia friends to help himself into the United States Senate.

One day John L. Wilson, of Washington, subsequently a Senator himself, who could not talk two minutes upon any subject without getting as mad as a bald hornet in his worst estate, was larruping Mr. Secretary Smith to his heart's content. He detailed with increasing anger how many Georgia carpet-baggers Honorable Hoke had sent out to fill the offices in his state, and declared it the worst of outrages to import strangers to hold fat places.

Judge Culberson quietly asked, "Didn't you yourself first go to Washington as a carpet-bagger with a commission as Register of the Land Office in your pocket?"

The shout of derisive laughter that followed that query was too much even for Wilson's effrontery, and he sat down covered with confusion.

While John J. O'Neill, of St. Louis, was making a speech, he was interrupted repeatedly by a member noted far more for his bitterness of tongue than for his *quantum* of brains. At last O'Neill turned on him savagely and exclaimed, "If the gall which you have in your heart could be poured into your stomach, you'd die instantly of the black vomit!"

That hasn't been excelled since the famous tilt between John Randolph of Roanoke and Tristam Burges.

Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania, was a soldier and a statesman, a scholar and an elocutionist. He had not in his makeup even a trace of humor. With him "life

was real, life was earnest." He was the most solemn of mortals. He would narrate the most trivial occurrence in life with all the pomposity of a tragedian declaiming Mark Antony's celebrated oration over Cæsar's dead body, and yet he accidentally made one of the funniest repartees ever uttered in Congress.

John A. Pickler, of South Dakota, was a splendid man, but one of the most pestiferous of mortals. He interrupted everybody and was eternally talking. On one occasion, never to be forgotten by him, he kept breaking in on Brosius when the latter was trying to soar to the empyrean—as the boys say in their sophomore year at college. Pickler would not let him soar. Every time Brosius spread his oratorical wings Pickler would ask some impertinent question, and drag him down. Finally Brosius got mad. He turned on his tormentor and in the most tragic tones exclaimed:

"You love your automatic mouth;
You love its giddy gurgle;
You love its fluent flow;
You love to wind your mount up;
You love to hear it go!"

For the first and last time in his life Pickler was utterly dumfounded and collapsed into his seat.

The way he acted always reminded me of one stanza of Bret Harte's famous poem entitled, "The Society upon the Stanislaus":

Then Abner, Dean of Angels, raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone struck him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Time and time again I have seen the House in such an unruly and obstreperous frame of mind that it would listen to nobody with any sort of patience or decorum.

Once when a Democratic leader of twelve years' service undertook to quote the wise but familiar words of Lincoln: "You can fool part of the people all of the time; you can fool all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," divers and sundry members, forgetting their own dignity and what was due the illustrious statesman, unceremoniously and vociferously shouted, "Rats! Rats! Rats!" very much to his vexation and humiliation. The truth is that sometimes they seem to enjoy worrying one another above all things else.

Lemuel Eli Quigg, of New York City, who came into Congress at a special election to succeed that brilliant orator, successful soldier, and scintillating *bon vivant*, Col. John R. Fellows, was a very frequent speaker. He was a young newspaper man of admirable parts and decidedly long on gall.

His special hobby was to skin the Cleveland administration and everybody connected with it. Personally he was a genial gentleman, but politically he was one of the most bitter partizans since Thaddeus Stevens shuffled off this mortal coil.

After he had worn his welcome quite threadbare, he was up one day inveighing against Democrats in general and the Democratic majority in the House in particular. Among many things which he intended to be especially severe, he, unfortunately for himself, said, "This is a day of small things and small men." The reception which these remarks met with must have astounded him beyond measure. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth one quick member yelled, "Yes, that's so!" Another bellowed, "You hit the bull's-eye that crack." The Democrats "caught on" instantly, as the saying goes, and turned Quigg's sarcasm against himself by laughing loud and long and thumping their desks until it seemed that pandemonium had broken loose for keeps, many of the Republicans joining in the merriment.

During a very stormy scene in the House in its closing hours Hon. Leonidas F. Livingston, of Georgia, was pouring hot shot into his opponents in great shape. His words had about as much of soothing quality as vitriol. He was mad through and through, and every sentence made some luckless member squirm like an eel in a hot skillet. There was a wide-spread suspicion that Uncle Leonidas frequently addressed *hoi polloi* under the guise of speaking to the House. In the midst of his remarks he lifted up his voice and shouted with great energy, "Mr. Speaker, I am through with demagoguery on this floor." Quick as lightning a dozen members yelled, "Glad to hear it!" "Thank God for that!" And the roar of laughter nearly cracked the glass roof. As it was dying out Lafe Pence, of Colorado, jumped to his feet and proposed to have Livingston sworn to what he had said. All may call Livingston a demagogue who want to, but no man can charge truthfully that he ever went back on the great body of the people.

Livingston represented the Atlanta district. As he did not live there and was the head of the Granger-Wheel-Alliance Democrats in the state, that city was for a long time not particularly enamoured of its representative, the aforesaid namesake of the hero of Thermopylæ. In the early summer of 1894, Atlanta, as usual, declared war on Livingston when he was up for renomination. He made a flying trip home, and in a few days was back, like Tam o'Shanter, "o'er all the ills of life victorious." I asked a Georgian how Livingston managed always to secure the nomination, with Atlanta against him. "Oh," he replied, "easy enough. Each county sends a delegation to the Congressional convention in proportion to the number of representatives it has in the Legislature —that's our plan." "But doesn't that give the county in which Atlanta is situated a great advantage, by reason of its greater population?" "No," answered my Georgia

friend, "we have a constitutional provision that every county must have one representative, and no county, no matter how great its population, shall have more than two. We don't propose to have the rural roosters bossed by the city dudes in the Empire State of the South."

I wonder, though, when we still had conventions in Missouri, what certain solar-walk statesmen in St. Louis would say if, when they reach a state convention, they should find that that city is entitled to only twice as many delegates as Carter County or Ozark? There would be some of the tallest cussing done that has been heard "since the stars fell." No wonder Hon. Leonidas Livingston had easy sailing in his district for twenty years.

I shall believe to my dying day that Hon. Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, was the worst-tempered man I ever served with in the House, which is saying a great deal. He was a man of wealth, learning, and capacity, and in private circles was quite companionable; but a buzz-saw revolving under a full head of steam was not a circumstance to him when he had his war-paint on—his normal condition. Evidently he had never read Solomon's saying, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," for he never gave one. All his answers were hard as flint, sharp as a razor, and hot as Cayenne pepper. His self-confidence was unbounded, and he would have had no hesitancy in contradicting the seven wise men of Greece all at once. His ideas of politeness were *nil*. Manifestly he had taken few lessons out of the famous book of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

One day, after I had served about three months, he was making a furious tariff speech. I had not learned how he performed, otherwise I would have let him severely alone. Among other fallacies he argued that the farmers ought to thank God fervently three times a day for the high protective tariff as Heaven's greatest boon to them,

because it had so stimulated New England ingenuity that the reaper, mower, self-binder, and other labor-saving farm machinery had been invented and had made agriculture merely a pleasant recreation. Without any qualification, he gave the high protective tariff and Yankee ingenuity all the glory.

In the full tide of his oratory I interrupted him to ask, "Is it not true that the first reaper was invented during the Walker free-trade tariff by Cyrus McCormick, a Virginian?" Not being able to answer it truthfully without knocking the speech he was delivering into smithereens, he got mad, reared back on his pastern joints, and bawled at the top of his voice, "Well, isn't that richness? What do you know about it, anyway?"

Of course everybody roared at my expense. I resolved then and there to even up with him—which I finally did in four or five years. Then we became great friends by reason of my asking him privately for some information on the financial question, about which he had a vast stock of information. He presented me with a copy of his book on "money," which he considered as high an honor as Englishmen regard knighthood. Ever after he took a sort of paternal interest in me. He was a handsome old man with a pink complexion, with a fine head of hair and elegant mutton-chop whiskers, white as the driven snow. He rejoiced in the sobriquet of "the Gray Eagle of Quinsigamond."

William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, was one of the readiest talkers that ever served in the Congress of the United States, and yet I saw this same Joseph H. Walker come near knocking Bryan clear out by an ill-natured but ingenious question. It happened in this wise: Along in February, 1895, Bryan was delivering his tearful speech against the Carlisle Bond bill. Few stronger or more impassioned speeches have ever been delivered in that historic hall. During its progress Bryan sent to the

clerk's desk, to be read, the stock quotation from Shylock, about the pound of flesh. As soon as the reading concluded, Walker sang out in his most rasping voice, "Who wrote that, anyhow?" The question was so ridiculous that the House roared for five minutes. Two or three times Bryan tried to start on, but he couldn't be heard for the laughter. At last, when the members had exhausted themselves in cachinnation he proceeded to conclude his speech.

Hon. George D. Wise, of Virginia, was the most irascible of men, but he was a splendid gentleman, with a heart tender as a little child's. He was one of my best friends. He had in charge the famous Revenue Cutter bill. One day I had to kill time for fifty-four minutes to keep it from being voted on. I had the right to talk about anything I pleased, and I talked about several. Among other things I discussed civil-service reform for a few minutes. I gave samples of the questions which they had in their examinations. In addition to other things, I said the commission asked a class of applicants for positions in the railway mail service how far it was from the earth to the sun, and that one man answered, "I don't know, but it is not far enough to keep me from drawing my salary." Wise saw his opportunity, and broke in with, "I would like to ask the gentleman from Missouri how far he has got from the question?" It struck the House all of a heap, and it roared for two or three minutes, but as I was trying to kill time, the longer they disturbed the proceedings the better I liked it. They were playing directly into my hand.

Ben Perley Poore, in his delightful book of reminiscences, gives the following account of a tilt between Senator Clingman of North Carolina and Senator Hale of New Hampshire which is a fine illustration of how statesmen sometimes use Bible quotations:

"Senator Clingman of North Carolina, who was one of

the last to leave, compared the seceders to representatives of the 'ten tribes of Israel'! Senator Hale, the genial hard-hitter, replied. 'Ten tribes,' said he, 'did go out from the kingdom of Israel, but the ark of the living God remained with the tribe of Judah!' This was loudly applauded by the Republicans in the Senate galleries, and the presiding officer had to pound lustily with his mallet to secure order. Then Mr. Hale proceeded:

"'I think the galleries ought to be excused for applauding a reference made to the Scriptures. I say, there is where the ark of the covenant remained. What became of the ten tribes? They have gone God only knows where, and nobody else. It is a matter of speculation what became of them—whether they constitute the Pottawatomies or some other tribe of savages. But the suggestion of the Senator from North Carolina is full of meaning. There were ten tribes that went out, and, remember, they went out wandering. They left the ark and the empire behind them. They went, as I said before, God only knows where. But, sir, I do hope and pray that this comparison, so eloquent and instructive, suggested by the honorable Senator, may not be illustrated in the fate of these other tribes that are going out from the household of Israel.'"

Speaking of repartee, *Judge* says:

"Repartee is the promiscuous ricochetting of verbal fireworks. It is a rocket which has been touched off by an ingenious remark; and this rocket is very apt to touch off another, which in turn may touch off still another, and so on until all bolts have been shot.

"Scintillating repartee is a source of keen enjoyment to all, but no one enjoys it quite so much as does its own manufacturer. This one fact insures the sempiternal survival of repartee, even though at times it seems smothering under the blanket of dullness. The man who is utterly impervious to the distending effects of flattery

usually puffs up visibly with the self-infatuation which is caused by his own glowing repartee.

"The repartee handed out by another is a brain message in its effect.

"The very best examples of repartee are the thoughts which come to us a few hours or perhaps a few days after we have listened to remarks which seemed to plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, for us to rise to the occasion."

Macaulay gives this sample of the power of repartee or sarcasm of the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham. The George Grenville referred to in it was Pitt's brother-in-law. He is the man who got the Stamp Act enacted which led to the independence of the United States:

"Dashwood's financial statement had been confused and absurd beyond belief, and had been received by the House with roars of laughter. He had sense enough to be conscious of his unfitness for the high situation which he held, and exclaimed, in a comical fit of despair: 'What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street and cry, "There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever was."' George Grenville came to the rescue, and spoke strongly on his favorite theme—the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentleman opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwelt on this topic with his usual prolixity. 'Let them tell me where,' he repeated, in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. 'I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them, tell me where.' Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song, 'Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.' 'If,' cried Grenville, 'gentlemen

are to be treated in this way—' Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage and everybody else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of the Gentle Shepherd."

In his essay on the younger Pitt he gives this fine sample of Sheridan's power in that regard. Of course, to understand it thoroughly, it must be remembered that Pitt was only twenty-four years of age, though he had long been famous. Compared with this peevish performance it is not inapropos to give a sample of Pitt's imperial declaration when somebody said to him that, with his notorious character for immorality, it was strange that Charles James Fox had such a hold on the hearts of the British people. Pitt replied, "You have never been under the wand of the enchanter," and it may be interesting to state that when the younger Pitt made his first speech in the House of Commons, Burke, moved even to tears, exclaimed, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." "Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament," said a member of the Opposition to Fox. "He is so already," answered Fox—which shows his nobility of character.

Macaulay says: "There had been, during some days, floating rumors that Fox and North had coalesced, and the debate indicated but too clearly that those rumors were not unfounded. Pitt was suffering from indisposition—he did not rise till his own strength and that of his hearers was exhausted; and he was consequently less successful than on any former occasion. His admirers owned that his speech was feeble and petulant. He so far forgot himself as to advise Sheridan to confine himself to amusing theatrical audiences. This ignoble sarcasm gave Sheridan an opportunity of retorting with great felicity. 'After

what I have seen and heard to-night,' he said, 'I really feel strongly tempted to venture on a competition with so great an artist as Ben Jonson and to bring on the stage a second Angry Boy.'"

Judge Henry W. Gibson, of Tennessee, is a small man physically, but a decidedly big man vocally. His style of oratory in the House was peculiar. He would plant himself in the semicircle about the Speaker's stand, throw his head back as far as he could without dislocating his neck, and with eyes fixed on the coats of arms in the glass ceiling, pour forth a torrent of words in tones which could be heard in the Senate Chamber. One day while the judge was thus engaged, some wag yelled: "Louder! Louder! We can't hear you, Judge!" Gibson, solemn as an owl, looked his tormentor in the face and exclaimed, "Good Lord! Mr. Speaker, if the gentleman can't hear me, he should be granted a pension for total deafness!" After that witty and pertinent rejoinder the Tennesseean was interrupted no more on that occasion.

Judge Gibson is the author of a work on chancery practice universally used in the Southwest.

Amos J. Cummings was fond of telling a tale about a bashful and obscure member from Pennsylvania who at a night session was laboriously reading a campaign speech in a low tone, only a few members being present. A joker said: "Mr. Speaker, we would like to hear the gentleman. Wish he would speak louder," whereupon the Pennsylvanian would lift up his voice for a few sentences and then let it fall into low tones. Several times the joker and he went through that performance. At last the Pennsylvanian grew weary of it and shouted: "I don't care a red copper whether you hear or not. I am not speaking to you, anyway. I am speaking to the people of the Cumberland Valley and they will hear!"—which was another rendering of "Speaking for Buncombe" and another evidence supporting Lord Byron's theory

that there had never been but seven original anecdotes and that all others were mere variations.

The following somewhat amusing paragraph from *The Literary Digest*, while giving not precisely an example of repartee, comes so close to it as not to be inapropos:

> Edward Everett once concluded a stately speech in Congress with a long, sonorous, and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus, and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from the West. He had once been an Indian agent, and he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After a while the Speaker called him to order. "I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged," he cried; "you let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine." The scene was very comical, but it struck the death-knell of further classical quotations in Congress.

An incident similar to the foregoing is related by Col. John W. Forney in his delightful *Anecdotes of Public Men*, as follows:

"A good story is told of the celebrated George Kremer, who figured conspicuously during the 'bargain and sale' excitement forty-five years ago, about the time Henry Clay was appointed Secretary of State by President John Quincy Adams. Mr. Kremer represented the old Union and Northumberland Congressional district in Pennsylvania, and was a fine type of the primitive manners and rugged Democracy of that period. He was firmly convinced that Mr. Clay threw his influence against General Jackson, by which the electoral vote of Kentucky was given to Mr. Adams for a consideration; and when the first place in the Cabinet was tendered to and accepted by the Kentucky statesman, honest George 'cried aloud and spared not.' The sensation he created disturbed the politics of the whole country and led to many differences between public men. John Randolph of Roanoke dilated upon the accusation against Clay to such an extent that

the new Secretary of State was compelled to challenge him to mortal combat. But I do not propose a chapter on the 'bargain and sale.' That episode is happily ignored by the retiring generation, and is no longer recalled as a reproach on the memory of Henry Clay. I write simply to revive an incident between Randolph and Kremer, characteristic of both. After one of the peculiar speeches of the eccentric Virginian, which he interlarded with copious quotations in Latin and Greek, Kremer rose and in a strain of well-acted indignation poured forth a torrent of Pennsylvania German upon the head of the amazed and startled Randolph. His violent gesticulations, his loud and boisterous tones, his defiant manner, were not more annoying to the imperious Southerner than the fact that he could not understand a word that was spoken. And when honest George took his seat, covered with perspiration, Randolph rose and begged the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania to enlighten the House and the country by translating what he had just uttered. Kremer retorted as follows: 'I have only to say in reply to my friend from Virginia that when he translates the dead languages, which he is constantly using for the benefit of us country members, into something like English, I will be equally liberal in translating my living Pennsylvania Dutch into something that the House can understand.' The laugh was completely against Randolph."

That brilliant orator, Senator Matthew Hale Carpenter, once characterized the House of Representatives as "the Great American Bear Garden," by reason of its turbulent manners. Some years thereafter a prominent statesman temporarily in the chair when the House was in a very obstreperous mood, making a slip of the tongue in quoting Carpenter's mot, admonished members that "This is not the Great American Beer Garden," which funny *lapsus linguæ* only added to the unseemly uproar.

But, however rudely the House may act sometimes, it

cannot exceed in bad form an incident in the British House of Commons on Tuesday, August 6, 1918. Premier Lloyd George was delivering a long and exceedingly strong speech. Along in the middle of his speech he said:

"Our losses were great. We took a step which only the emergency could have justified—that is, the sending of lads of eighteen and twenty, who had received five or six months' training, into the line."

Mr. Hogge: And giving their mothers nothing. (Cries of "Order!")

Mr. Lloyd George: That is not true.

Mr. Hogge: It is true.

Mr. Lloyd George: It is a monstrous lie!

Mr. Hogge: It is true; it's a lie to say it is not true! (Cries of "Order!")

There is a popular delusion to the effect that all the bitter, rough, and cutting remarks uttered in Congress are made in a "Pickwickian sense," for the benefit of the galleries and the country. Nothing could be wider of the mark. They are generally spoken in dead earnest—often with murderous intent.

Those who think that all the members are cheek by jowl with one another, and live happily together as sucking doves, are woefully mistaken. Rivalry breeds dislike, success creates jealousy, competition engenders friction, opposition fosters bitterness, ambition—that sin by which the angels fell, and which wrecks so many lives—excites detraction and sets all the mills of slander grinding out their disgusting grists.

Things are said there "wilfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, on purpose, and of malice aforethought," as the indictments run, whose sole purpose is to produce political death. Even political assassination is not unknown and unpractised in Washington City.

Poison for the mind, if not for the body, is resorted to among some aspiring statesmen who in public preserve

all the conventional forms of ceremonial etiquette toward one another. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife have long since been barred as weapons of assault among civilized people in all sorts of warfare except political.

Even men who are not inimical to one another will give awful blows when engaged in "a scrapping-match" in the House. The explanation is that the desire to excel or to come out on top takes complete mastery of them. Another reason why so many exasperating things are said is that when a man is standing on his feet, thinking and speaking at the same time, and interrupted from every side, his nervous system is keyed up to the highest tension and he is more irritable and combative than at other times.

Frequently the language used in Congress is not such as is found in any "polite letter-writer," but is rather adapted for making "each particular hair to stand on end, like quills on a fretful porcupine." What it lacks in elegance, however, it fully makes up in emphasis.

Once I heard George W. Fithian, of Illinois, in a debate give the lie direct, without any circumlocution whatever, to Hon. Elijah Adams Morse, of Massachusetts, who was by the ungodly nicknamed "Rising Sun Stove Polish Morse." Fithian, like Mark Antony, is a plain, blunt man, who speaks right out in meeting. I also heard Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, give the lie direct to Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois. Subsequently Col. "Mont" Cockran, of Missouri, did the same to Colonel Hepburn.

Sometimes a pertinent inquiry or a profound suggestion is answered in words flippant, if not profane. John Allen, of Mississippi, says that during the acrimonious and long-drawn-out debates of the Fitz-John Porter case, Representative Andrew G. Curtin, the great war Governor of Pennsylvania, was billed to speak at two o'clock, and, to use John's precise lingo, "had liquored up" for the occasion. The time of the orator who immediately preceded

the ex-Governor was extended indefinitely, and the great Pennsylvanian kept on "liquoring up." Finally he took the floor and began his speech. In reply to one of his statements concerning the position of the troops at the second battle of Manassas, some member said, "Governor, the maps show precisely the contrary." "Then I say, damn the maps!" shouted the venerable statesman from the Keystone State—which, though not a very logical, was an entirely effective retort.

Usually the temper of Hon. Leonidas Livingston, of Georgia, was as placid as a duck-pond on the equator during a calm. It was merely sleeping, however, and could be excited to sudden and violent explosion. Asher Caruth, of Kentucky, was a genial humorist and one of the most amiable of men, but he sometimes delighted to worry his friends with an impertinent question. One day Livingston, in a speech of more earnestness than accuracy, said something about "the war claims office" —a thing which had no existence except in his imagination—whereupon Asher innocently inquired, "Where is that war claims office that the gentleman had to go to?" This aroused the great Georgia tribune's ire, and he exclaimed, "If the gentleman is so ignorant, after having served ten years, that he does not know the location of the government offices, I have no time now to instruct him. It is his fault, if ignorant, not mine!" which greatly amused the House and disturbed the cheerful Kentuckian not a particle.

Once in a while it happens that a well-directed shot in Congress not only places the victim *hors de combat* temporarily, but knocks him out politically for all time.

Lemuel Eli Quigg, of New York, and Col. James Hamilton Lewis, then a Representative from the new state of Washington—since a famous United States Senator from Illinois—were two of the brightest and most picturesque men in the House of the Fifty-third Congress. Quigg,

having retired from public life several years ago to practise law, has not been in the limelight so much of late as has Colonel Lewis. One day they had a cut-and-thrust debate on the subject of the trusts, Lewis assailing and Quigg defending. It was hot, sure enough. In answer to some severe thrust made by Quigg, Colonel Lewis, the politest of men, backed off eight or ten feet, made five or six bows, and said: "Mr. Speaker, I do not wonder that the gentleman from New York defends the trusts, for it is written in a very old Book that 'the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib.'" Which ended that debate.

In passing it is not inapropos to state, out of a wide experience and a wider observation, that the best book ever put between covers to quote from in court addresses, speeches to juries, on the stump, in Congress, on the lecture platform, or in any other species of speechmaking, is the Bible. A fitting quotation from the Bible goes like a rifle bullet to its mark.

Many men know many things in a dim, hazy sort of way. Few know anything accurately. I had this fact imprinted on my mind by the following experience. In the heat of debate on the River and Harbor bill I undertook to make a quotation from the Bible, and said, "It is written in a very old Book, 'He who careth not for his own household is worse than a heathen!'" When I had concluded my remarks, my friend John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, one of the finest scholars and most brilliant men in the House, having been graduated from the universities of Virginia and Heidelberg, came along and said, "Champ, you've got your Scriptural quotation wrong." I asked him to write it out for me, which he did as follows, "He that provideth not for those of his own household is worse than an infidel." Supposing that he knew what he was talking about, when the reporters gave me the notes of my speech for revision, and having no Bible at hand to

verify the quotation, I wrote it as Williams had it. Next morning, when *The Record* appeared, I was greatly surprised to discover that he did not know any more about it than I did, and that we each had made a bad stagger at quoting the Book of Books, for the argus-eyed proofreader had changed it so as to read, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The most savage passage at arms in the entire history of stump speeches was between Col. Thomas Hart Benton, "the Great Missourian," and Senator James S. Green, also a Missourian, involving two biblical quotations.

A more honest man than Colonel Benton never lived—his whole career proves it—but when he was a student at Chapple Hill University, now the University of North Carolina, a story was circulated that he had stolen some money and hidden it in an old-fashioned stock, and, notwithstanding his long and high public career, the canard was resurrected for campaign purposes when Benton broke with the Democratic party of Missouri on slavery and nullification. He utterly despised his Democratic enemies, treating them with contumely and scorn. As it turned out, he held them too lightly. Among other evidences of his contempt he would refuse to debate with any of them.

He drew enormous crowds, and there was always on hand one or more of his avowed enemies to address the audiences he drew when he had concluded, though he always departed as soon as he had finished, thereby giving them the "absent treatment." One day, however, he was slower than usual in getting out of the hall. Green opened upon him in such bitter manner, making all sorts of charges, that Benton shook his fist at him, shouting, "It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'" Quick as a flash Green retorted, "In the same document it is written, 'Thou shalt not steal!'"

harking back to the story originated at Chapple Hill University sixty years before.

We think politics have been bitter in late years, but they are mild compared with the proceedings in the "good old days" of which we hear so much praise. For illustration, in the bitter Democratic factional fights from 1849 to 1856, the "anti-Bentons," as they were called, carried around as a campaign document a life-sized oil painting of Colonel Benton with the end of a twenty-dollar bill sticking out of his "stock." Nothing quite so bad as that has happened in our day and generation.

The best anecdote-teller, but not the greatest humorist in the Fifty-third Congress, was that fiery son of the old Palmetto State, Hon. Jasper Talbert—the man who, by his declarations touching "the late unpleasantness," stirred to the very depths the patriotism of certain Republican members who, like Col. Mulberry Sellers, are always "for the old flag and an appropriation."

I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness to Talbert for some of the best campaign yarns ever told on the stump, but it must be confessed, even by his most ardent admirers, that certain of the South-Carolinian's jokes were hoary with age and badly shelf-worn.

The most fetching campaign story ever spun since Momus began his merry reign is the one about the preacher reading his text from the Bible, two of the leaves of which had been glued together by some mischievous boy. On the first leaf the parson read a description of Cain's wife, and on the second ran into the measurements of the ark, very much to the amazement of his hearers. The world knows it by heart. It was what H. Martin Williams would call "a corker." Henry Grady told it at that celebrated New England dinner in New York City in the speech which made him famous wherever the English language is spoken. Grady himself, Col. Christopher Ellerbe, and Gov. David A. Ball, of Missouri, all have

some claims to the paternity of that joke. One day Talbert was telling it in a speech in the House. When he was about half through Mr. Reed came ambling down the aisle and said, "Mr. Speaker, I would like to inquire, for the sake of information, if the statute of limitation never runs against an anecdote?" Richardson of Tennessee, who loved a joke himself, was in the chair, and promptly ruled that it never did; so Talbert, utterly oblivious of Reed's sarcasm, proceeded to the end of his story and followed it up with a dozen new ones, which convulsed his auditors.

A sparkling repartee is liable unexpectedly to enliven debate on the dullest subjects. It would occur to any man that if there is any theme under heaven which is calculated to make people drowsy it is the tariff on wool. But when that matter was up, perhaps for the millionth time, Hutcheson of Texas—one of the brightest of that delegation from the land of old Sam Houston—uttered a few sentences which did both him and his state great honor.

Mr. Wilson of Ohio had made some invidious remarks about Texas mutton, to which Hutcheson replied as follows: "The gentleman from Ohio said that the sheep of Ohio were better than the sheep of Texas, and he presumed that it was because they were better civilized. Mr. Chairman, I thank the gentleman for the compliment which followed it. He then said that the delegation from Texas —I appropriate none of it to myself—was one of the best in this body. It explains, Mr. Chairman, the difference between Ohio and Texas. While Ohio has cultivated the civilization of her sheep Texas has cultivated the manhood and the civilization of her citizens under free institutions."

Hutcheson could always be depended on to sound the praises of the great Southwest. He was the pleasantest of men—but brave as a lion. He added largely to his fame by proposing on one occasion to perform gratis a

surgical operation on Col. Dick Bright's jugular with a bowie-knife.

Somebody coined the phrase, "the fatal gift of beauty." I am not certain but there would be as much truth in the phrase, "the fatal gift of sarcasm," for certainly it has undone more than one man of shining talents. Sarcasm comes from the Greek *sarx*, and means flesh-tearing. It is a dangerous weapon—dangerous for the man who uses it, and doubly dangerous for the one against whom it is directed. It rankles in the victim's heart forever, and he is always devising ways and means of getting even. "Sweet is revenge," says Byron, and certainly he ought to be considered a competent witness on that point, for by his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" he so enraged his contemporaries that they made England too hot to hold him. A duel between him and Tom Moore was narrowly averted. Subsequently they became fast friends and Moore lived to write a very kindly biography of Byron.

Pope overdid the sarcastic act in "The Dunciad," and immortalized some of his most contemptible enemies and detractors—men whom this generation would never have heard of had it not been for Pope himself. He did for them what Macaulay boasted he had done for Barère—placed him on a pinnacle of infamy from which no succeeding historian would be able to take him down.

Frederick the Great is certainly one of the foremost soldiers and statesmen of all time. But his tongue was as keen, if not as dangerous, as his sword. He came near ruining himself by talking too much. His penchant for making bitter epigrams about his royal neighbors was as much a part of his character as his habit of winning victories. Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle—the most partial of his biographers—agree on the proposition that some sarcastic remarks which he made about the Czarina Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour were the causes which impelled Russia and France to join in that coalition for

the Seven Years' War which almost sent Frederick into exile, but from which he emerged victorious, to take his place in history with Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar.

It rarely happens that a piece of sarcastic oratory, only thirty-one lines long, prevents two men from reaching the Presidency of the United States, and turns one political party out of the possession of the national government by putting another in. In all human probability that performance will never be duplicated in all the years that are to come. When Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine were young men they served in the House together. They got into an altercation, in which the New-Yorker said exceedingly bitter things about "the man from Maine."

Blaine replied in some scorching rhetoric, which to him was the cause of woes unnumbered, including his defeat by Grover Cleveland.

After ridiculing Conkling's sarcasm and referring to what he termed his "turkey-gobbler strut," he stated that Conkling's swagger had grown of late because of a jocose article written by Theodore Tilton saying that the mantle of Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, had fallen on the shoulders of Conkling. Commenting on this fancied similarity between Davis and Conkling, Blaine exclaimed: "The resemblance is great. It is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis! Forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire."

That passage created a gulf between them which neither time nor friends could bridge over. Blaine would have gladly made up, but Conkling was too proud to forgive, and lived to take fearful vengeance on his foe.

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson said that he loved a good hater. It's a pity he did not live long enough to form the acquaintance of Roscoe Conkling. He certainly

would have come up to Johnson's standard in that regard.

Of all the bitter epigrams ever made by one public man at the expense of another, Conkling made the bitterest. When applied to in 1884 to deliver some speeches in favor of Blaine, with superb scorn he made the laconic reply, "I am not in the criminal practice." Those seven words lost Blaine New York and the Presidency.

At first blush it would appear impossible to kill completely the effect of a pertinent speech by a single sentence of brilliant repartee, and yet that is precisely what Adam Bede of Minnesota did on one memorable occasion. The day the House passed the Enabling Act for Oklahoma nearly every member was in his seat, and the galleries were full to overflowing. It was what we call a "field day." The orators were out in full force, speaking under the five-minute rule. Hon. Sereno E. Payne, who was a very large, handsome, and serious statesman, fulminated against the situation where each state has two, and only two, United States Senators. He contrasted Nevada with her sixty thousand people and two Senators with New York, the Empire State, with her nine millions of people and her two Senators. The contrast he drew was bitterly expressed, and the way he lambasted what he called the "Sage-brush States" was terrible to hear. Any one unacquainted with history would have thought, from the Honorable Sereno's savage onslaught, that the end of the Republic and chaos were at hand.

When he, out of breath and mad as a she-bear deprived of her cubs, sat down, Adam Bede arose, slight of stature, short on avoirdupois, and meek as Moses. Amid breathless silence he began in this wise, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne] has just referred to the two New York Senators, when everybody else on earth is trying to forget them!" The members and galleries broke into a roar; Mr. Speaker Cannon's anger made his

face as red as the stripes on the great flag over his head; he nearly had the apoplexy. He hammered his desk until his left arm must have been sore for a week, and read Adam an awe-inspiring lecture for violating the rule against referring to the Senators. But Bede's words had been spoken and could not be recalled. To quote J. Pierpont Morgan's famous dictum, "Nobody could unscramble the eggs."

One day in the Sixty-third Congress Hon. Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin, by making a quotation perpetrated a near-repartee against the Democrats. He announced some proposition, which set them laughing uproariously, which he stopped suddenly by a line from Goldsmith: "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, of Iowa, was a man of shining talents and a scintillating orator. One day he and Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, had a passage at arms on the Porto Rican situation. Bailey made a quotation from Lincoln. Dolliver retorted, "I congratulate the Democrats on having attained at the end of the century the position occupied by the Republicans in the middle of the century"—a bit of repartee which Bailey pronounced most excellent.

Dolliver was a born orator. He was not much of a debater until the last years of his life. He was forced into being a debater in this peculiar way. Having been on the Ways and Means Committee in the House, he naturally desired to be on the Finance Committee in the Senate, which, in addition to other functions, discharges duties similar to those devolved on the Committee on Ways and Means. But Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island would not have it so. Instead, he bestowed the coveted honor upon Senator McCumber of North Dakota, which aroused Dolliver's anger. He concluded to even up things with Senator Aldrich. So he hired a tariff expert and together, day after day, night after night, week after

week, he and his expert picked the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill to pieces and put it together again in the light of all other tariff bills ever passed. Having made himself master of details, Dolliver waded into the debate, and made the best speeches and arguments delivered in criticism of the bill. In one of them he denominated handsome Senator Warren of Wyoming as "the greatest shepherd since Abraham," a characterization which was universally published and which will abide with Senator Warren until he reclines on Abraham's bosom.

A fine sample of his sarcasm was his pronouncing Doctor Cook's discovery of the North Pole and the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill the two most stupendous hoaxes of modern times.

It is safe to say that the Hawkeye Senator worried Senator Aldrich more than any other member of the Senate. While Dolliver was chopping the tariff bill into mincemeat, I often wondered if the great Rhode-Islander repented having promoted Senator McCumber over him.

Of course, the stand-pat newspapers were in high dudgeon, and vowed they would have his scalp. He died shortly after; but I have no doubt that had he lived the scalping of Dolliver would have eventuated, as did that of Senator Knute Nelson. It will be remembered that while in the House Nelson bolted the McKinley Tariff bill. The Minnesota stand-patters swore they would decapitate him; but to their humiliation and chagrin they discovered that the people of Minnesota were with Nelson to such an extent that they were compelled to nominate him for Governor to prevent the state from going Democratic! He has served as Governor and Senator ever since, and has just been elected for another full senatorial term. I do not think that I am violating the proprieties when I state that Dolliver once told me with much glee that his wife secured his appointment on Ways and Means. He said that the Reeds and Dollivers were

on very friendly footing; that he and his wife were anxious that Reed place him on Ways and Means. Dolliver learned that his name was not on Reed's list, which fact he sorrowfully communicated to his wife, who immediately proceeded to Reed's office, and when she returned her husband was on the Ways and Means Committee.

Just one speech sent Dolliver to the House, starting him on his long and brilliant career. He was a young lawyer at Fort Dodge, with a penchant for politics. A prominent statesman, who thought he saw a promising future for Dolliver, had him named as temporary chairman of the Republican state convention at Cedar Rapids, of which assignment Dolliver had sufficient notice, it being explained to him that his principal function would be to make a speech. Having few law cases to bother him, and realizing that a golden opportunity had come to him, he bestowed much labor on that speech. In due time he delivered it in capital style, standing the convention on its head and setting the prairies ablaze. The papers took it up and declared that Iowa had a youthful Patrick Henry in her midst of whom she was vastly proud. From that day to the hour of his untimely death, while in his prime, the road to high political preferment was open to him. Once he told me that all the pins were set for him to be nominated for Vice-President at Philadelphia in 1900—all that prevented that consummation being Col. Theodore Roosevelt's military cocked hat! Had he been nominated for Vice-President he would have become President when McKinley was assassinated. Mr. Madden, a very able Republican Representative from Illinois, told me not long ago that he was a delegate to Philadelphia in 1900 and that Dolliver was certain of the nomination until Colonel Roosevelt impinged on the scene.

Dolliver secured that first nomination for Congress nearly as easily as a more distinguished man, Gen. James A. Garfield, got his political start. Garfield was first

elected to Congress while he was serving as a major-general in the army in 1862, partly because of his personal prominence and partly because the old Joshua R. Giddings guard in the Western Reserve wanted to even up things with the opposing faction, which had knocked out their chief at the election of 1860, and they took up General Garfield as the most available man in sight whom they could use for purposes of revenge. Thus he entered upon that long and brilliant Congressional career which landed him in the White House and filled the world with his acclaim.

His first entrance into political life, however, was purely accidental. In 1859 he was President of Hiram College, then a small institution, now a large one, and on Sundays preached in the neighboring churches. He seemed fated to spend his life in the pulpit and the classroom, but "there's a divinity that shapes our ends." It so happened that there was a vacancy in the state senatorship from that district. Young Garfield attended the Republican senatorial convention as a delegate. A deadlock ensued. One day, in preparing to go to dinner, another delegate by accident got hold of Garfield's hat and clapped it on his own head. It was so big that it slipped over his ears and rested on his shoulders. The astonished delegate shouted, gleefully: "Eureka! I have found the man for state Senator! Any man who has as large a head as Garfield carries around is fit to be state Senator!" The other delegates agreed with him, and that afternoon Garfield was nominated in a jiffy.

The day on which Senate eulogies were pronounced on Gov. John Henry Gear, late a Senator from Iowa, Senator Dolliver, who succeeded to Gear's senatorial shoes by appointment from Gov. Leslie M. Shaw, was one of the orators. Mr. Rodenberg of Illinois met Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, in the Republican cloak-room that morning and said, "Colonel, are you going over to

hear Dolliver deliver his maiden speech in the Senate this afternoon?" "What's he going to talk about?" asked Hepburn. "He is going to deliver an oration on the life and character of Senator Gear," replied Rodenberg. "Oh! Dolliver has no cause to mourn his death!" quoth Hepburn, who was himself of senatorial stature.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that members who are personally friendly take more liberties with one another in debate than do those who are unfriendly. When enemies clash it is a fight to the death. When friends lock horns they lash one another in a good-natured sort of way.

Colonel Hepburn of Iowa and I were the best of friends. One day we had a good-natured clash. When the River and Harbor bill was under discussion Colonel Hepburn propounded the astounding theory that boating on the Missouri River had dwindled to the vanishing point by reason of what he denominated the great and unusual "slope" of that stream. To that theory I responded as follows:

"Does the gentleman from Iowa [Colonel Hepburn] believe that there has been any notable change in the conformation of the earth's crust in that part of the continent within the last fifty years? Is the source of the Missouri River any farther above the level of the Mississippi now than it was when Robert Fulton invented the steamboat? Have the mountains of Montana lifted their lofty heads any nearer to heaven, or has the bed of the Father of Waters sunk any closer to the center of the earth within his recollection or even within human memory? Does he think that the 'slope' of that river is any greater now than when steamboating was in its palmy days and when hundreds of thousands of passengers and countless tons of freight went up and down from St. Louis to Fort Benton in those gorgeous 'floating palaces' which were the pride and glory of the Western country?

"Does he believe that the Missouri River 'slopes' both ways? While I listened to his annual speech—pleasant because an old acquaintance, familiar to the ears as household words by reason of its frequent iteration—I concluded that he must harbor that wild hallucination; otherwise his theory of 'slopes' sinks into repulsive nothingness, as Rider Haggard's She, for it stands to reason and to nature that if the 'slope' of the Missouri River forbids boating up-stream it expedites it down-stream, *ex necessitate*, and in that way exactly evens up the whole thing.

"The learned gentleman's theory as to 'slopes' is about on a par with Mark Twain's mathematical demonstration that if the Mississippi River continues to shorten itself for a given number of years at the rate it has been proceeding on that line for the last one hundred and fifty years, Cairo and New Orleans will be jammed together as one city and the Mississippi River will stick out several hundred miles over the Gulf of Mexico."

Colonel Hepburn came back at me in this pleasant fashion:

"Mr. Chairman, I venture a suggestion or two to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Clark] with a great deal of diffidence. I see that he has studied the question of navigation and hydraulics and understands it thoroughly. He has overcome a difficulty that engineers have never yet been able to overcome to their satisfaction. He has discovered that the slope of a river and the extraordinary currents that may result from an excessive slope do not interfere with navigation, because while it may be difficult to get up, yet you can slide down so much easier that the thing is balanced, and you have a complete equipoise.

"As boys we used to think there was a great deal of delight in sliding downhill. We would even draw a sled back for the pleasure of the swift motion downward. But that plan has never yet been adapted by men to transportation, as I understand. According to the gentleman's

theory, Niagara Falls are not an impediment to the navigation of the Niagara River. It might be very difficult to get up, but you would come down so fast that the thing would be equalized."

As elsewhere stated, Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Ohio, was a capital debater, quick at repartee—sometimes as savage as a meat-ax, sometimes as bitter as gall. He had a magnificent head of snow-white hair and snowy whiskers reaching clear down to his waist—his wealth of hirsute adornment giving point to this story.

Hon. Willard D. Vandiver, of Missouri, has a splendid education and fine intellect. His speeches were sometimes full of *aqua fortis*. He is tall, slender, and exceedingly lean. His chief facial adornment is a long, brown mustache.

One day he came to me and told me that he was about to make a speech, and in it would refer to "the gentleman from Ohio" without naming him, whereupon I was to ask him, "Which gentleman from Ohio?" I did not know what he was going to say and did not care, but to please him at the right time I asked the question that he suggested—"which gentleman from Ohio?"—to which he replied, "The one who looks like Santa Claus and talks like Satan," which everybody recognized as a *descriptio personæ* of General Grosvenor and which amused the members very much. When Vandiver concluded his speech the General, boiling with wrath, arose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have never prided myself on my personal appearance, but I am not ashamed of it. The gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Vandiver] violated the proprieties of debate by referring to it. I may be permitted to say that I thank God that when people see me they do not think of the death's head and cross-bones on a bottle of prussic acid in a druggist's window, and when they hear my voice they do not instinctively recall the old song 'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!'"

That's what the general said when he supposed that my question and Vandiver's reply were impromptu. Had he known that Vandiver had arranged the performance, what the old general would have said would have been amazing.

Jack Brownlow gave me two notable samples of Tennessee repartee in stump oratory: First, in the great gubernatorial race between Andrew Johnson and Gustavus A. Henry, closing his speech in their last debate, Johnson said, "I have met the greatly exploited White Eagle of Tennessee from the Mississippi to North Carolina, and there is no blood on his beak or flesh upon his talons." Whereupon Henry replied, "The White Eagle of Tennessee is a clean bird—a noble bird, and does not feed on carrion"—but Andrew Johnson was elected Governor.

Second, most readers of this will be surprised to know that James K. Polk was defeated for re-election to the governorship of the Old Volunteer State not long before he was elected to the Presidency, by James C. Jones, nicknamed "Lean Jimmie" by his enthusiastic followers. In one of their debates Governor Polk made a strong and profound speech on the tariff. When Jones's turn came he said: "Governor Polk has delivered a long speech on the tariff. I don't know much about it. My position on that subject is that where it is too high it ought to be lowered, and where it is too low it ought to be raised." So say we all.

Sometimes the repartees are made by persons in the audience, as the following instances will show:

DOUBLE-BARRELED REPARTEE

One of the men who was bigger than his reputation was Hon. Henry G. Turner, of Georgia. For some reason the newspapers rarely ever mentioned him. When they

did they always spoke of him in terms of admiration and praise, but they did not mention him often enough. He deserved all the good that could be said of him.

Judge Turner was the most incisive speaker in Congress. His words cut like a knife. His style of oratory may be truly denominated as "the severe." He ranked with Judge Culberson as a jurist. He occupied the bench a long time. His mind was analytical to a high degree. His stock of information was large. He grasped the strong points of a case with unerring certainty and pressed them home with resistless force. His speeches were luminous, logical, learned, with very little of rhetorical flourish and not too much adornment. His sarcasm sometimes bit. His ridicule penetrated even the thickest epidermis. His humor was perennial and contagious. Barring Amos Cummings alone, Judge Turner was the only man in the House of the Fifty-third Congress whom Mr. Reed dreaded to tackle.

Here is a perfect gem of sarcasm from his tariff speech:

"The gentleman from South Dakota [Mr. Pickler], who has just taken his seat, following the pace of his predecessor in this debate, has singled out an item upon which he has expended his wrath and indignation. He has indicted this bill as a measure of hostility against the farmer, because he assumes that we have assailed the duty on the Dakota mule. [Laughter.] That gentleman is aware that the McKinley bill, the measure of his own party, put on that animal a duty of thirty dollars per head. The Committee on Ways and Means proposes to change that duty from thirty dollars per head to twenty per cent. *ad valorem*, which still leaves a duty equivalent to thirty dollars on a mule worth one hundred and fifty dollars; and at this rate, under the operation of the *ad valorem* principle, the duty rises as the value of the animal increases. On the other hand, the specific duty of thirty

dollars per head now existing looks grotesque when applied to a Mexican mule worth less than ten dollars. With unsparing hand we have degraded the Texas mule to the vulgar level of his Dakota kindred. Such is the unsectional and impartial effect of taxation fixed according to value."

But before he finished he went gunning for larger game than Pickler.

Julius Cæsar Burrows had charged that the Wilson Tariff bill was bottomed on the Confederate Constitution and, therefore, dangerous and to be condemned. Here is Judge Turner's reply to that suggestion, and the records of parliamentary oratory will be searched in vain to find a retort more classic and with more banter, raillery, wit, sarcasm, and logic:

"The Confederate Constitution! Why, the gentleman's invocation of this Confederate bit of history-making, to do duty in the cause of protection, is as remarkable as that speech of his made some years ago, in which he quoted and perverted to the use of the tariff Mackay's ode to free trade!

"Why, sir, if I may profit by the poetic license in which he indulges, I might well say that he ought to be thankful to those who made that Constitution. It was because of the four years of that Constitution that the Republican party has had an existence in this country. It was because of the vigor with which the principles of that Constitution were sustained that the policy of protection has raged in this country from one ocean to the other.

"It is on account of the consequences of our mistake, if you please, that the Republican party has had an existence in this country. It is on account of it that his party has had an almost uninterrupted reign for thirty years. On account of it protection has done its perfect work. I respectfully submit that it was that historic incident which has furnished to the gentleman and his party not

only the justification, but the opportunity of this system of extortion.

"Among the bitterest and deepest regrets which I have on account of the late war is the consciousness that it afforded to the enemies of freedom, the enemies of commerce, the enemies of the best interests of this country, the pretext to put upon the people the oppressions of protective tariff. For many years I have been trying to rectify that great indiscretion, and the gentleman himself has devoted his best efforts to the maintenance of its bad consequences. Let the gentleman hereafter speak reverently of the Confederacy. I have long forgiven George III for his mistakes, because they gave to history and to the world George Washington and his compatriots.

"If the gentleman could only think of the great names of the saints of protection, from Morrill to McKinley, who rose out of the deluge, he ought to walk lightly over the grave of the Southern Confederacy. When he next essays to sing Mackay's ode to a new tune I commend to him the inspiring strains of 'Dixie.'" [Great laughter and applause.]

SENATOR MORGAN OF ALABAMA

All in all, it may be safely asserted that Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, knew as much as any other man in public life of his day. His scholarship may not have been as accurate as that of some others in particular lines, but he appeared to know a great deal about everything. In this respect he closely resembled England's "Grand Old Man," William Ewart Gladstone. He also much resembled him in the grace with which he carried his age. No man looking at Senator Morgan's handsome face, massive head, tall and sinewy frame, noting his elastic step or listening to his eloquence, which flowed onward like the resistless current of a mighty river, would have pronounced him past sixty.

One of my teachers was wont to say: "Some people have memories like a tar-bucket. Everything that touches sticks. Others have memories like a duck's back. Everything that touches scoots off."

Most assuredly Senator Morgan's memory was of the tar-bucket variety. Evidently he had been an omnivorous reader, and he was like the Bourbons in one regard at least—he forgot nothing.

If Shakespeare's dictum, "Brevity's the soul of wit," be true, then Senator Morgan was the least witty of the Conscript Fathers, always excepting William Vincent Allen, who broke all records for long-distance oratory by speaking fifteen hours at one stretch; Matthew Stanley Quay, who consumed fourteen entire legislative days on the Wilson Tariff bill, and John P. Jones, whose masterful discussion of silver makes a large book.

But these historic performances were only unusual episodes in the senatorial careers of these eminent publicists. Senator Allen rarely spoke at great length, Senator Jones was not a frequent or prolix orator, and Senator Quay hardly ever spoke at all "in public or on the stage." Generally he took it out in thinking and scheming. Until the speech above referred to, he had been regarded as a sphinx of the Senate.

Senator Morgan always spoke at length. On any subject in which he was interested he had so much to say that it required a long time to say it. He was never tedious. In splendor of diction, in wealth of metaphor, in masterful marshaling of facts, in abundance of information, in lofty eloquence, in intrepidity of spirit as well as in length of his speeches, he recalled Edmund Burke, who, taken up one side and down the other, was perhaps the greatest transatlantic orator that ever spoke the English tongue. Macaulay laments the fact that Burke delivered some of his grandest orations to empty benches, and some wag declared that Burke's rising to speak emptied the House

of Commons as suddenly as a dinner-gong would empty the public room of a crowded hotel.

On the contrary, the announcement that Senator Morgan was speaking at once filled all the seats and standing-room in the Senate chamber and packed the galleries to suffocation.

In the frequency of his speeches he resembled, though hardly rivals, that illustrious orator, Charles James Fox—for that immortal Whig declared that he had spoken every night except two during his long parliamentary career, and his only regret was that he neglected to speak then.

Senator Morgan was utterly fearless and perfectly loyal in his conceptions of duty to the people. These qualities brought him into antagonism to the administration. It was in the long-drawn-out debate on the Silver question that he fixed upon the single Gold Standard Democrats the ludicrous nickname of "Cuckoos," which is apt to stick to them as long as "Hunkers" and "Barnburners" stuck to the warring factions of the New York Democracy in ante-bellum days, or as "Snappers" and "Anti-Snappers" will adhere to their descendants of a more recent period, or as the names "Stalwarts" and "Half-breeds" clung to the two wings of the Republican party. In longevity it may equal the name "Know-nothings," which has survived these many years.

It may be said in passing that the amusement the Silver Democrats derived from Senator Morgan's happy characterization of his Democratic opponents was about all they secured in the debate on the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. "He laughs best who laughs last," and the Gold cohorts had the last laugh on that occasion, and it was decidedly loud and hilarious.

Lord Bacon hath it that "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." The first two qualities Senator Morgan possessed in a

phenomenal degree. Considering what a busy life he led it is incomprehensible how he found time to learn so much, or, having learned it, how he managed to digest and assimilate it. His capacious head in no way resembled a storehouse into which a vast mass of things has been thrust indiscriminately, but rather a well-arranged armory, in which was found every species of weapon, bright and shining, in its proper place, and ready for instant use—or an intricate machine in which every wheel, cog, spring, and pulley does with utmost precision its predestined work; for

> On every point, in earnest or in jest,
> His judgment, his prudence, and his wit
> Are deemed the very touchstone and the test
> Of what is proper, just, and fit.

He was an academic scholar and a profound lawyer—one of the best in the South. He had never held any civil office except that of presidential elector at large on the Breckenridge and Lane ticket, prior to his election to the Senate.

He not only stood in the front rank of those Senators who deliver long speeches of a high order of merit and sustained force, but he was equally at home in a cut-and-thrust debate. He used the rapier with as much skill as the broadsword. He was merciless in repartee, as the following will show. It is well known that Senator David Bennett Hill was by no means choice in use of weapons, and was restrained by no sense of delicacy from striking an antagonist below the belt if opportunity served. General Morgan fought Hill's proposal for cloture with characteristic vigor, and denounced it as unconstitutional. Hill went after him in this fashion: "The Senator from Alabama spoke—yea, boasted—of his lifelong devotion to the Constitution of the United States. It may be so. I supposed that for a very brief period my friend was sup-

porting another Constitution, but I may be mistaken. [Laughter and applause in the gallery.]

"The Senator spoke of the wrongs that were about to be perpetrated by this body in the passing of the pending bill. If his contention about these rules is correct, then there is no possible danger of any wrong being perpetrated, because if the view taken by him is correct there seems to be no method provided by which we can reach a result. Therefore, if that is true, he can with the utmost safety repeat the statement in imitation of another distinguished Senator from that state, that if we pass the pending bill in the manner suggested by me and under a construction of the rules, we must walk over his dead body. I do not believe it. It is an idle threat. I have heard of statesmen before who were going to die in the last ditch, but there are some of them alive now."

Thereupon the galleries roared. A Mephistophelian smile spread over the pallid face of the wily Hill, and he evidently thought he had struck a blow from which he would get none in return. But he was mistaken, for Morgan gave him a Roland for his Oliver in this savage manner, which neither Senator Hill nor some other high and mighty personages are apt to forget soon. After expressing the highest admiration and kindliest feelings for Union soldiers, he said: "But, Mr. President, I do not have so much respect for those men who are constantly quoting that difficulty whenever they have an opportunity to make a point on a brother Senator or anybody about it, but who did not have the pluck to shoulder a gun to go out to fight. My respect does not extend to that class in that cordial way that it does to men like Morrison, Randall, Palmer, and Sickles, and hundreds of others whose names I might call in the Northern States, who came out and took their muskets in their hands and said:

"'We will try the question with you upon the issue of

battle.' I am not alarmed lest one of these gentlemen should quote upon me my attitude in 1860 to 1865, for an honest soldier who fought me in the war never does it; only those who hired substitutes and stayed home and pleaded the baby act, or something like that, for an excuse for patriotic delinquency, are in the habit here and elsewhere of quoting upon me the fact that I belonged at one time to the secession and rebel government of the South. I did belong to it, and when a blush of shame comes over my cheek to condemn me for the part I took in that struggle, I shall still be more ashamed of the poor, craven creature who can undertake to impose that as a disgrace upon me; for if there is a man in the world who is entitled to any consideration from the human family, it is one like old John Knox, or John Wesley, or Martin Luther, and men of that kind, who fought the battles of Christianity and who fought for freedom of conscience against the strength of the greatest combination of political and civil and religious power which ever existed in the world. These are the men whom I revere in history, not those petty politicians whose figures rise suddenly to the surface like bubbles on a stagnant pond, and explode and leave nothing behind them but mephitic odors."

He had served in the Confederate Army during the entire war, rising from private to brigadier-general.

The best of lawyers must in the very nature of things occasionally lose a case. It is stated by his biographers that Aaron Burr always won. If that be true, and I don't think it is, he either had very few cases or was the luckiest of lawyers. However that may be, Judge Elijah Robinson, of Kansas City, has a good deal of caustic wit.

He was one of the most successful lawyers that ever practised at the Pike County bar. Shortly after he retired from the bench he assisted in defending a man named Sevenoaks for criminally assaulting a young girl. Popular opinion was strong against his client and the

jury gave him thirty years in the penitentiary. A few days later an outrageous murder was committed in Pike. Some of Robinson's friends were telling him that the defendant ought to be hanged and that he ought to prosecute him as a duty to the public. Recollecting his late bad luck, Robinson replied, grimly, "Perhaps the best way to get him hanged would be for me to defend him."

An interesting member of the House of the Fifty-third Congress was Jehu Baker, of the East St. Louis District of Illinois. He was in the sere, the yellow leaf, and had three nominations, Democratic, Prohibition, and Labor Union. At first I had a prejudice against the old man because while he was still a Republican he had defeated that great Democrat, Col. William R. Morrison, some years before. Morrison was one of my prime favorites, and I believed he had been boodled out. So for a good while I would have nothing to do with Mr. Baker. Finally he went stone-blind. He sat right behind me. From scraps of conversation which I could not help overhearing, I concluded that he was a good deal of a philosopher—a *rara avis* among public men. Sympathizing with him by reason of his sore affliction, I gradually fell into the habit of sitting beside him occasionally and chatting with him off and on.

One day, incited by something said on the floor, he put his hand on my knee and said, "Who was the greatest soldier that ever lived?" "Napoleon," I replied. "Who was the greatest statesman?" "Jefferson." "The greatest poet?" "Lord Byron." "The greatest orator?" "Daniel Webster." "The greatest historian?" "Lord Macaulay." "The greatest dramatist?" "Lord Bacon." He shook my knee vigorously and said: "Tut, tut! You do not believe that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays," and then proceeded to expound a theory I had never heard broached before—the composite theory. He said that no one man wrote those plays—that they were

the output of many minds. He asserted that writing plays was a fad among the wits of that day, and that most men of parts tried their 'prentice hands in such work. They would turn their manuscripts over to Shakespeare, who conducted a theater. If he thought them worth while he would try them out and such as proved to be successes he clapped into his book, finally claiming them as his own. He quoted innumerable passages which he stoutly maintained could not have been written by one man. His theory was interesting at least. Whether he originated it I do not know. I submit it for what it is worth—advising all who read this to also read the most interesting book ever written about those plays—Mark Twain's little book entitled *Is Shakespeare Dead?*

Surely the funniest thing that ever happened touching the unending Shakespeare-Bacon controversy occurred in Washington. It will be remembered that some years ago Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, claimed that he had discovered a cipher story running through the Shakespeare plays which proved conclusively that Bacon was the author thereof. Whether that elected him to Congress or whether he was elected in spite of his Cryptogram theory will never be known. However that may be, he was elected, and bored everybody dreadfully about his hobby. A certain humorist gave him a dinner so he could talk it out and be done with it. Among the guests were Proctor Knott, Jim McKenzie, Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, then at the zenith of his fame and popularity, and Col. Dick Wintersmith, also of Kentucky, the most incorrigible joker in America, and other kindred spirits. Donnelly began on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy with the soup, and whooped it up through all the courses. Between the walnuts and the wine when they were all properly primed, Colonel Wintersmith could stand it no longer—his patience was utterly exhausted. He said, "Mr. Donnelly, you have been try-

ing for five or six hours to prove that Lord Bacon wrote those plays, but I know positively that Shakespeare wrote every word of them." Donnelly, aghast, asked, "How do you know it?" Colonel Wintersmith with preternatural solemnity replied, "Because I was there and saw him write them with his own hand." The astounded Donnelly exclaimed, "Why, Colonel Wintersmith, Shakespeare has been dead for three hundred years!" Colonel Wintersmith turned to Blackburn and remarked, "Joe, how time flies!"

The most learned and argumentative book ever written on the Baconian side is by Judge Holmes of the Supreme Court of Missouri, who died a professor in the Harvard Law-school. He entertained no wild and puzzling theories about ciphers and cryptograms, but went at it lawyer fashion, and proved to his own satisfaction that Lord Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays.

CHAPTER XXIV

Tiptoppers—Leaders among leaders of men—The Speaker of the House—Resolutions, *pro forma*, thanking presiding officer—Several bitter enmities resulting from rulings of Speakers—The leaders of the majority—The leaders of the minority—Their masterful positions—Useful workers called "whips"—Deserved tributes to Fitzgerald, Kitchin, Mann, and "Uncle Joe"—Kindly mention of others, giving "honor to whom honor is due."

THE three men most in evidence in conducting the affairs of the House are the Speaker, the majority leader, and the minority leader.

In any country whose institutions are based on suffrage the government is inevitably a government by party, or, as Mr. Speaker Cannon would express it, "a government by majorities"—political majorities, of course. That is true whether we want it that way or wish it otherwise. Many good people do not like it. For instance, George Washington, who, taken up one side and down the other, was the greatest of uninspired mortals, disliked political parties.

Washington knew that men differ about governmental theories as about everything else; but he hoped to tide over his administration without politics. Man proposes, but God disposes. Washington, to avoid a political complexion being given to his Cabinet, tried this queer experiment. He made Thomas Jefferson, the Father of Democracy, Secretary of State and Alexander Hamilton, the head of the Federalists, Secretary of the Treasury. These two immortal statesmen were the antipodes of each other in political thought. Jefferson says that at first he and Hamilton differed mildly and politely, but they got

worse and worse, until finally they "were pitted against each other like game-cocks," and both left Washington's Cabinet in disgust to form antagonistic political parties. Presidents Hayes, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft also experimented with Cabinet members not of their own parties. Somebody may claim that in appointing Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War Abraham Lincoln broke up the political solidarity of his administration; but the fact remains that after his appointment Stanton never pretended to be a Democrat. The chances are that he had already gone over to the Republicans prior to his appointment, as many other Democrats were then doing. His old-time friend, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, who had served a few months with him in Buchanan's Cabinet, assailed him savagely for "ratting" to the Republicans in order to secure an office.

However that may be, our own history, as well as the histories of other countries whose institutions are bottomed on suffrage, proves that the government is a government by party. As a matter of fact, the political complexion of the British administration during Queen Victoria's long reign changed oftener than did ours in the same period. In France the changes are so kaleidoscopic as to confuse and puzzle the average person. The same is measurably true as to Belgium, Italy, and other constitutional monarchies. They think no more of changing Cabinets than of changing their style of apparel. So the Speaker, the majority leader, and the minority leader are part and parcel of our government by party.

The Speaker has general supervision of the House and has many things to do besides presiding—which I sometimes think is the easiest part of his work. In the chair the functions of the Speaker are more judicial than anything else, and to be *persona grata* to the membership he must be absolutely fair in his administration of that great office. No Speaker can afford to render a decision in

any particular case for party advantage or for any other reason that he is not willing to apply to all cases of a similar character. Members are prone—and rightfully so—to resent unfairness on the part of the Speaker. Sometimes they resent it instanter by evidences easily understood, but generally they postpone their efforts for revenge until at the end of the session a resolution is offered to thank the Speaker, which is their harvest-time.

As a rule, the resolution thanking the Speaker is passed *nem. con.*, but on several occasions it has been passed by a bare party vote and sometimes, as in the cases of Polk, Blaine, Keifer, and a few others, only by invoking the previous question in order to cut off debate. Generally the minority leader offers the resolution and it is voted with apparent enthusiasm, the disgruntled members, if such there be, remaining mute.

The fiercest fight perhaps ever made on a resolution thanking a Speaker was at the close of James K. Polk's occupancy of the chair. The Whigs, in battle array, were led by Sargent S. Prentiss, the remarkable Mississippi orator. In addition to being an enthusiastic Whig, and therefore opposed to Mr. Speaker Polk on political grounds, he hated the Tennesseean because, as he alleged, Polk had ruled outrageously in Prentiss's contested election case—a hatred which even the lapse of years could neither cure nor mollify. So, as late as the time when Polk was a candidate for President, Prentiss lashed him with sarcasm and vituperation. He described him as "a cockle-burr from the tail of the grim old Lion of the Hermitage," and other similarly preposterous sobriquets. According to the testimony of all the people that ever heard him, Prentiss had a tongue of flame. So when the House was endeavoring to thank Speaker Polk, he was in his glory and made as tradition hath it, a wonderful speech. He denounced the Speaker as "the despair of his party" and "the tool of the Executive." He declared

that to say he was "impartial" was to state a "lie," and much more of the same sort. When Polk's followers moved the previous question to put an end to the bitter Whig speeches, Prentiss declared that "the demand was as humiliating as to move it on a resolution of respect to a deceased member."

Others fought the Polk resolution of thanks because, as they asserted, he wanted to use it as a certificate of good character in his impending contest for the governorship of Tennessee. Notwithstanding the bitterness of the fight, however, Polk got his resolution of thanks by a strict party vote, and lived to be President of the United States. Another illustration of the fact that he laughs best who laughs last.

Resolute opposition was made to thanking Mr. Speaker Stephenson, for the reasons that he was unfair, subservient to the administration, and "a peddler of patronage." In the diary of John Quincy Adams, which contains more venom than any other set of books printed in this world since Gutenberg invented movable types, it is gleefully and maliciously recorded for the eye of posterity that when, in reading the Stevenson "Thanks Resolution," the clerk pronounced the words "fair dealing," "a burst of laughter filled the House." No doubt "the Old Man Eloquent" cachinnated along with the others. Again in his diary John Quincy writes: "I voted against the thanks to Jones. The testimony to his impartiality was too broad a lie for me to swallow."

In passing, it should be stated in ordinary justice to the venerable sage of Braintree and for the guidance of young persons desirous of understanding the workings of our government, that while his pen was dipped in vitriol, and while allowance must be made for his incorrigible prejudices, his diary is an invaluable part of our history.

So far as I know only one other President kept a diary —James K. Polk, whom Adams hated most cordially,

and whom he woefully underrates; but for the shorter period covered Polk's diary is as valuable as Adams's and should be printed and generally read, as it treats comprehensively of certain exceedingly important events in our annals.

James Gillespie Blaine is counted among the small group of great Speakers, and enjoyed vast popularity, yet at the close of his first term in the chair his friends forced the previous question to prevent discussion of his record. There might be cited other cases of a similar nature, but these must suffice.

The chief function of the majority leader is to keep the business of the House well in hand, to look after details, to see to it, especially on important occasions, that his party fellows are present, and generally to supervise and lead in debate. He must necessarily keep in close touch with the chairmen of committees.

The duties of the minority leader are much the same as those of the majority leader. In order to succeed, both leaders must possess tact, patience, firmness, ability, courage, quickness of thought, and knowledge of the rules and practices of the House.

The whips are the right hands of the two leaders. To be efficient they must know the membership by sight; be on as friendly a footing with them as possible; know where they reside, both in Washington and at home; know their habits, their recreations, their loafing-places, the condition of their health, and that of their families; the numbers of their telephones; when they are out of the city; when they will return; how they would probably vote on a pending measure; what churches they attend; what theaters they frequent—in short, all about them. The ideal whip should be able to furnish a fairly good skeleton biography of his flock on short notice. His principal duty is to have his fellow political members in the House when needed. On critical occasions, when

great questions are to be decided, especially when a close vote is expected, much energy is expended by the whips in order to muster the full party strength.

It may seem strange that men who are over twenty-five years of age holding the great office of Representative in Congress—a place to secure which they undergo all sorts of labor and wear and tear of brawn and brain—will, having attained it, play hooky like a lot of school-boys when fishing is good and enticing; but there are some such—not a great number, however. Still, there are enough of them to sometimes decide the fate of important measures. These render the whips necessary. The right sort of whip soon becomes a great force in the House. He keeps the Speaker and the leader informed as to the probable vote on particular measures and the inclinations and predilection of members. His duties are multifarious and onerous, but he has his ample reward in the good opinion of the House and his enhanced prospects of promotion. An active and capable new member cannot secure an assignment more for his own benefit than that of whip, particularly when the House is in a situation approximating political equilibrium. In a House with a big majority one way or the other he is not of such great importance.

A vast majority of measures are non-political; but on many non-political questions the fight is as hot and the excitement is as tense as on political questions.

Once when I was acting as a volunteer whip—being at the time minority leader—I was straining every nerve to have every Democrat present, and had a surprising and aggravating experience. In the retrospect it is somewhat amusing. It was while we were preparing for the first pitched battle on the Cannon machine, March 15, 1909, the opening day of the extraordinary session of the Sixty-first Congress. I telegraphed every Democrat that he was needed at his post that day. One Democrat wired

that he was crippled in one leg and in the hospital in a distant city, but would be on deck. On the momentous day he was in Washington, but declared that he was so lame he could not walk to the hall of the House. I sorely needed his vote, having not even the shadow of doubt that he would stand with us. For that reason and for the further reason that I felt compassion for him, I expended two hard-earned dollars of the realm to subsidize a colored brother to trundle him into the hall of the House in a roller-chair. To my utter disgust and amazement, when the roll was called he voted with Uncle Joe, thereby swelling the majority against us on that fateful day! How he returned to his hotel I know not. One thing cocksure—he did not travel at my expense.

During my twenty-five years in Congress the majority leaders have been William L. Wilson, Gov. Nelson Dingley, Sereno Elisha Payne, Oscar W. Underwood, Claude Kitchin, and Frank W. Mondell—a notable sextet of able men. The oldest of these was Governor Dingley; the youngest, Mr. Kitchin. He is one of the most brilliant debaters this generation has known—fluent, intelligent, witty, sarcastic, affable, courageous, and at times eloquent. He is a magnificent specimen of a man mentally, morally, physically. He is in the very prime of his splendid powers. One of the finest scenes to be witnessed in the great hall of the House, which has echoed to the voices of so many distinguished men, is to see Kitchin in the full tide of debate. His clarion voice rings out like a silver bugle, his well-chosen words flow on like the current of a mighty river, and woe to the adventurous person who interrupts him. His commanding presence is a most valuable accessory to his speechmaking. He comes of a family of statesmen, both his father and his elder brother, William W., having been Representatives in Congress, the latter also having been Governor of North Carolina. He and his brother sat side by side for years

in the House—one of the few instances of that sort. The most remarkable case was where the three Washburn brothers, Israel of Maine, Elihu B. of Illinois, and C. C. of Wisconsin, were all in the House together. Everybody that knows Claude Kitchin well loves and admires him and predicts a splendid career for him.

The metropolitan papers are fond of sneering at Kitchin because he lives in Scotland Neck, North Carolina, a small town of a few thousand people. They think it is crushing sarcasm. As a matter of fact, it is an amazing exhibition of asininity and simply exposes their stolid ignorance and mental poverty—as if a man living in a small town, or even in a village or on a farm, cannot have brains and information. Call the roll of great statesmen in America and it will be discovered that most of them came from small towns or from the farm. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson all lived on farms "far from the madding crowd." The two Adamses lived in the little village of Braintree, now a part of Boston. Van Buren was a citizen of a village, and from it took the title of the "Sage of Kinderhook." Gen. Zachary Taylor was a planter; Fillmore hailed from Buffalo, then a comparatively small town; Pierce from the then small town of Concord; Buchanan from Lancaster, and Lincoln from the small, sprawling prairie town of Springfield, where, during the February thaw, wagons stalled in the mud of the principal streets. Andrew Johnson was a resident of a small mountain town; Hayes came from Fostoria; and Garfield resided on a small farm near the inconsequential village of Mentor. Webster enjoyed national fame while practising law at Portsmouth before his removal to Boston. Calhoun made known to the world the name of Abbeville. John Randolph lived on his farm at Roanoke; the elder Harrison in the small town of Great Bend; Clay on a farm; Seward and Payne at Auburn; Dingley at Lewiston; William L. Wilson at

Martinsburg; McKinley at Canton; John Sherman at Mansfield.

A large majority of Speakers of the House, Cabinet Ministers, judges of the Supreme Court, and Senators have entered public life from small towns and villages.

Both Gladstone and Disraeli—the two most famous English statesmen of the last century, lived on their landed estates, while Lloyd George is sneered at by his imbecile enemies as "The little Welsh lawyer," and not one out of every thousand who read this can give the name of the town he lives in.

So Claude Kitchin, lately floor leader of the majority, is not disturbed by the brainless nincompoops who endeavor to be humorous by making mean flings at Scotland Neck.

It is true that St. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, boasted that he was a citizen of "no mean city"; but that was not what made him famous. It was his magnificent brain and lion heart. It is not Kitchin's town that made him majority leader, but his brain and his heart.

Since I first came to Congress the minority leaders have been Thomas Brackett Reed, Charles Frederick Crisp, Joseph Weldon Bailey, James D. Richardson, John Sharp Williams, James R. Mann, and myself.

Richardson, who resigned from Congress after twenty years of continuous service, to be for the remainder of his life Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Masons for the southern jurisdiction, was one of the three ablest parliamentarians in the House in the last quarter of a century. The two others are Asher C. Hinds, of Maine, now dead, and John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, the able, vigilant, and efficient chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations in the last four Congresses. He has made a profound study of the rules of the House and the decisions of the Speakers—which, taken all in all, constitute an elaborate, intricate, and delicate machine.

If all the parliamentary rules on earth and all the decisions of all Speakers here and abroad were burned, Fitzgerald could soon replace them from his own inner consciousness. In addition to being an expert parliamentarian, Fitzgerald is a fine debater, dowered with wit, humor, sarcasm, and abundant Irish blarney.

When discussing questions pertaining to our national finances, he spoke with the vast advantage of fullness of knowledge and has come to be regarded universally as the highest authority on that extremely difficult and highly important subject.

If Hinds's health had not broken down, he would have been the highest parliamentary authority in the House. He is author of Hinds's *Precedents*—a voluminous and most valuable work.

In one branch of our financial system—income taxes—Judge Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, is considered the fountain-head of information. He is thorough master of that subject and is relied on implicitly as an authority by both the House and the executive departments.

In one respect at least—industry—James R. Mann overtops all other minority leaders I have known. I once supposed, quite erroneously, that I am the most industrious of mortals. After coming to know Col. Theodore Roosevelt, I yielded the palm to him in that regard; but when I became thoroughly acquainted with Mann I concluded that the blue ribbon was rightfully his. He is master of parliamentary law and practice, ranking with Fitzgerald in that field. He is vigilance incarnate. To use a very luminous and effective sentence, he never falls asleep at the switch. He is a ready and forceful debater; but his crowning quality is his astounding industry. *The Congressional Record* for the last half-dozen Congresses will show that he has discussed more bills and amended more bills than any half-dozen members of the House. He is a veritable marvel of efficiency. For example, on

the first and third Mondays, on which days the "unanimous consent calendar" is called, there are anywhere from a dozen to a hundred bills on the calendar. Mann walks in with a copy of every bill under his arm. He not only has the bills, but attached to each bill is a brief, concise statement of legislation on that subject, together with certain amendments which he proposes to insist on, on penalty of objecting to the consideration thereof.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it is apropos to state that, when under the rule a bill is on the "unanimous consent calendar" it does not mean that it will be passed unanimously, but that unanimous consent is required in order to consider it at all. One objection defeats its consideration for that day. Mann objects peremptorily to about one out of five. He "reserves the right to object" to most of the others, which means that he is about to catechize the member having it in charge until the harassed member accepts Mann's amendments—which are generally improvements—to prevent his objecting. I once characterized Brother Mann as "the senior wrangler" of the House—of course using the term in a widely different sense from the English meaning, which is "the best mathematician in a graduating class."

While I am neither the spiritual, legal, nor political adviser of our Republican friends, I make bold to suggest to them that they might go farther and fare worse than to nominate Mann for President.

It is very desirable for the promotion of orderly proceedings in the House that the Speaker, majority leader, and minority leader be on a friendly footing personally. This is the case almost without exception as to the Speaker and the Majority floor leader, and usually as to the Speaker and the minority leader—not always, however. For some years Speaker Reed and Joseph W. Bailey were close personal friends, but the day we declared war on Spain they suddenly came to the parting of the ways in

a most violent and unseemly manner, and were mortal enemies ever after. So bitter was their quarrel that the whisper went round that the hot-blooded young Texan challenged "the Big One" to fight a duel, and many persons believe it to this day. While I was a good friend to both men, I confess that I was glad when they fell out, because Bailey's Democratic enemies were constantly twitting his Democratic friends with what they were pleased to denominate the undue intimacy betwixt him and Reed—which was pure moonshine.

Crisp and Reed fought so many battles that they ended by hating each other most cordially.

The incident which put an end to all friendly intercourse between them came about in this wise: Mr. Reed, while minority leader during Crisp's two terms in the chair, filibustered to force the Democrats to adopt a quorum-counting rule which he thought would vindicate his own conduct in that regard. In the House of the Fifty-second Congress, the Democrats had such a towering majority that he failed of his purpose; but in the Fifty-third Congress, when the Democrats had only thirty-eight majority and were woefully factionalized, he accomplished his heart's desire.

On one occasion Mr. Speaker Crisp said, "The chair desires to state that no member has a right, after the chair has decided a point of order, to ask upon what ground he bases his decision"—and he courageously stuck to that declaration ever after. Indeed, Mr. Speaker Reed in his first term had held the same doctrine. Much depends, however, on whose ox is gored. So one day Speaker Crisp declined to entertain an attempted appeal from one of his decisions. Here is an excerpt from *The Congressional Record* showing what happened then and there:

"On what ground?" asked Reed.

SPEAKER: The chair declines to make any further statement.

REED: I think I can satisfy the chair—

SPEAKER: The chair declines to hear the gentleman further.

REED: The chair will permit me to explain.

SPEAKER: The chair will not.

REED: The chair will permit me—

SPEAKER: The gentleman from Maine will be seated. The sergeant-at-arms will see that the gentleman takes his seat.

Of course Mr. Reed sat down. There was nothing else to do. It was on that exciting occasion that, as the ex-Speaker and future Speaker was ponderously wending his way to his seat, Judge Culberson of Texas remarked, *sotto voce*, "See Jumbo go back to his stake!" Reed never forgave Crisp, and when the latter's last term was ending he not only refused point-blank to offer the usual resolution of thanks, but sullenly sat in his seat, declining to vote for it when offered by another.

Mr. Speaker Cannon and Minority-leader John Sharp Williams were bosom friends—even cronies—being such familiars as to call each other by their first names; but one day Williams was all "het up" by what he vowed was an unfair, partizan ruling—so much "het up," indeed, that when the House adjourned and Uncle Joe, meeting him, held out both hands in friendly greeting, the fiery Mississippian declined to take his hands. Later on, however, they kissed and made up, and at the close of that Congress Williams offered the usual vote of thanks, making a beautiful and enthusiastic speech.

In my capacity as minority leader I served under only one Speaker—Cannon—and while I led the successful fight of the allies to overthrow Cannonism, he and I were always on friendly personal terms.

After eight years in the Speaker's chair I am minority leader again and am on very friendly terms with Mr. Speaker Gillett.

CHAPTER XXV

Who was the first orator?—Silence of the ages—Demosthenes and Cicero—Dean and the broomstick—Difference between orator and debater—High-water mark debate of Lincoln and Douglas—King Solomon's prophecy of Lincoln's Gettysburg inspiration—"Oratory is a divine gift."

EDMUND BURKE, the masterful, great Irishman, in a famous burst of eloquence at the beginning of the Reign of Terror in France, exclaimed, "The age of chivalry is gone!" It might not be wide of the mark to say, "The age of oratory is gone!" If not actually gone, it is in the situation described by the auctioneer's cry of "going, going," just before he pauses and utters the impressive last word of his formula, "gone!"

Who was the first orator? We know that Nimrod was the first soldier; Langley the first flying-machine man; Morse the first telegrapher; Gutenberg the first user of movable types; Fulton the first steamboat man; Bell the first telephoner; Franklin the first captor of the lightning—but who was the first orator? The silence of the ages is the only answer. Yet the orators of the world are for multitude as the stars of heaven or the sands on the seashore. Most of them—all except a lucky few—had their little day of triumph, and passed into oblivion. Those who have survived the storms of time are as scarce as hen's teeth—"like angels' visits, few and far between."

Almost every one in making a list of orators would head it with Demosthenes and Cicero. After that the rosters would vary according to individual tastes. Mirabeau would undoubtedly be selected by the majority as the greatest of French orators—at least he should be—for

he achieved more fame as statesman and orator in eighteen months—the entire span of his official career—than any other man ever made in the same length of time; Daniel O'Connell would undoubtedly be chosen for Ireland, the land of orators, though O'Connell never delivered an oration comparable to Philips's rhapsody on Napoleon, but O'Connell's oratory was in advocacy of a great cause which millions of people had at heart; in England the choice would lie betwixt the Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke—who, while one of the most eminent of British statesmen and orators, was not an Englishman, but an Irishman; in Spain the honors go to Castelar without dissent; in America opinion would be divided between Patrick Henry, yclept "the forest-born Demosthenes," and Webster, whose best-remembered sobriquet is "Daniel the Godlike," though it is questionable whether Webster ever made so eloquent a speech as Tom Corwin's against the Mexican War.

Much depends on the theme treated as to whether a speech will live. Webster was exceedingly fortunate in the subjects on which he exercised his magnificent oratorical powers in those wonders of eloquence which will be read as long as our vernacular is spoken by the children of men—Bunker Hill monument, the one dedicating the cornerstone, the other many years later at its completion, the Dartmouth College case, the reply to Hayne, the Girard will case, the debate with Calhoun, the seventh of March speech—which was his political death-warrant—these speeches on which is bottomed the towering fabric of his fame were on subjects of intense and abiding interest. Perhaps other orations—for all his speeches named herein were orations—as good as his have been made by other men, but on themes of small and fleeting interest, and have perished from human memory. The truth is that except the seventh of March speech in favor of living up to the compromises of the Constitution, particularly

the Fugitive Slave law, he voiced the public sentiment of his day and of succeeding generations; and Thomas Brackett Reed once declared sarcastically that "The wisdom of this world consists of shouting with the majority!"

There have been thousands of interesting speakers. Poor Stella declared that "the Dean could write interestingly about a broomstick," but even the most interesting talk about a broomstick does not—cannot—rise to the dignity of oratory. The theme is too insignificant and cannot be made to stir the blood, no matter how skilfully treated.

There is a vast difference betwixt an orator and a debater. A man may be both, but he is lucky if he is either. Charles James Fox was perhaps the greatest debater that ever lived, and if it be true, as the old adage hath it, that practice makes perfect, he most assuredly should have been. Toward the close of his illustrious career he said that during his long service in the House of Commons he spoke every night but two, and in the retrospect regretted that he did not speak on those two nights. There have been many great debaters in the British Parliament, such as Peel, Disraeli, and Gladstone. In this country they have always abounded—Clay, Webster, Benton, Calhoun, Douglas, Lincoln, Seward, Benjamin, Ben Hill, Blaine, Vest, Bailey, Spooner, Reed, Borah, Williams, Jerry Simpson, Judge Turner, and a multitude of others. Perhaps debating on this continent reached the high-water mark in the series of joint discussions betwixt Lincoln and Douglas.

While I believe that if Wendell Phillips were to return to earth in a very few years, he would properly include oratory in his lecture on "The Lost Arts," I do not mean to say that there are not a great many notable speech-makers in the two Houses of Congress and many others in the country, outside of Congress.

Among the former are a dozen Senators and some two

dozen Representatives. These men make clear, forceful arguments and luminous statements of fact. The world is too busy now to listen to skyscraping orations.

One of the most highly polished American orators was Edward Everett. He never spoke without the amplest and most painstaking preparation—not only as to ideas and verbiage, but even as to gestures. He is said to have rehearsed his orations, gestures and all, before a mirror, after the fashion of actors and actresses. He delivered a magnificent oration more than an hour long, dedicating the red field of Gettysburg, not one word of which anybody now remembers, while two generations have learned by heart Lincoln's brief, heart-melting words, and they will be repeated by unborn millions until the earth is gathered up as a scroll. King Solomon said, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." If the departed spirits of the mighty dead take cognizance of happenings here below, the great king must have been happy by reason of the wonderful manner in which the great President illustrated the truth of his proverb.

What is oratory or eloquence, anyway? Most readers will easily recall Daniel Webster's analysis of oratory or eloquence, which runs in this wise:

"True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous original native force."

If I were required to define oratory or eloquence I would say, "Oratory is the divine gift of moving men's minds and hearts by the power of spoken words."

Somebody declared, "When people heard Cicero they said, 'How well Cicero speaks'; but when they heard Demosthenes they shouted, 'Let us go against Philip!'"

The severest test of oratory is to compel applause from a hostile audience. I have myself nearly blistered my hands applauding William Bourke Cockran when I dissented from everything he said. It was an unwilling tribute to the astounding skill of the player upon that strange musical instrument—the human heart.

A person hoping to please the younger Pitt by disparaging his great rival, Fox, expressed wonder at the effect of Fox's parliamentary speeches. Whereupon the worthy son of a noble father replied, "You have never been under the magician's wand."

When people get angry at Congress—which they frequently do, sometimes with reason and frequently without—and can think of no other criticism, they say that Congress talks too much. Perhaps that is true as to the Senate. In that body there is no limit to talk except human endurance—the endurance of the man doing the talking; but in the House speechmaking is reduced to a minimum, constitutes only a comparatively small portion of a Representative's labor, and consumes only an insignificant portion of his time. In fact, many of the most useful members rarely speak—some not at all. They are valuable in committee and in counsel. Envious John Adams declared that Washington built up a great reputation for wisdom by the simple process of keeping his mouth shut.

The longest speech possible in the House without unanimous consent is one hour. In the early days of the Republic, when the House was small, if a member could catch the Speaker's eye and could secure recognition, he could speak *ad libitum*, sometimes *ad nauseam*, on all sorts of subjects. The first step ever taken to limit speech in the House was made in the following way: Of all the dis-

tinguished statesmen this country has produced, John C. Calhoun possessed the most logical mind, and John Randolph the least logical. Indeed, during much of his life his mind was like "sweet bells jangled out of tune." He was brilliant, thoroughly familiar with the best literature, with astounding verbal resources. He would speak three or four hours at a time about anything and everything that popped into his head—exceedingly interesting, but without metes or bounds. It so happened one day that he started in on one of his long orations at a time when Calhoun wanted to bring up a bill preparatory to the War of 1812. Calhoun raised the point of order that there must be some motion, bill or resolution, point or proposition, pending for any member to address the House. Mr. Bibb of Georgia, temporarily in the chair, probably afraid of Randolph's tongue, overruled Calhoun, and the brilliant Virginian proceeded on his scintillating way. How long he would have continued is not known, but after a while Mr. Speaker Clay returned and resumed the chair. Calhoun promptly raised his point again, and Clay, who feared neither man nor devil, as promptly sustained it.

Even after that, however, if a member could secure recognition on any motion, resolution, point, proposition, or bill pending, he could speak as long as he pleased; but in 1841, when Henry Clay—then in the Senate—broke with President Tyler, he would get his bills through the Senate and send them over to the House, where Henry A. Wise, who possessed the most remarkable vocabulary of all the sons of Adam, aided and abetted by a baker's dozen of Tylerites, would talk all his bills to death. In a fury, the imperious Kentuckian went over to the House and induced it to pass the hour rule to put a curb in the mouth of Henry A. Wise. Then he returned to the Senate and tried to induce it to adopt the hour rule. The Senate, however, turned up its august nose at his proposition, and has kept it turned up ever since.

Some time ago there were loud cacklings of joy among certain classes because, forsooth, the Senate had at last been forced to adopt a cloture rule. There would not have been more jubilation in some quarters had the dawn of the millennium been announced, but analysis of that much-vaunted Senate cloture rule will demonstrate even to the dullest mind that it is only what the late lamented Gov. "Rise Up" William Allen, of Ohio, would have denominated "a damned barren ideality." Here it is:

Whenever two-thirds of the Senators sign a petition to the Vice-President or President *pro tempore* for cloture, he shall submit the question. If it carries, they have cloture. After they get it each Senator is entitled to one hour. If all the Senators avail themselves of the privilege, ninety-six hours will be consumed! If that celebrated victory for cloture is not a water-haul, the English language has no significance whatever. It reminds me of Lincoln's comical catechism of Seward as to the personal appearance of Alexander H. Stephens, who was a small, wizened-face man. Lincoln said, "Seward, did you see Alec Stephens?" "Yes." "See him with his overcoat on?" "Yes." "See him with it off?" "Yes." "Did you ever see so little a nubbin come out of so big a shuck?"

The best rule for speechmaking ever made in this world is the House five-minute rule on amendments—five for and five against. It may properly be defined as "a condenser of language."

CHAPTER XXVI

Ruth's reap-hook, McCormick's reaper—Senator McCormick's opportunity—Submerged news concerning Jefferson—Past and present political methods—Changed methods of voting—Joint debates described—Stump speeches have power—Roster of famous stumpers—"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

A FAMOUS caliph had engraved upon his signet ring these words, "Even this shall pass away," as a perpetual reminder of the evanescence of all things earthly. There have been more changes in the world, generally in the nature of progress, in the last half-century than in all the preceding years. For example, while I am by no means old, I can remember when farmers still cut wheat, rye, oats, etc., with a reap-hook. As a matter of fact, I have done that myself, and am perhaps the youngest man living who bears the scar of a reap-hook. I have no doubt that that was the sort of instrument used for harvesting purposes when Ruth gleaned with such pleasant results in the field of Boaz. In our days the scythe and cradle crowded out the reap-hook. Then Cyrus McCormick, of Virginia, came along with his horse-power reaper, crowding out the scythe and cradle. Finally came the combined reaper, header, thresher, and sacker, drawn by twenty-four horses and mules, the greatest curiosity I ever saw, in California—the perfection of that sort of agricultural machinery.

By the way, Senator Medill McCormick told me an interesting fact, which at least my agricultural readers will value, about the McCormick reaper. He said that while it cut the grain fairly well it left too much standing, so that there was much waste and much complaint among

the farmers. All sorts of remedies were suggested and all sorts of experiments made to cure that defect without avail. One day a team of mules hitched to a reaper ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, right through the standing wheat, cutting it smooth and leaving none standing in the swath. The secret was revealed that the motion of the blade must be made swifter. So that problem was solved, not by men, but by mules.

I hope it will not be a violation of the canons of good taste to state that incidentally and accidentally I contributed a little to McCormick's publicity campaign. When Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani appeared before the two Houses of Congress, one of the House reporters told me that, as they were to speak in French, they would like to have somebody familiar with that language help them report their remarks. So I inquired as to who understood French. Nicholas Longworth told me that McCormick was familiar with that language. So I asked him to aid the stenographers—which he did. Consequently he was head-lined next morning in the papers, and lauded to the skies as a linguist.

Men are still living who plowed with a plow with wooden mold-board. The Agricultural Society of the Seine presented Thomas Jefferson with a gold medal for inventing a plow with mold-board of least resistance, worked out on an algebraic formula—an achievement for which every plowman, horse, mule, and steer has been his debtor from that day to this. How his blue eyes would snap and sparkle could he rise from the grave and see a 1919 steam or electric tractor tearing up the soil! Not only have old things passed away in things physical, but in every field of human endeavor—even in politics. When I first remember, this was the *modus operandi* of voting: The voter appeared at the window of the voting-place in face of the community, was asked for whom he voted for various offices, and his answers were written

down. That method, while presenting certain disadvantages, cultivated at least two virtues—honesty and courage. Now we have the secret ballot—the Australian ballot, so called—which I secured for the people of Missouri when I was in the Legislature.

For more than a century the joint discussion was the approved and universal method by which candidates reached the people. It flourished most where newspapers were the scarcest. Now, since every city has its daily, and every hamlet its weekly, it is written, "This, too, shall pass away"—in fact, is fast passing away—going, going—almost gone. In former times voters wanted not only to see the candidates, but to hear them, to measure them, to judge between them. Next to a horse-race, when I was a boy, a Kentuckian loved a joint discussion as the most thrilling of all possible contests. Even before steam was applied to locomotive purposes, Kentuckians and Tennesseeans and their lineal descendants, the Missourians, would travel great distances to see the one or hear the other. Lincoln and Douglas brought the joint discussion to its highest perfection in their seven stump debates in 1858, when the immediate and ostensible stake was a United States Senatorship, but the ultimate prize was the White House.

Before railroads made travel easy, candidates on their stumping tours traveled on horseback or in buggies—competitors for sake of economy frequently riding in the same vehicle. When I was a child I naturally supposed that men running against each other for office were mortal enemies, and should I live to rival Methuselah in length of days I will never forget how completely surprised I was when, in 1859, my father told me that he had seen Beriah Magoffin, Democrat, and Joshua Bell, Whig, opposing candidates for Governor, riding in the same buggy and as chummy as could be.

The joint discussion has about played out, but its

cousin-german, the stump speech, remains. The former possessed this vast advantage over the latter: In the joint discussion the speaker addressed political foes and friends, both having thereby a chance to convert foes into friends, but the audience of a stump speaker without the joint-discussion feature is usually composed almost exclusively of his political friends with only the minimum opportunity for proselyting. Under such circumstances the most the modern stumper can hope to accomplish is to stir up enthusiasm among those of his political persuasion —either for himself or for his party or for both himself and his party, as the case may be. A mere list of our great stumpers would fill a volume of respectable size—including Presidents and candidates for the Presidency. One of the most dramatic scenes in American history was when Patrick Henry—whose political sun was setting—and John Randolph of Roanoke—whose political sun was just peeping above the eastern horizon—met at Charlotte Court-house.

A roster of famous stumpers would contain a majority of great American statesmen or politicians, if you will—Henry Clay, Webster, Benton, Douglas, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, McDuffie, Parson Brownlow, Davis, Menifee, Hayne, Tombs, Stephens, Prentiss, Crittenden, Corwin, Choate, Sumner, Chase, Schurz, Cassius M. Clay, Blair, Harlan, Knott, Blaine, Bryan, Bailey, Stone, Reed of Missouri, John Van Buren, Vest, Everett, Cockran, Ingersoll, Seward, Tom Marshall, Ed Marshall, the Breckenridges, the Taylor Brothers, Bob and Alf, Wigfall, Yancy, Henry A. Wise, and a shining host.

Those who do not succeed on the stump affect to look down on stumpers, disposing of them with a wave of the hand or a shake of the head, with the assumedly caustic remark, "Oh, he is a rather bright fellow, but he is only a stump speaker!"—which by the owlish ones is supposed to put an effectual quietus on the most successful stump-

ers. These little Solomons, jealous of their betters, don't know enough to know that every species of knowledge and every art and excellence of a public speaker go to make up the ideal stumper—looks, manners, gestures, intonation, wit, humor, learning, sarcasm, pathos, eloquence, character, courage, histrionic talent—everything calculated to move men's hearts or to convince their judgments.

As far as I know, Gen. William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," was the first presidential candidate to take the stump. That was in the log-cabin, hard-cider, coonskin hysteria of American politics. He had enormous crowds to hear him. When the presidential nominee in 1844, Henry Clay addressed a monster open-air meeting of his delirious followers at Nashville, Tennessee. His references to General Jackson in that speech, though in courtly language, brought forth a ferocious roar from the grim old Lion of the Hermitage—the last political and personal growl issued from that source. Douglas and Breckinridge and Bell all mounted the stump in 1860, making extended canvasses, but, strange to relate, Lincoln did not. The next presidential nominee to do much stumping was Horace Greeley, who made a wonderful campaign. Then came James G. Blaine, who excelled in that line of oratory. Grover Cleveland made one or two short speeches. Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Major McKinley made many stump speeches, but their "stumps" were their front porches, from which they read carefully prepared speeches. Colonel Roosevelt, Alton B. Parker, President Wilson, and President Taft also delivered stump speeches; Judge Charles Evans Hughes stumped the country from sea to sea; but in his three races as a presidential nominee William J. Bryan made more stump speeches than all other presidential candidates combined. He demonstrated one thing beyond a peradventure—that while one opportune speech may achieve a presidential nomination, speeches alone will not land a man in the White House.

CHAPTER XXVII

"The Apotheosis of Uncle Joe."

I HAVE stated elsewhere that while the members of the House maul one another in debate, sometimes in most savage manner—wrangle, and occasionally quarrel —the House is really a very generous body, and when in the proper mood can and does act most handsomely.

Such an occasion was its celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the birthday of former Speaker Cannon—"The Apotheosis of Uncle Joe," as I have always termed it.

As a most unusual occurrence in Congressional history, I reproduce the official report of the entire proceedings:

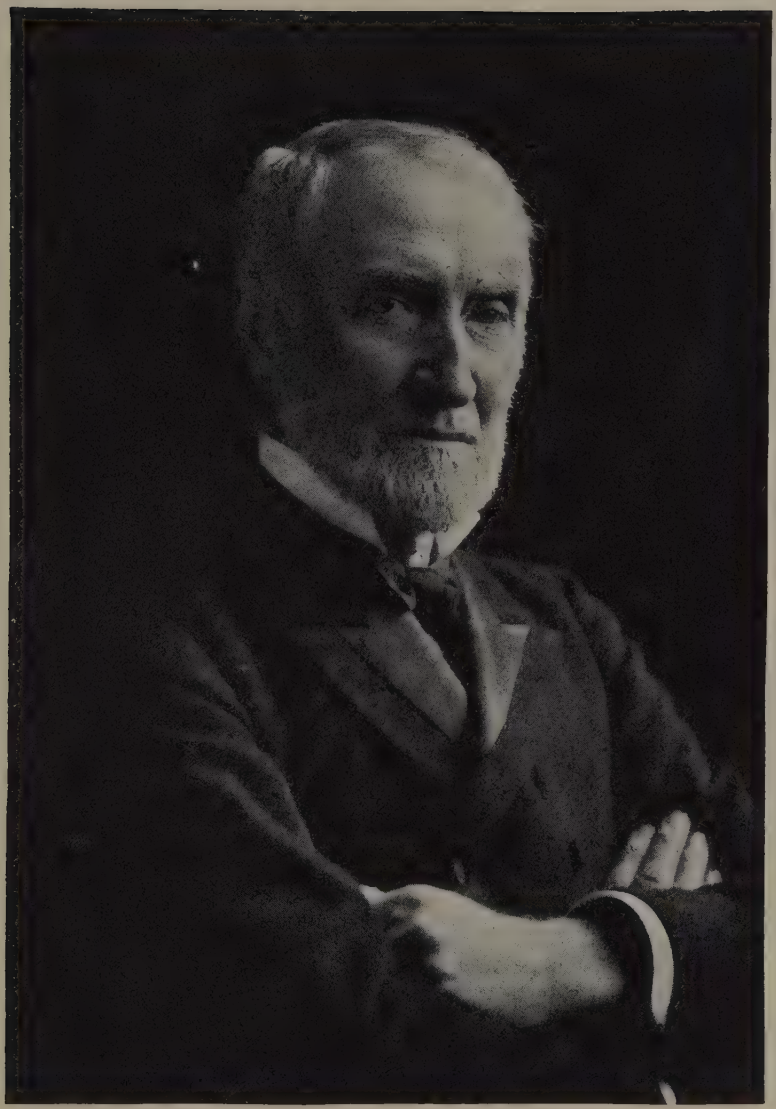
HON. JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON

HON. CHAMP CLARK, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Under a special order of the House made some time ago, the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Rodenberg] is to control one hour. and he is now recognized. [Applause.]

HON. WILLIAM A. RODENBERG, OF ILLINOIS

Mr. Speaker, if all sentiment were taken out of life, to live would not be worth while. Sentiment rules the world and controls the action of all mankind. Love of country, devotion to home and family, friendship for our fellow-man, all are based on sentiment. It is one of the divine attributes of every true and manly heart; without it the world would be dreary and desolate, forever lost to



HON. JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON, EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

love and laughter. It fills the soul with hope and joy and lifts the clouds of doubt and gloom. It is humanity's greatest boon, for it brings to all the cheer that makes life worth the living. It is in response to a sentiment that has its foundation in genuine affection that we meet to-day to do honor to the best-beloved member of this great legislative body. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, many stirring and exciting scenes have been staged in this hall. Here in days gone by many of the nation's greatest men have engaged in intellectual combat, and the world has been enriched by their wit and their wisdom. To-day there rise before us again the towering forms of Garfield and Blaine, of Randall and Cox, of McKinley and Reed, of Crisp and Carlisle, and, as memory reverts to some of the great historic scenes enacted here, and in which they played their parts so well, our blood tingles and throbs, and we thank God that it has been our good fortune to have had service in this House. [Applause.]

I am now concluding my seventh term as a Member of Congress, and during my service here I have often been profoundly impressed by the fact that nowhere is the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" better exemplified than in this chamber. Here every man is measured at his real worth, and the measurement is always true and accurate. The House has no difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff, and is as quick to applaud merit and industry as it is to condemn sham and pretense. The prestige of the man of intellectual integrity is as lasting as that of the demagogue is fleeting.

Leadership in this House is never accidental. On the contrary, it is always natural and entirely logical. Length of service may place a member at the head of one of the great committees of the House, but the chairmanship of a committee, no matter how important, does not carry leadership with it. It requires something else to be a

leader and a man of genuine influence. The real leaders in a legislative body such as this are the men who do not adjust their sails to catch every passing breeze, but who, when the storms of criticism beat and the waves of opposition roll, "stand four-square to all the winds that blow," let come what may. [Applause.]

If there be one such man among us, if there be one man who has steadfastly pursued the path of public duty, and who, at all times and under all circumstances, in good and ill report, has had the superb courage to give expression to honest conviction, that man is he whom we delight to honor to-day, the grand old hero of a thousand legislative battles, Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. [Prolonged applause.]

For almost forty years the calcium light of publicity has been turned full and fair upon him; and the stronger and the brighter the light the more it has served to reveal to all the world those sterling qualities of head and heart that have given him an enduring place among the ablest and most courageous statesmen of his day and generation. He has made mistakes—of course he has. To err is human, and Uncle Joe has at all times been intensely human; but no man, living or dead, ever saw him lower his colors or hoist the white flag of surrender. No matter how fast or furious the contest, he was never known to ask for quarter, but, throwing his warlike shield before him, he bade defiance to the enemy, shouting:

> Lay on, Macduff,
> And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, including the Continental Congresses, 7,865 men have served in the various Congresses of the United States, and of all this number our distinguished friend enjoys the unique distinction of having had the

longest service in the House of Representatives. The record shows that in all the years of our national existence only three men have excelled him in length of legislative service. At the head of the list stands Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, whose service in House and Senate covers a period of 43 years 9 months and 24 days. Next comes William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, whose combined service in the two bodies totals 43 years and 5 months. The third on the list is William Pierce Frye, of Maine, who served in both chambers for 40 years 5 months and 4 days. And then comes Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Illinois, who, upon the completion of his present term, will have been a member of the House of Representatives for 40 years; and I know that I voice the sentiments of every man in this hall when I express the hope that he will continue as a member of this body until he has established a record for length of service that will never be equaled in all the future history of the Republic. [Applause.]

Uncle Joe, to-morrow will be the eightieth anniversary of your birth. Entertaining for you, as I do, the deep and abiding affection that a son feels for his father, I deem it an honor indeed to have been selected to extend to you on this happy occasion the felicitations and good wishes of the entire membership of this House. We wish you full measure of life's pleasure to the end of your days, and we unite in the fervent hope that it will be many, many years before the shades of night begin to fall; and when they do, we know their gloom will be mellowed and softened by the golden glow that radiates from the halo that crowns and glorifies the patriotic life of a great American. [Prolonged applause.]

THE SPEAKER

The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Sherwood] is recognized. [Applause.]

HON. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, OF OHIO

Mr. Speaker, forty-three years ago, when I was on earth for the first time [laughter], I drifted into this Congress, that being the first term of the distinguished American whose birthday we celebrate to-day. It has already been said, better and more eloquently than I am capable of saying it, that he is the most remarkable man this country has ever produced, counting his service in public life. He has had a public service of 47 years—40 years in Congress—and has been four times Speaker of the House of Representatives. I understand that Uncle Joe and the modest member who is now addressing you are the only surviving members of the Forty-third Congress now in public life, and it has appeared to me to be fitting to refer to some of the incidents of that Congress, because we were called upon to deal with great questions growing out of the Civil War, questions that appealed to the hearts and the emotions of public men. General Grant, the foremost man of all the world, was starting on his second term as President. I want to call your attention to some of the developments in science and social ethics that have occurred since that time. I remember that the appropriation for the President in that Congress, for salary and for upkeep of the White House, was $42,000. President Grant had no bodyguard, no military aid. We members were serving at $5,000 a year. We had to furnish our own quarters. We were not allowed any secretaries. The Speaker had no parliamentary expert. We had no Hinds's *Precedents*. The country had no automobiles. We had no wireless; we had no flying-machine; we had no canned music. Edison, the wizard of the scientific world to-day, had not yet appeared. We had no electric cars; we had no moving pictures; no typewriting machines. We had no preparedness talk on this floor [laughter]; we had no Calendar Wednes-

day [laughter]; we had no Army and Navy League. [Laughter.]

We had no twilight tango.

We are here to-day with a living and knock-down argument against the theory of Doctor Osler. [Applause and laughter.] It is a mistake to suppose that a man who has reached the age of eighty years has reached the acme of his intellectual development. [Applause and laughter.] Pope Leo XIII and John Adams were in the full possession of their intellectual powers at ninety. John Wesley was at the height of his eloquence and at his best at eighty-eight. Michelangelo painted his greatest single picture that was ever painted since the world began at eighty. He made the sky and sunshine glorious with his brush at eighty-three. General von Moltke was still wearing the uniform at eighty-eight, and he commanded the victorious German army that entered the gates of Paris at seventy. George Bancroft was writing deathless history after eighty. Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Talleyrand, and Voltaire were giving out great ideas at eighty. Tennyson wrote his greatest poem, "Crossing the Bar," at eighty-three. Gladstone made his greatest campaign at eighty, and was the master of Great Britain at eighty-three. Humboldt, the naturalist, scientist—the greatest that Germany ever produced—issued his immortal *Kosmos* at ninety.

I saw Joe Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle at his best at seventy-five. Goethe wrote "Faust," the greatest literary achievement in all literature—the masterpiece of literature—the last section—at eighty. The Irish actor, Macklin, was still on the stage at ninety-nine. Robert Browning was as subtle and mysterious as ever at seventy-seven, and Victor Hugo was at his best from seventy-five to eighty.

We will concede that Uncle Joe has passed the period of adolescence [laughter] and that he has reached the age

of discretion. You will all concede with me that the best effort of his life was undoubtedly his oration on Abraham Lincoln, which was delivered in this Congress. He has not reached the acme of his intellectual development; that will come later. [Laughter and applause.] When he delivers his masterpiece in this chamber or in a larger forum, I hope I may be present with ears erect to hear or eyes alert to read. [Laughter and continued applause.]

THE SPEAKER

The gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Cooper] will take the chair. [Applause.]

Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin took the chair as Speaker *pro tempore*.

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore*

The chair will recognize the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett]. [Applause.]

HON. FREDERICK H. GILLETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Speaker, I am the only person in the House who ever served on the Appropriations Committee when Mr. Cannon was its chairman. To my mind that was the most glorious and useful part of his career. Perhaps my opinion is biased by the fact that as we grow older we are less impressionable, and that when I was younger I was more of a hero-worshiper; but to me, even when he sat omnipotent in the Speaker's chair and tried to be dignified and judicial and non-partizan, and to regulate this disorderly and sometimes turbulent assembly, he was not so imposing as when he was on the floor, sure to be in the center of any conflict, contributing in no small measure to the heat and violence and interest of the debate, ready

always to "ride the tempest and direct the storm." [Applause.]

To see him in his glory you should have seen him as chairman of Appropriations, in the thick of the fray, without manuscript or notes, but all ablaze with energy, now entertaining the House with his quaint conceits and now convincing them with his powerful and ingenious arguments.

That, to my mind, was the sphere where his abilities shone to the best advantage. He is by nature a floor leader. He has the courage, the fearlessness, and that quickness of mind and of tongue accelerating under fire which make a man effective on this floor.

Those of you who have come here this session can have little appreciation, it seems to me, of what the American Congress has sometimes been and what it may be again. Everything this year has run so smoothly and amiably —there has been so little bitterness and belligerency— that it is difficult to realize the contests of the past. Our Speaker is so genial and so popular with both sides [applause], the minority leader co-operates so heartily with his kindly spirit, and the issues which thus far have arisen have contained so little to excite passion that we seem to be sailing on an eternal summer sea. I hope it may always continue so serene. [Applause.]

But it was in a very different atmosphere that Mr. Cannon was trained. It was different when I first came here. I can remember when the air of this chamber seemed surcharged with animosity, and there were occasions when it seemed as if the two sides of the House were so hostile and furious that they might at any moment rise against each other in forcible collision.

And yet I suppose during my service it has been calm compared with what preceded it. I suppose in the Fifty-first Congress party heat reached its extreme. It needed then dauntless courage and unfaltering poise to be a suc-

cessful leader. And it was in that Congress I have always understood that Mr. Cannon really won his indisputable right to be at the front. In that historic contest over the rules it was on him that Speaker Reed, the most powerful and formidable figure I have ever seen within these walls, leaned for his most reliable and effective support.

I came here twenty-three years ago. I suppose many of you think, as I know some ambitious men in my district have long thought, that twelve terms are an unconscionable time for any one to serve. [Laughter.] But when I arrived here Mr. Cannon could look back nearly as far as that to the commencement of his service. He was in his prime. In debate his directness, his shrewdness, his brightness of illustration, and his gymnastics always attracted universal attention. I remember being told that once when he was making a speech with his customary vigor, rising on his toes and prancing up and down the aisle, Mr. Reed called out to him, *sotto voce*, "Joe, are you making this speech on mileage?" [Laughter.]

But while his peculiarities of manner attracted attention, they were but the publicity agents for the real power and originality of his arguments. No one knew better than he how to appeal to both the judgment and the prejudices of the House. His quick and fertile mind not only grasped and developed all the intrinsic force of the argument, but also took advantage of the foibles and self-interest of his audience. He did not simply argue the merits of the proposition, but he fought strenuously to make his side prevail. He made speeches, not to circulate in his district or to win applause, but to win votes, and if he could not succeed the cause was hopeless.

The chairman of the Appropriations Committee generally has the unpopular side, for he is generally fighting for economy. I do not believe it is simply the natural prejudice of my own membership which makes me feel that a spirit of economy always permeates that committee

far more than any other committee of the House. Now is not the time to discuss the reason for it, which would be interesting.

But ever since I have been here the chairman of that committee has been the watch-dog of the treasury and the champion of retrenchment. Mr. Cannon filled that rôle pre-eminently, but with a good nature, a practical common sense, a sagacious judgment of the temper of the House, and a prudent mitigation of abstract justice by personal necessities, which won him extraordinary success. He was ready to compromise when he thought it wise and reasonable, but he never shunned a fight, and he never surrendered till every resource was exhausted. The adversary who anticipated an easy victory just because he had the popular side had little appreciation of the persistence, the knowledge, and the resourcefulness of Mr. Cannon. He was, of course, sometimes beaten, but he often won where another would not have dared to fight.

When I first came to Congress I had a strong prejudice against him. But, as I watched his leadership, the time came when, if I suddenly had to vote on a question of which I knew nothing, there was no man in the House whom I would follow so confidently as him.

In committee he was alert, wise, time-saving, and he had that charming quality so appreciated by ambitious younger men, of giving them plenty of opportunity to show their powers. He never tried to monopolize the chances of distinction, but shared them generously with his lieutenants.

I trust he will not think it disparaging if I say that he is a debater rather than an orator. You will recall that in the golden days of English eloquence Edmund Burke, who, in my opinion, wrote the finest orations ever produced, said of his rival, Charles James Fox, that he was "the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

Some of Fox's friends took umbrage at the phrase and thought the word "debater" did not do him justice. But I am not sure it is not quite as complimentary as "orator." A debater like Mr. Cannon measures his strength squarely with his opponent, asks no time for preparation, but is always ready, and must rely on his native powers to repel assaults, grapple with his antagonist, and from a hand-to-hand contest win his laurels. The orator at leisure ponders and develops and elaborates his material. In the one case you see the engine at work and can measure its actual force; in the other you see only the result

It always seemed to me Mr. Cannon had not the taste, if he had the capacity, for elaborate preparation. He seemed to need the stimulus of a fight to arouse his faculties. Then he could summon his resources with unfailing facility, and showed a readiness, an astuteness, a variety, and a vigor which were marvelous.

Of course he was prepared, in the sense that he knew all about his subject, for he was a most thorough and thoughtful student of the questions which came before him. But he never seemed to make any special preparation for his speeches, but to trust to the inspiration of the moment, which has brought the downfall of so many would-be orators, but which never failed him. Indeed, I think his example was a bad influence on young men by discouraging preparation. I, like other New England boys, was brought up to believe that the price of success was industry. I always had dinned into my ears the verse—

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Since I have known him, Mr. Cannon's "toiling in the night" has not been exclusively over his Congressional duties [laughter], and yet his mind always seems saturated

with knowledge of the varied subjects which come before us.

As he moves among us now, kindly, sedate, respected, beloved—a sort of perpetual statesman emeritus, bearing his eighty years more lightly than any one I ever saw—he is an honor and a blessing to the American Congress; but I shall always cherish most the memory of the dauntless, resourceful, militant head of the Appropriations Committee, defending the national treasury against all-comers, fearlessly, tenaciously, judiciously, and with a success I have never seen paralleled. [Applause.]

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore*

The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Kitchin] is recognized. [Applause.]

HON. CLAUDE KITCHIN, OF NORTH CAROLINA

Mr. Speaker, I count it a real privilege and pleasure to participate in these ceremonies to-day. I believe the House honors itself more than it honors the distinguished gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] in taking, amid its busy labors, this hour to celebrate the eightieth birthday of a man who, in my judgment, is the most marked and unique character that has sat in either end of the nation's Capitol for the last half-century. [Applause.] I am going to say in public here now what I have a hundred times said in private, that of all the public men whom I have ever met the gentleman from Illinois is the most remarkable and possesses the strongest, most practical common-sense intellect.

I remember when I first came here, fifteen years ago, he impressed me more particularly as being a big man than any other man in the House. I sat here in my seat for three years without ever opening my mouth on the

floor of this House, and that is somewhat remarkable, it seems to me now [laughter], but I had an idea that it was wiser for me at first to hear and see rather than be heard and seen. During that time I was an intent observer, sizing up the men in this body. Outside of partizan politics the gentleman from Illinois impressed me as being the wisest legislator in the House. I have said that, too, a hundred times, and I have really not seen much since then to change my opinion. [Laughter and applause.] But when it came down to partizan questions and partizan politics, and especially when his blood was up—good Lord, deliver us! [Laughter.] And, Mr. Speaker, his partizanship was not confined to men on the Democratic side of the House, either. One of the most interesting and remarkable debates I ever witnessed in this House was between the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] and a gentleman on that side of the chamber who is now deceased, Col. Pete Hepburn, which occurred some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the bill for the construction of the inter-oceanic canal was under consideration. The question then was whether we should build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama or along what was known as the Nicaraguan route. The committee had reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaraguan route. Mr. Hepburn was chairman of the committee, and, of course, strongly advocated the Nicaraguan route. Only a few, led by the gentleman from Illinois,favored the Panama route. I had seen many heated court-house contests between lawyers, but I never witnessed anything more interesting and exciting than that debate between these two gentlemen. Mr. Hepburn was right-handed and Mr. Cannon was left-handed, both on their feet most of the time, within a step or two of each other, their arms waving about as if in a pugilistic contest. It was a fur-flying debate, but a great debate. I will never forget it. Two giants were wrestling with each

other in intellectual combat. The House has had few men equal as a debater to Colonel Hepburn. He was a strong, forceful, resourceful man.

Mr. Speaker, I have heard Mr. Cannon in several debates; I have seen him in action in the House for a number of years; I have seen him confront serious and critical situations often; but, in my opinion, the time when he loomed up bigger and stronger and braver than ever was during those two nights' and two days' fight over what we called Cannonism—on the Norris resolution—in the Sixty-first Congress. I never saw a man in my life who stood forth such a complete master of the situation. He rode the very whirlwinds and directed the storms for his party. While many harsh things on this side and many on that side were spoken during those two days and nights of the hottest and most exciting contest the House has witnessed in a quarter of a century, I never saw the gentleman from Illinois lose his temper or his head for one moment. He was courteous, cool, courageous, and determined to the last to do what he started out to do the very first moment the fight began. He was going to hold the House here and not make a decision upon the question of order pending until the Republican whip had gathered in from all quarters of the United States every single Republican member of this House, and he knew exactly how each would vote. Just as soon as he ascertained that every Republican who would vote on his side was here in the House, without sleep for two days and nights, he rapped the House to order and calmly said, "The chair is ready to rule." [Applause.] And he ruled against us, of course. [Laughter and applause.] In all the conflicts in his long and eventful career as a member of the House, some of them bitter and severe, he stood out always before the eyes of friend and foe the embodiment of courage, of directness, of integrity. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, I think this occasion illustrates the truth of what I heard the minority leader say some time ago, that while that aisle separated the Democrats from the Republicans, it did not divide the hearts of the men in this House. [Applause.] It does not divide our respect, confidence, esteem, and affection for one another. There are men on that side of the House whom I regard with as much esteem, admiration, respect, and affection as on this side, and no doubt that is the case with most of us on either side of the aisle. We differ on questions of policy for the country, on what we call political principles, but we do not differ in our loyalty and love and devotion to our country and our flag, and in our respect, esteem, and affection for one another. When I was a great deal younger than I am now I used to think that the good folks were all in the Democratic party and the bad folks all in the Republican party. I used to think that the big Republicans in Washington had horns and that they were all reaching out with both hands toward somebody else's pocket. But, gentlemen, since I have served in this House I have found so many good and splendid fellows in the Republican party that, individually, I am willing to admit that it is a pretty good party. Collectively—well, I am not profane and will not be unparliamentary; but, anyway, since my association with these splendid Republicans here I have come to the conclusion that a Republican is never dangerous to a good Democrat—except in an election [laughter and applause], and never harmful to the public—except in office. [Laughter.]

In the Sixty-first Congress we had a lot of talk about "Cannonism." I believe the best speech I ever made in the House was on "Cannonism." That was not a fight against Mr. Cannon; it was a fight against a system which the rules created and which he inherited from former Congresses, and, perhaps, from Democratic Congresses, too, as well as Republican Congresses. I said

at the time that we were making a fight against the rules and the power which the rules gave the Speaker, called then "Cannonism," not against Mr. Cannon; that the rules then in force had been in force in both Republican and Democratic Congresses, and only a weak man, without courage, would have done less than the distinguished gentleman from Illinois if exigencies demanded. When the rules of the House put into the hands of one man the life and death of all legislation and all procedure, and made him more powerful than even the President of the United States, any strong, intellectual, courageous man would have exercised that power, whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, under the conditions that then confronted the party in control. Since then, as the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett] says, we have come to smooth and better-tempered times, when most of us vote alike and think alike on many questions. When the people made a change in the House, why, we, with the approval of many gentlemen on that side, changed the rules, and we never hear of "Cannonism" now, but we are proud and glad to hear to-day of "Cannon." [Applause.] We are glad to know, too, that every heart that beats within these walls is hoping and praying that we shall have the happiness on many and many another birthday of the gentleman from Illinois to meet here in his presence and do him honor. [Loud applause.]

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore*

The chair recognizes the Speaker of the House of Representatives. [Loud applause.]

HON. CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House, this performance here to-day reminds me of one in which Mr.

Speaker Cannon and myself participated five or six years ago in the city of New York. About six months after Mark Twain died they memorialized him in Carnegie Hall before an immense audience. The chairman was Dr. William Dean Howells. The speakers were Joseph H. Choate, Henry van Dyke, "Marse" Henry Watterson, Mr. Speaker Cannon, George W. Cable, and myself. I believe if Mark Twain knew what was happening that that was exactly the kind of a crowd he would have elected to have participated in his funeral exercises. We did not do anything for four mortal hours except crack jokes and tell anecdotes. I think this hour and a half is well spent. [Applause.] It shows the House in its most pleasing phase.

Mr. Speaker, this government has existed one hundred and twenty-seven years under the Constitution—a brief, fleeting period in the existence of a nation, but longer than the span of life vouchsafed to any of the latter-day sons of Adam. We are engaged in celebrating the birthday of the only man in our history who has been elected to the House of Representatives twenty times—a unique achievement, which may be duplicated in the next one hundred and twenty-seven years, but probably will not. Such a record can be made only under a rare and peculiar set of circumstances: First, the constituency must remain in the same political faith during twoscore years. Second, the man himself must be as constant as the northern star and be possessed of unusual endowments, mentally and physically. Third, his constituency must have such faith in him as would remove mountains.

Mr. Speaker Cannon is now well into his fortieth year in the House, and is in fine fettle in both body and mind —at which we all rejoice. [Loud applause.]

Only three men have exceeded him in length of service in Congress, and they only by adding their House and Senate service together. Justin Smith Morrill, of Ver-

mont, sat 12 years in the House and 31 years 9 months and 24 days in the Senate—a total of 43 years 9 months and 24 days—while William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, served 8 years in the House and 35 years and 5 months in the Senate—a total of 43 years and 5 months, and William P. Frye, of Maine, who served 10 years and 13 days in the House and 30 years 4 months and 20 days in the Senate —a total of 40 years 5 months and 3 days. Thus it will be seen that Morrill tops them all by 4 months and 24 days.

William Ewart Gladstone served fifty-three years in the British House of Commons. I am by no means certain that his service was the longest in that body. Over there, however, they begin younger than we do. Charles James Fox, perhaps the greatest parliamentary orator that ever lived, entered the House of Commons at nineteen, and the younger William Pitt at about the same age. Another thing that tended for length of service there was the old and condemned borough system, whereby a duke or earl or viscount would take a fancy to some bright youngster and practically appoint him to a seat in the Commons—an agreeable custom, but not promotive of the public welfare, and now happily fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

Henry Clay, the most renowned of all Speakers, served the longest time in the Speaker's chair, being elected for six full terms, resigning twice, with a total actual service of ten years and two hundred and forty-five days, although the Capitol guides will have it that he served twelve years —a historic fable.

Mr. Speaker Cannon comes next with four full terms —eight years—and if the political complexion of the House had not changed he would in all probability be in his fourteenth year in the chair, thereby exceeding the record of "the Great Kentuckian." [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker Stephenson of Virginia was elected for four

full terms, but in the middle of his fourth term he resigned both as Speaker and as member of the House, having been nominated as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's by President Jackson; but alack! and also alas! a refractory Senate refused to confirm his nomination for more than a year, during which time he was, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended betwixt heaven and earth. At last the Jackson men became strong enough in the Senate to confirm him, and he went on his way rejoicing, having learned a lesson about premature resignations which he probably never forgot and which added somewhat to his stock of wisdom.

Mr. Speaker Cannon and General Sherwood were both first elected to Congress at the November election in 1872, when under the lead of Horace Greeley the Democrats met with a crushing disaster, from which they recovered in 1874, only two years later, and swept the country from sea to sea. Speaker Cannon has served under ten Presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, the younger Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. Presidents come and Presidents go, but he, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever.

James Gillespie Blaine, one of the most brilliant of all the Speakers [applause], administered the oath to him upon his entrance here. While the Speaker's term is two years and the presidential term is four, he has seen the same number of Presidents in the White House and Speakers in the chair—ten—Blaine, Kerr, Randall, Keifer, Carlisle, Reed, Crisp, Henderson, Cannon, and Clark.

When he was first elected only about a dozen of the present members could vote. Many were in their swaddling-clothes, trying to achieve the first acrobatic feat any of us and all of us ever essayed—to get our big toe into our mouth. [Laughter.] A majority of the members were then unborn. What an astounding amount of history has been made in this country in the forty-four in-

tervening years, all of which he saw and part of which he was!

I am glad that Mr. Speaker Cannon made his great speech on the Immigration bill recently—for it was a great speech—glad on his account, glad on my own account, glad most especially on account of you newer members who have come into the House in the last thirteen years; glad that you had the opportunity of not only hearing but seeing him as James Steerforth wished to be remembered, "at his best." We are all James Steerforths in that regard. J. B. McCullough, long-time editor of *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, once said that he had often thought that had there been present a man who could see but could not hear, and one who could hear but could not see, when Roscoe Conkling delivered his superb speech nominating General Grant in the famous Chicago convention of 1880, he believed that the deaf man who could see would have derived as much pleasure from Conkling's performance as the blind man who could hear. I confess that seeing Mr. Speaker Cannon in action has always interested me quite as much as what he said. [Laughter and applause.] He has always appeared to me to be made up chiefly of spiral springs. [Laughter.] I saw him once do, while speaking, a thing that I doubt if any other speaker ever duplicated since the confusion of tongues at Babel. In the heat of debate I saw him make a complete circle on his heel. [Laughter.]

He is one of the strongest rough-and-tumble debaters I ever heard or tackled. He belongs to the top-notcher class of mental pugilists. He hits and hits hard, but never below the belt. I remember with pleasure now—though not so pleasant then—that in the first real debate in which I ever participated in the House he catechized me *in extenso*. It was a red-hot political debate—a cut-and-thrust affair—on the repeal of the Federal election law. I had not been here more than two months, and was

ambitious to break into the limelight, or, as the Kaiser would say, to achieve "a place in the sun." [Laughter.] I did it on that occasion, largely by aid of Mr. Speaker Cannon, though I entertain serious doubt whether he intended assisting a rampant, greenhorn Democratic Congressman, for the billows of politics ran mountain high at that time.

Fight in those brave days of old? Of course we did—many of us, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs. Scars? All who participated in those fierce conflicts bear them—honorable scars, all in front; none of us escaped unscathed. Sometimes we fought over political principles, sometimes about governmental business, and sometimes by reason of what Cæsar denominates *gaudium certaminis*—the sheer joy of combat. Once Speaker Cannon was in the full tide of speech when I interrupted him, and he waved or shoved me off by saying, "Oh, not now. I will attend to the Missouri Cyclone presently"—which he did, and I came near having fastened onto me the sobriquet borne now and for many years by the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Davis]. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Davis of Texas

Amen! [Laughter.]

Mr. Clark of Missouri

On another occasion I had the floor, and when Speaker Cannon interrupted me I conferred upon him the alliterative title of "the Dancing Dervish of Danville"; but out of it all we came forth good, warm personal friends, and will, in the language of the wedding ceremony, so remain "till death do us two part."

Fame is the scentless sunflower with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the treasure rose, with sweets in every fold.

In 1894 there was the worst slaughter of the innocents since the reign of King Herod. I was one of the victims of that awful landslide. I remember with gratitude that Speaker Cannon was the first person who suggested to me that I might come back. He spoke and predicted from experience.

On the day a few weeks ago when the bill authorizing the government to take over the title-deeds to the land in Kentucky on which stands the splendid memorial building covering and protecting the humble log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, we witnessed a pleasing and amazing spectacle—Mr. Speaker Cannon, eighty to-morrow, and General Sherwood, some months his senior, straight as arrows, lithe as men of fifty, delivering speeches which thrilled our hearts; and the strangest feature of that remarkable scene was that these two well-beloved octogenarians read whatever they wanted to read without glasses! Verily, like Moses, the master lawgiver of all the centuries, their eyes are not dimmed nor their natural force abated. [Applause.]

For a long time people poked fun at the Scotch theory of "second sight"; but on the occasion to which I refer we had the best sort of evidence that these two veterans have received their "second sight"—"the ocular proof" which Othello demanded. In passing, it may be apropos to state that one of the finest couplets in our vernacular grew out of the Scotch theory of "second sight" conferring the gift of prophecy:

> 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before.

When I first read those splendid lines as a college student they appeared to me so fine that I wanted to read the context. Somehow I got it into my head that Alexander Pope was the author, and read all his works to find them, which I did not do, for the all-sufficient reason

that he never wrote them. They are in Thomas Campbell's poem "Lochiel's Warning"; but my time spent in reading Pope was profitably spent. He polished his poems till they glitter as a gem, and he excelled all poets in making couplets or quatrains, each conveying an idea complete within itself. I committed hundreds of them to memory, greatly to my advantage.

While Speaker Cannon was delivering his Lincoln speech I noted what a remarkable profile resemblance there is in his face and Lincoln's, just as there is a striking resemblance in the face of my good, dear friend, Major Stedman of North Carolina and the face of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Speaker Cannon owes it to himself and to his countrymen to write a book of reminiscences, Job's vengeful declaration, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," to the contrary notwithstanding. Evidently the Man of Uz did not have in his mind's eye Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson when he gave voice to that far-resounding and malicious desire.

There are two other distinguished Americans who owe it to themselves and the country to write books of reminiscences—Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew, the incorrigible optimist, and "Marse" Henry Watterson, the last of that marvelous school of editors of whom Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, James Gordon Bennett the elder, Henry J. Raymond, Shadrack Penn, Thurlow Weed, and Samuel Bowles were the founders. What books these three men could write for our instruction and delight! They would be eagerly read by untold and unborn thousands as long as this Republic endures, which we all fondly pray will be—

> Forever and forever,
> As long as the river flows,
> As long as the heart hath passions,
> As long as life hath woes.

[Applause.]

We, one and all, most cordially and affectionately congratulate Mr. Speaker Cannon on attaining the Psalmist's extreme allotment of fourscore years, and upon having that which should accompany old age, "As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"; and we hope from the bottom of our hearts that he will live many years full of usefulness, happiness, and prosperity. [Prolonged applause.]

MR. MANN

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the Speaker may recognize my colleague, Mr. Cannon. [Applause.]

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin)

The chair feels, as he was about to say when the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Mann] arose, that he voices the earnest wish of every member—Republican, Democrat, Progressive, Socialist, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and Gentile—in expressing the hope that the distinguished gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] will now address the House. [Applause.]

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: It is pleasant for an old man to meet his fellows in the public service, to look in their faces, and feel that they accord to him the same honesty of purpose that they claim for themselves.

And yet, upon this occasion, if you will bear with me for a few moments, I recollect a story that John O'Neill told me many years ago. He was an Irishman who represented a St. Louis district, and he had all the brightness, wit, and humor that Irishmen generally have. One day, sitting in the cloak-room, when the conversation

was running, he said: "When I was at home last week, having leave of absence for a few days, an Irish client of mine was about to die. He had no relatives in this country, and all his relatives in Ireland had crossed over, and he sent for me to write his will. I had been his attorney. He gave so much for the repose of his soul, so much to this hospital, and so much to that hospital, and so much for various charities. He knew exactly what he had, and I wrote the will and read it over to him, and he discovered when he came to make the addition that there was ten dollars left over that had not been disposed of."

O'Neill said the dying Irishman realized that his time was short, and asked if there was time to write the will over. O'Neill said to him: "Oh, I can fix it all right. I will just put in what we call a 'codicil.' What do you want to do with the ten dollars?" He thought a minute and said, "I'll not be knowin' what I want to do with the ten dollars exactly—but, yes; it can be invested in whisky, to be drank at my funeral." "Going or returning?" asked O'Neill. "Going, of course. I'll be wid 'em, then." [Laughter.]

Brother Sherwood, you and I came into this House together, elected in 1872. I have been here more of the time than you have, but I think you have been doing as good service, and probably better than I have. You are my senior in years, and, looking in your eye, I appreciate your friendship. We were political friends when we served in the Forty-third Congress. We are political opponents now, but really I think I respect and love you as much as it is lawful for one man to love another. [Applause and laughter.]

These doctors have made great progress in medicine and surgery. Why, with the blood-letting that there was, with the thrust of a lancet that obtained in the West while the West was being settled, and the ten grains of calomel and ten grains of jalap—you know it would kill

people if it was administered now—and the great doses of quinine, and so on. That was heroic treatment. [Laughter.] In medicine and surgery the world has progressed more in your time and mine than it did in the whole history of the race, from Eden down to your time and mine. They talk now about being on the eve of discovering a medicine, or elixir, or something, that will make us all live to be at least one hundred and fifty years old. I want them to hurry up, Brother Sherwood. [Laughter.]

Always there have been during my service here, Mr. Speaker—and I believe there always will be in the House of Representatives—fierce contests touching policies, and no truer thing was said by those who have preceded me than when they said, quoting the minority leader [Mr. Mann], that while this side of the aisle contested with that side of the aisle, after the partizanship passed, and even while it was on, we had as many friends on your side, and you as many friends on our side that would go as far outside of the partizanship or the policies to serve one another, as we have upon our respective sides. [Applause.]

The scene here to-day is a sample of the partizanship of the House. I can say with the Psalmist, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places"; and as I look into the faces of friends on both sides of the House I am more inclined to accept the plain evidence of fact than the popular and picturesque fiction which divides this body into partizan groups on all questions, shuts out personal relations and the co-operation of Representatives, regardless of party, to work out in legislation the greatest good to the greatest number.

We should not be human if we did not disagree at many points, and there would be no work for Congress if there were not many men of many minds in the country. We are sent here as the representatives of those people, who have different ideas as to government activities, and we

must here thrash out these differences, whether pleasant or unpleasant, for harmony cannot always be produced out of the conflicts of the people, even by the best of friends. My own experience here inclines me to the view expressed by Charles Lamb, that he could not hate the man he knew, rather than to the old proverb that "Biting and scratching is the Scots' wooing."

One of my earliest friends on this floor was Alexander H. Stephens, who returned to the House when I came as a new member. I had heard of the man who, as vice-president of the Confederacy, was the ablest adversary of Lincoln, and I had opinions; but here on the floor and in the hotel where we both lived I came to know him as a man as different from my opinions, formed by reading the war news, as are my opinions of the archangel and the archdemon of the universe.

So it has been through the years; and to me partizanship means the necessary contests over policies by which the Republic must be governed. There are no personalities in partizanship, and men who meet face to face and discuss different political views are less arbitrary in their views than are those who read head-lines and fear that the House has fallen to a low estate, where party advantage is the one aim and effort.

I have seen some changes in partizan politics. When I came here, believing in nationalism, I was impressed with the state-rights doctrine of some of the men on that side, and I remember a speech by Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, in opposition to Randall's bill to loan fifteen hundred thousand dollars to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

Mr. Tucker warned the House against stretching the welfare clause of the Constitution. He said it would be an advertisement, inviting any clever man who had an idea about spending government money for the general welfare to come to Congress, and it would not be long

before we were crowded off our stools by the lobbyists who wanted to get their hands into the treasury. Mr. Tucker then, turning to Randall, shouted a final warning that, should that appropriation be made, Chicago and even Yorktown would some day come for aid to an exposition. Well, they both came, and many others, and Mr. Tucker's son was president of the Jamestown Exposition. That is only an example of some of the changes that have come about the use of government money to promote the general welfare. We have had quite a spell of it in the consideration of the Agriculture Appropriation bill.

In our partizanship we have not been as keen for party advantage as is often represented. There was Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who was a stormy petrel of American politics, if we have had one, and he is remembered as the author of the Civil Rights bill, which caused such a storm of indignation throughout the South. But General Butler was also the chairman of the Judiciary Committee which reported and put through the House the Amnesty bill, which removed the political disabilities from many thousands of Southern men.

And this leads me to suggest that it was not party advantage which inspired this side of the House when in control to pass amnesty bills which in a large measure gave control to that side; nor was it party advantage which led that side, when in the majority, to propose an electoral commission to find a judicial method for settling the great controversy over the Presidency. You lost by that machinery; but it was your own creation, and its creation was inspired by patriotic motives to save the country from another civil strife.

May I here cast a doubt on another popular fiction in which a former member was the hero? I refer to the story which has even got into some political histories, that Colonel Watterson organized an army of one hundred thousand stalwart Democrats to march on Washington

and by force place Mr. Tilden in the White House. I have always doubted the correctness of that story, because Colonel Watterson was a member of the House at that time and was here using his influence and his diplomacy to work out a peaceful solution of that controversy. He was one of the best losers I ever saw. When the report of the commission on the Oregon vote was adopted, Colonel Watterson made a short speech in which he expressed his disappointment over the impending decision and described the blue-grass region in springtime, where the flowers were the signals of God's love and bounty, giving assurance that the heavens should not be robbed of their sunshine, the earth of its fruition, nor the future of hope.

That was at the end of February and the beginning of March, 1877. The Democrats thought Tilden was elected, and we Republicans thought Hayes was elected. There was a real contest at the polls and a real contest as to which was elected. You were in good faith, and we were in good faith. You carried the country and had a Democratic House, which you elected in 1874—strongly Democratic. It was a Republican Senate. The fourth of March was approaching, and in that Democratic House, presided over by Samuel J. Randall, with such Democrats as Ben Hill and Randolph Tucker—noted men, both North and South—there originated on that side the legislation which was agreed to by the Senate for the electoral commission—five judges of the Supreme Court, five members of the Senate, and five members of the House.

You supposed you would have a majority of one. You supposed that David Davis, one of the five judges, would be on your side. That would have given you a majority of one. But two days before that commission was appointed General Logan, contesting for re-election to the Senate, was defeated by Justice Davis, and that put Justice Davis out. So Justice Bradley was selected, and he threw the casting vote. It was settled, but it did not

turn out as you expected it would turn out. But it was patriotically acquiesced in.

I recollect very well what Colonel Watterson said when they commenced to filibuster on that side of the aisle with a motion to adjourn, and a motion to adjourn to a day certain, alternating one motion with the other, as they could do, under the rules of the House as they then existed, as long as a man could stand and make the motion. Watterson said, "I shall join in no movement to obstruct the progress of the presidential count. We have had enough of anarchy." [Applause.]

I never shall forget the scene before the electoral count was completed, when Speaker Randall rose in his place, when it was necessary that action should be had to a point of order being made on the motion under the rule, and declared that it was a filibuster and dilatory and that the Constitution provided for the count of the electoral vote. He sustained the point of order, and then in the House we did have pandemonium for some time. [Laughter.] But the count was made.

So I have found the partizanship of this House throughout these forty years sometimes warm and vigorous, but largely mixed with patriotism and much common sense; no barriers in the center aisle to prevent men from crossing that partizan line, and no prohibition against meeting in the lobby or the cloak-room and talking it over in private. It has been to me a pleasant and, I hope, a profitable experience.

There are, so far as I know, only six of my colleagues in the Forty-third Congress, which assembled here forty-three years ago, still living. They are my friend and colleague, General Sherwood, on this floor; ex-Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine; ex-Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, of Iowa; Gerry W. Hazelton, of Wisconsin; William H. H. Stowell, of Virginia; and John R. Lynch, of Mississippi. All others who sat in that Con-

gress have crossed over to the beyond. Many of those who were my associates in succeeding Congresses have also answered the last call, and I am here among those of the second generation, following in the footsteps of their fathers and here giving the best service of which they are capable to the welfare of their country.

If I sometimes see the faces and hear the voices of others not now here to answer the roll-call, I may not be charged with dreaming, for among these three thousand men with whom I have been associated in legislative efforts and over partizan contests there were hosts of personal friends of whom I never thought as Republicans or Democrats, except as we discussed different policies. These men had their hour on this stage, did their work in their time, as you are doing it now, following in the line of precedent; here amending where changes in conditions make it necessary, but not attempting to uproot and reconstruct the whole fabric of the people's law. And when I see ghosts in this chamber I am not frightened, for they typify the spirit of a representative democracy as truly as do the words and works of those who laid the foundation of this government in the beginning.

Who could fear the ghosts of Blaine and Randall? Of old Alexander H. Stephens and Henry L. Dawes, of Ben Butler and George F. Hoar, of Sunset Cox and Tom Platt, of Fernando Wood and William A. Wheeler, of Charles O'Neill and Pig-iron Kelley, of Holman and Tyner, of Beck and Blount, of Bland and Mills, of Garfield and Morrison, of Jerry Rusk and Philetus Sawyer, of Stephen B. Elkins and George Q. Cannon, of Ben Hill and General Banks, of Proctor Knott and David B. Culberson, of John H. Reagan and Randolph Tucker, of Tom Reed and John G. Carlisle, of McKinley and Frank Hurd, of Nelson Dingley and William L. Wilson, of Crisp and Henderson, and the hosts of others whose names are familiar to you or to any who know the history of our country?

There are now more great men and more great women in the United States than there ever have been in the past history of the Republic. Some one asks, "Where are they?" And I answer, They are everywhere, following their vocations; but when necessary, whether it be in Congress or in civil life, or upon the bench or in the state Legislature; whether it be in diversifying the industry of the country and carrying on the business of the country, whether it be following the plow or working in the machine-shop, there will be found more people capable for self-government and ready to defend the flag than there ever have been since the discovery of America. [Applause.]

Is there humor in the House of Representatives? Yes. The first notoriety I ever obtained in this House and in the country was by the aid of Sunset Cox, who came into Congress from Ohio, and then from New York. A great man was Cox. He had a versatile mind. He was full of humor. One day he was "running amuck," attacking the Republican side, as only he could. We were cheering him at times on both sides, and sometimes there was gnashing of teeth on this side. [Laughter.] Finally he made a remark about a constituent of mine who had just been nominated for Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Gen. Green B. Raum, a good, strong man, a former Member of Congress. Just at that time Alice Oates was here in opera bouffe. She was inimitable. One of the characters in her opera, as I recollect it, was General Boom. Sunset Cox in his remarks said, "Why, here at last they have turned out a good, honest Commissioner of Internal Revenue and appointed somebody—I think he is from Illinois—General Boom." Well, that aroused me, and I jumped up and said, "Will the gentleman yield?" "Oh no," said Cox, "I cannot yield. The gentleman shakes his finger and he scares me." Then a smile came over his face and he said, "Yes, I will yield." "For what

time?" inquired Mr. Speaker Blaine. "As long as the gentleman will keep his left hand in his pocket," answered Cox. [Laughter.] I accepted the yielding and stood in that aisle, and I began vigorously to defend General Raum; but I had not talked sixty seconds until I forgot all about the left hand, and out it came. "Time's up," said Cox. And it was up. [Laughter.]

That was my first notoriety. In the campaign of 1874 that finger was cartooned all over the country. The joke was good and that cartoon abounded on handbills on every tree in my district, with the left hand out, and sometimes one finger and sometimes all the fingers, and they had the fingers sprouting out of the forehead, you know. [Laughter.]

I have had two terms, four years, of absence that I did not ask for; otherwise my service in Congress would measure forty-four years. [Laughter.] During that time, with the exception of that great struggle—the Civil War—there has been more of history written, not only upon this continent, but I believe more than was ever written anywhere else on earth in the same length of time. Think of it! It was the winding up of that great struggle, when valiant, courageous men of the same race and the same blood fought for four long years. You of the South thought you were right. We knew you were wrong, or thought we did, but it took four years to determine. I see before me a few men who were in that struggle in the Southern army, and I see the sons of many who were in that great struggle. It was fierce. The world up to that time had never seen such a contest. When it began the navies of the world were wooden walls. Then came the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and when that war closed all the navies of the world were obsolete.

Then came Reconstruction; but I will not go into it. None of us remember the many things that happened with pleasure; but as I think about it sometimes I realize

it necessarily could not have been otherwise than it was. But how marvelously it has been forgotten, because we sit here upon each side of this aisle friends, Americans, all marching under the Stars and Stripes, each with an equal love for the great Republic. [Applause.]

There was no such contest with any such result in the lifetime of a generation and a half in the history of the world. Why, bless my soul, the battle of the Boyne was fought two hundred years ago, if I remember aright, and on each anniversary it is fought over again now. [Laughter.]

A man said to me the other day, "What would you give, Mr. Cannon, for an insurance policy that you would live to be one hundred years old?" I said, "A real policy that would make me live—and would I have to die then?" "Yes," he said; "just a policy of that kind." I said, "Give? I would rather pay something not to have it." "Why?" he said. "Well, there is probably one man in half a million in the United States now living that will live to be one hundred years old, and I am going to take my chances." [Laughter and applause.] He said, "That is a slim chance." I said, "Yes; but I would not have the policy, anyway, because every day that would pass it would occur to me that it was one day less." The Great Father has arranged it properly; no man can foresee when he will die.

Now, I do not desire to keep you longer. I thank you, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, with all the sincerity in my power for this compliment. I never had such a compliment before. It would be impossible to have another such, and I appreciate it. [Prolonged applause.]

CHAPTER XXVIII

Baltimore.

ON Wednesday, July 3, 1912, the day after Gov. Woodrow Wilson was nominated as the Democratic candidate for President, every considerable newspaper in America carried the following signed statement:

No set of men ever made a better or braver fight for any man in this world than my friends all over the country made for me. They have my heartfelt thanks. We never had money enough even to pay for an adequate supply of postage stamps and literature. I was tied down here by my duties of the Speakership. I could, therefore, aid my friends very little. They made the fight, gave me 300,000 majority in the states where Governor Wilson and I competed in the primaries, and caused me to lead on 30 ballots in the convention, in 8 of which I had a clear majority.

Nevertheless, the nomination was bestowed upon Governor Wilson.

I never scratched a Democratic ticket or bolted a Democratic nominee in my life. I shall not change the Democratic habit now. I am too seasoned a soldier not to accept cheerfully the fortunes of war.

I will support Governor Wilson with whatever power I possess, and hope he will be elected.

I lost the nomination solely through the vile and malicious slanders of Col. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. True, these slanders were by innuendo and insinuation, but they were no less deadly for that reason.

CHAMP CLARK.

That statement was literally true. Bryan's malicious slanders did it. I have never varied from that statement during all these years, in conversation or in print, except

sometimes to use the shorter and uglier word in lieu of slander.

It is said that "soft words butter no parsnips." It is equally true that harsh language adds nothing to the force of plain facts. Hence in this statement I will eschew it —"Nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice." I owe a correct account of what happened at Baltimore and before to the cause of truth, to my countrymen and countrywomen, especially to my friends who stood by me unflinchingly, uncorrupted by money or promises of office, and above all to my own wife and children.

Col. William Jennings Bryan began his Congressional career in the Fifty-second Congress and I began mine in the Fifty-third. The first I ever heard of him was when he made his tariff speech in the Fifty-second Congress. It was a great speech, a brilliant speech—the greatest and most brilliant, perhaps, that he ever delivered. It so happily and so fully stated my own ideas, long entertained, and it pleased me so much, that I wrote him congratulations, asking for a copy complete, which he sent.

In my long and bitter contest for the Congressional nomination in 1892 I argued that my opponent should not be again nominated, because during his two terms he had failed to forge to the front. He countered by saying that a new member—even a member for two terms—must be modest. Otherwise he would arouse such prejudice and antagonism among veteran members as to seriously retard his progress. To disprove that statement I cited the cases of several men who had during their first term made reputations which attracted the attention of the country—William J. Bryan, Joseph W. Bailey, Leonidas F. Livingston, Thomas E. Watson, Jerry Simpson, and George Fred Williams. I expatiated on their achievements and multiplied them by many diameters. I doubt very much whether they were so gorgeously eulogized by

anybody else either before or since. Consequently when I arrived in Washington I was anxious to form the acquaintance of these men whom, without their knowledge or consent, I had used to help me to a seat in Congress. I frankly told them that I had used them as stepping-stones, which pleased them, and we naturally became friends.

When I made my Tammany Hall speech on July 4, 1893, outlining the hopes and intentions of "The Trans-Mississippi Democracy," Bryan wrote me a very cordial letter of congratulation.

The first speech I made in the House was on the "Repeal of the Purchasing Clause of the Sherman Silver Law." I had an hour. My time ran out. Bryan asked unanimous consent that my time be extended without limit, and it is so written in *The Congressional Record.*

In the great landslide of 1894 he was defeated for the Senate and I was defeated for the House. In the spring of 1896, some months before he was nominated at Chicago for the Presidency, he stopped off in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri and made a speech advocating my election to Congress, I having already been nominated.

Of course I was for "Silver Dick" Bland for President; because he was a great Missourian; because I entertained a filial affection for the grand old man; because I believed he would make a good President; and, above all, as the coinage of silver was to the fore as the principal issue, he was by every rule of justice and fair dealing entitled to the nomination. More than any other man, or all other men combined, he, by his courage, persistency, knowledge, and enthusiasm, had made the issue.

However this may be, Bryan received the nomination, and I supported him cordially, laboriously, and enthusiastically, making speeches whenever and wherever possible, borrowing money in small dribs to pay travel expenses. I was poorer in purse then than at any other

period of my life. Of course when I was a boy working as a hired farm-hand I had little or no money, but I did not need much. At any rate, I was not in debt; but in 1896 I had a wife and two little children and was in debt several thousand dollars. Making three races for Congress, two of them unsuccessful—one in the primaries, the other at the general election—and the third and successful one very expensive and by paying security debts, I was badly in the hole financially. The panic of 1893 swept away what little property I had.

People whom I owed knew that I would ultimately pay every penny, with compound interest, but they doubted if I would ever be financially able. So, in order to make speeches for Bryan in response to frequent and urgent demands, I had to borrow money in very small sums. The only time in my life that I was ever flatly refused credit was one day when I asked a bank to cash a draft for ten dollars to go some distance to make a speech for Bryan.

Between 1896 and 1900 every chance I got I made a speech for him and the things for which we both stood. In addition to that I boosted him in a weekly syndicate letter which I was then writing for the American Press Association, which circulated widely throughout the country. I campaigned for him actively in the campaigns of 1900 and 1908. By that time, by writing for papers and magazines and by lecturing, I had gotten into better financial kelter than I was in 1896. Though not out of debt, I was where I did not have to borrow traveling expenses from unwilling lenders, and could see the end of my indebtedness.

Bryan had been a guest in my house and I in his.

We continued to be on friendly terms.

Nothing of interest between us happened until his birthday, March 19, 1911. He was born March 19, but in 1911 the 19th fell on Sunday, and Monday the 20th

was substituted. For some years that event had been celebrated with a dollar banquet and much oratory at Lincoln—which function has been discontinued of late years. In March, 1911, when everybody knew that I would be elected Speaker on April 4th, nothing would do him but that I should attend his birthday party and make a speech, which I did, at much inconvenience and considerable expense to myself. He told me three times that day that he would not be a candidate for President in 1912. I am fair enough to believe he was in good faith in so saying at that time. He perhaps thought that the time was not ripe for him to run again, and that I would do as well as any other to get a beating by President Taft, for at that date that seemed to be the fate of any Democrat nominated against Taft. Perhaps in the back of Bryan's head was the hope that in the event of the defeat of the Democratic nominee in 1912 he would be nominated in 1916. Subsequently circumstances having become such that any Democratic nominee could be elected, he changed his mind, and there can be not even the shadow of a doubt that he not only eagerly but voraciously desired the nomination at Baltimore, which accounts for his outrageous conduct at and immediately preceding the convention.

In fact I believe I can name the day and even the hour when the presidential bee began buzzing in his bonnet again. It was between twelve and one o'clock on April 4, 1911. Those who understand the *modus operandi* of electing a Speaker will remember that the House is called to order by the clerk of the last House at high 12. The chaplain offers prayer; the roster of members is called by states to ascertain if a quorum is present; the chairmen of the various party caucuses name the candidates for Speaker; the roll is called on the election of Speaker; a committee, usually headed by the defeated candidate for Speaker, is appointed to conduct the Speaker-

elect into the chair, where he is introduced and sworn. The day the House is organized and the Speaker is elected is a gala day. The hall is crowded from pit to roof. The aforementioned proceedings consume an hour or more. April 4, 1911, I was sitting in the Speaker's room, waiting for the committee to escort me in. About twelve-thirty I heard a tremendous uproar in the hall of the House. It was on Bryan's appearance. He is skilled in stage effects, and had waited till floor and galleries were crowded to suffocation, when he entered the hall at the door on the right of the Speaker's stand, which brought him face to face with the vast crowd. Of course everybody recognized him instantly and gave him a rousing reception. Shortly after, Governor Harmon of Ohio entered, but he was known by sight to only a few, and, what was still more unfortunate for him, his managers did not know enough about setting the stage to take him in at the door by which Bryan had entered, so as to face the audience, but inducted him by the big door on the north side of the chamber back of the members and out of sight of the larger number of persons in the galleries. Therefore the Governor was greeted with only faint applause and sporadic hand-claps. Next morning flaring head-lines in papers all over the land proclaimed: "Great Ovation for Bryan! Frost for Harmon!" So the presidential bee began to buzz about Bryan's head once more.

Then came the Tariff bill on Wool—Schedule K. The majority of House Democrats favored a low tariff. Colonel Bryan did not want it and worked himself into a passion over it. He became offended at me because I would not help him split the party on the infinitesimal difference between a small tariff on wool and no tariff on wool. As I had gotten the Democrats together for the first time in twenty years, thereby electing a Democratic House in 1910—and subsequently a Democratic House, Senate, and President—I did not propose to help divide

them again and set out on another long spell of wandering in the wilderness.

Bryan's animus against me at Baltimore grew out of two facts. First, he could not pull me around by the nose in my conduct as Speaker. Second, his ambition to be nominated himself.

I state very frankly that I was anxious to keep on good terms with him because I did not want him to begin criticizing and abusing the Democratic House as soon as it was organized; but I was unwilling to split the Democrats into warring factions, thereby sacrificing all we had gained in sixteen years in order to please him.

When the presidential talk began about me, I kept hearing that whenever my name was mentioned to him as a possible or probable candidate he would announce in an *ex-cathedra* sort of way that I would not be a candidate, and if any one asserted that I would be he would pull out of his pocket and read a telegram from a man never very friendly to me, stating that I would not be a candidate, which appeared to me to be an unfriendly act of a continuing kind. Still, as I knew he was bitterly opposed to Governor Harmon, that he hated Mr. Underwood, who had vehemently denounced him as a liar on the floor of the House; that he and Governor Wilson had assailed each other in such language as men never forgive, I thought he would support me in preference to them. This idea remained in my mind till the great Jackson Day banquet in Washington, January 8, 1912, when he treated me with such scant courtesy, and he and Governor Wilson lathered each other up with such fulsome eulogies, that it was clear Bryan was for Wilson as his second choice—Bryan, of course, being Bryan's first choice.

Nevertheless, when the presidential primary came on in Nebraska and Bryan was a candidate for delegate-at-large, he issued a pronunciamiento in which he declared that if he was instructed for Governor Harmon he would

decline to attend the convention, but if instructed for either Governor Wilson or myself he would obey instructions. He said nothing about Underwood, who was not contesting Nebraska. When Bryan made his statement he had no more idea that I could carry Nebraska than that I could fly to the moon; but I did carry it by seven thousand over Governor Wilson, who ran second—a big plurality in a three-cornered fight in Nebraska. I not only carried the state, but carried Bryan's Congressional district, county, city, ward, and precinct—the last by two plurality.

Pending the fight for Nebraska a telegraphic correspondence took place between Colonel Bryan and myself. At Baltimore he gave privately to at least one of his friends as one reason why he ratted to Wilson and disobeyed his instructions that I had insulted him in that telegraphic correspondence. Just how, it would puzzle King Solomon himself to find out. He pretended to be insulted by my sentence, "It is all Greek to me," although that sentence has been in common use for centuries and is only another way of saying, "I do not understand."

His disobedience to instructions in spirit did not begin at Baltimore. A short time after the Nebraska primary he made a declaration at a Jefferson banquet at Kearney, Nebraska, in which he declared that he was going to make speeches for Governor Wilson and myself. In states where I seemed the stronger he would speak for me. In states where Governor Wilson was stronger he would speak for him—this, too, though the people of Nebraska had instructed for me and he had had much to say about "the people's rule." Marvelous to tell, he could never discover a state in which I was stronger than Wilson, though I carried nearly two-thirds of the states in the Union, defeated Governor Wilson by over three hundred thousand in states in which primaries were held, and could walk on Clark territory from the Pacific to the

Atlantic and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. That he who had prated vociferously and frequently about "the people's rule," who had gone so far as to assert that any one who did not obey "the people's rule" was as bad as a felon, who was instructed by the people of Nebraska to vote for me, should go about the country making speeches for my chief opponent, cannot be defended on grounds of justice, decency, honesty, or good morals. It proves beyond cavil the utter hypocrisy and bad faith of his whole performance in that campaign. His open violation of his instructions at Baltimore, his audacious defiance of "the people's rule," was of a piece with his prowling about making speeches advocating Governor Wilson's nomination—of the same character but only of higher degree, to say nothing of his slanders by innuendo against me in the convention.

While attending his birthday dinner and helping along with the glorification of Colonel Bryan, I had no fixed idea of being a candidate for the presidential nomination. I was being, as the doctors would say, "sporadically mentioned," which was not unreasonable, for as soon as the result of the Congressional election of 1910 was ascertained, everybody knew that I would be elected to the Speakership, the second highest office within the gift of the American people, which would make me the highest Democratic official in the land. Nevertheless, I was by no means wedded to the presidential ambition, and had Colonel Bryan told me on his birthday in 1911 that he hankered after another nomination, I would not have been a candidate, not because I did not have as much right to run for President as he did, but because the chief strength of both of us lay in the same region—that is, west of the Alleghanies, and because of his vast acquaintance with the people, especially with Democratic politicians. His chief occupation for sixteen years had been to travel to and fro making speeches and lecturing. He perhaps knew

more of our citizens personally than did all of the twenty-eight Presidents combined. Another thing that made me reluctant to enter the presidential lists was that Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri was an avowed candidate, which was a heavy handicap. Still another reason was that both Governor Harmon and Governor Wilson had well-organized machines apparently amply supplied with the sinews of war, while I had neither machine nor sinews. As the Governors of two great, rich, populous states, they had large patronage, while the Speaker of the House has none except a very small office force. Still another fact caused me to hesitate about becoming a candidate, and that was that while the Speakership is a high position, only one of my thirty-five predecessors had achieved the Presidency—James K. Polk—and there was a considerable lapse of years between his leaving the Speakership and reaching the White House. Randall, Carlisle, Reed, Cannon, and several other Speakers—great men—had aspired to the Presidency, but could not secure even the nomination. Henry Clay and James G. Blaine were the only ones to get that far on the road to the most powerful office ever devised by the wit of man. The unavailing quest of the Presidency by the Speakers is one of the queerest and most inexplicable chapters in our history.

While it has nothing on earth to do with the happenings at Baltimore, here is an interesting incident in Bryan's career. I have mentioned the fact that in the spring of 1896 he made one speech in my district. It was at Louisiana, Pike County, on the Mississippi River. After his speech one of my dearest friends, Adam Wald, gave us a light lunch in his home. As soon as we were seated in the parlor, I. N. Bryson, an editor whose brother had been one of Bryan's classmates at college, said, "Bryan, for whom is the Nebraska delegation for President?" As Missouri was red-hot for Bland, that was

a natural query from a Missourian. Bryan replied: "As I am one of the contesting delegation from Nebraska, it is not the proper thing for me to give out our choice. It might prejudice our chances of being seated in the convention!"—which was a very politic and sensible answer. An hour later Bryan and I traveled twelve miles in the same car. During that ride he said, "I wish I could disguise you and get you into the Chicago convention as a delegate from Nebraska for half an hour." I inquired his reason. He promptly replied, "To put me in nomination." In surprise I asked, "Are you a candidate?" He said, "Yes, and I will get the nomination!" "How will you do that?" I asked. "By the rule of elimination," he answered. "Bland," he continued, "will not be nominated, because it is too early to nominate a candidate from one of the old slave states. I have no prejudice on that subject, but others have. Governor Mathews of Indiana will not get it because he is not well enough known. The same is true of Gov. Horace Boise of Iowa. Senator Blackburn will not get it because his candidacy is only intended for home consumption. Vice-President Stevenson will not get it because he has sat on the fence too long, and I will get it," and so he did precisely as he said he would. In explanation of why he would like for me to nominate him he said his contesting delegation was made up of able men, but none of them was in the habit of speaking to vast audiences, and might get rattled.

It is a pleasant fiction that his nomination was solely the spontaneous result of his glowing "cross of gold and crown of thorns" speech. But the hogshead of Bryan buttons immediately turned loose did not grow out of that speech! Hardly.

That famous speech was not his greatest—at least not according to my judgment; but it was one of the most opportune speeches delivered in this world since the con-

fusion of tongues on the plain of Shinar, at the foot of the unfinished Tower of Babel. It in no way detracted from its merits that he had repeatedly delivered parts of it, perhaps all of it, before. The reason of the astounding effect of its delivery was that he was expressing tersely, epigrammatically, and eloquently what two-thirds of that convention thought and wanted to say, but did not know how to say. In him they had found a mouthpiece—an interpreter. He set them on their heads and stole away their hearts. They not only gave him an amazing ovation; they gave him a presidential nomination, which came near landing him in the White House.

A few days before the Baltimore convention met my friends selected Representative (afterward United States Senator) Ollie M. James, of Kentucky, as our candidate for temporary chairman. He was one of Bryan's most enthusiastic friends, as well as a leading Progressive. Shortly after we selected him the New York delegation put forward Judge Alton B. Parker, who had been the Democratic presidential nominee in 1904, as a candidate. His entrance into the race seemed to enrage Bryan beyond measure. He began telegraphing the presidential candidates on the subject of the personality of the temporary chairman. Here is his telegram to me:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 21, 1912.

SPEAKER CLARK,
Washington, D. C.

In the interest of harmony I suggest to the subcommittee of the Democratic National Committee the advisability of recommending as temporary chairman some Progressive acceptable to the leading Progressive candidates for the presidential nomination. I took it for granted that no committee interested in Democratic success would desire to offend the members of a convention overwhelmingly Progressive by naming a reactionary to sound the key-note of the campaign. Eight members of the subcommittee, however, have, over the protest of the remaining eight, agreed not only upon a reactionary, but upon the one Democrat who, among those not candidates for the

presidential nomination, is in the eyes of the public most conspicuously identified with the reactionary element of the party. I shall be pleased to join you and your friends in opposing his selection by the full committee or by the convention. Please answer here.

W. J. BRYAN.

I replied that Ollie James, one of his bosom friends as well as a most pronounced Progressive, was our candidate.

Governor Wilson's friends selected Representative Robert L. Henry, of Texas, as their candidate.

The New-Yorkers and other friends of Judge Parker pressed his claims.

In his speech in the convention in nominating Senator John W. Kern, of Indiana, for temporary chairman, after the National Committee had nominated Judge Parker, Bryan gave this account of what had been done, and as nobody in the convention contradicted his statement, I suppose it is true. I was not present, but was in Washington discharging my duties as Speaker. Bryan said: "In the discussion before the subcommittee the friends of Mr. Clark and the friends of Mr. Wilson were not able to agree; one supported Mr. James and the other supported Mr. Henry; but in the full committee last night the friends of Mr. Wilson joined the friends of Mr. Clark in the support of Mr. James, Mr. Clark's choice, and yet the committee turned down the joint request thus made."

Colonel Bryan made a long, strong speech in support of Senator Kern, who declined the honor in a long, strong speech, and wound up by nominating Colonel Bryan himself. Several other rousing speeches were made by Theodore A. Bell, of California, and others, and then the roll was called—and resulted in the nomination of Judge Parker in the following vote: Parker, 579; Bryan, 508; Kern, 1; O'Gorman, 1; not voting, 2.

Judge Parker's nomination was then made unanimous.

Colonel Bryan was offered the permanent chairmanship, which he peremptorily refused.

Of course, everybody at all familiar with the workings of national conventions knows that the importance of the temporary chairmanship lies in the fact that the chief function of the incumbent is to make what is usually termed a "key-note speech," while the permanent chairman's principal duty is to preside and oversee the business of the convention.

It should be stated that the committee had tendered the temporary chairmanship to Colonel Bryan before the convention met, and he had declined it—which throws considerable light on his subsequent performance.

In the Baltimore convention there were 1,088 delegates —545 constituted a majority. Under the antiquated two-thirds rule, 725⅓ were required to nominate. That rule was a device of the pro-slavery propagandists to enable them to nominate Democratic candidates for the Presidency in whom they could trust and in whose hands they felt that their interests would be safe. The pro-slavery men could not muster a majority of a convention, but they controlled more than one-third. Hence the two-thirds rule. Under that two-thirds rule the pro-slavery men secured friendly presidential candidates for a quarter of a century. If they could not get Southern candidates such as James K. Polk, which of course they preferred, they secured the nomination of "Northern men with Southern principles"—Van Buren, Cass, Pierce, and Buchanan—whom their political opponents scornfully denominated "Northern dough-faces." Of course the *raison d'être*, as our French friends would say—the reason for being—of the two-thirds rule passed away with the slavery system and should have been repealed in 1868; but it was retained and used in 1912, a half-century later, to gouge me out of the presidential nomination, notwithstanding the fact that I led on twenty-nine ballots and received a clear majority on eight.

How near it came to being repealed at the St. Louis

convention of 1904 I have stated elaborately in a preceding chapter.

Forty-six ballots were taken in the Baltimore convention. On the first ballot the vote stood as follows: Clark, 440½; Wilson, 324; Harmon, 148; Underwood, 117½; Baldwin, 22; Marshall, 31; Bryan, 1; Sulzer, 2; not voting, 2.

The balloting continued with slight increase for Governor Wilson and myself, until the tenth ballot, when I received some small accessions from Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee, Pennsylvania; and New York, which had been voting steadily for Governor Harmon, cast her 90 votes for me, making the vote stand: Clark, 556; Wilson, 350½; Harmon, 31; Underwood, 117½; Marshall, 31; Kern, 1; Bryan, 1; so that I had a clear majority of 11. In the ten ballots my vote had grown from 440½ to 556, while Governor Wilson's had increased from 324 to 350½.

I had also a majority on the seven succeeding ballots.

On the eighteenth my vote fell to 535, and Governor Wilson's rose to 361.

On the first, second, and third ballots Nebraska cast 12 votes for me and 4 for Governor Harmon.

On the fourth and fifth ballots she changed it to 12 for me, 3 for Governor Harmon, and 1 for Governor Wilson.

On the sixth and seventh her vote stood 12 for me and 4 for Governor Wilson.

On the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth I received 13 of her votes, while Governor Wilson received only 3.

It was on the fourteenth ballot that William Jennings Bryan violated his instructions and by base and false insinuations—to use no uglier word—robbed me of the nomination to which I was entitled by all the rules of decency, justice, honesty, common sense, and fair dealing, as I had a clear majority on eight ballots. The first-fruits

of his false insinuations were that on the fourteenth ballot the Nebraska vote stood only 4 for me and 12 for Governor Wilson.

I have no sort of doubt that the eleven who voted with him were driven so to do by the fear that Bryan and his brother Charles would ruin any political hopes which they harbored. In other words, they were arfaid of the two brothers in their character of bosses.

With the single exception of Martin Van Buren, who received a majority in the Democratic convention of 1844, on one ballot only—which was the first ballot—I am the only man deprived of a presidential nomination after receiving a majority, which I did on eight ballots. I was deprived of it by the ambition of one man—W. J. Bryan.

Sometimes it is stated in newspapers and magazines, through ignorance, that Stephen Arnold Douglas received a majority at Charleston in 1860, but he did no such thing. His highest vote fell one short of a majority.

The way that Van Buren was beaten out of the nomination after receiving a majority on the first ballot is a very interesting chapter in our history. Here it is: In 1843 and the early part of 1844 it was generally taken and accepted that the Democrats would nominate him and the Whigs would nominate Henry Clay. From all the facts and circumstances of the case it seems clear that those worthy and ambitious statesmen, feeling safe as to the nominations, entered into what would now be denominated "a gentlemen's agreement," either in person or through friends, to the effect that the question of "Texas Annexation," which was then brewing, should be postponed to a more convenient season—at least more convenient to themselves. They were on friendly terms personally and had long been thrown much together in public life. Neither wanted Texas annexation injected into the contest. Consequently, on the same day in May,

1844, Clay published a letter in *The National Intelligencer* against the immediate annexation of Texas, and Van Buren published a letter of almost identical tenor in *The Globe*. Everything seemed lovely for the twain, but only seemed so—"Man proposes but God disposes." A coterie of Southern statesmen—capable, resolute, and courageous as ever appeared in our public life—were bent on the immediate annexation of Texas. In their minds and hearts that was the paramount issue, and they proposed to have a presidential nominee of their way of thinking. Consequently, as soon as they read Van Buren's letter they went to work quietly, industriously, and systematically to defeat him, notwithstanding the fact that a majority of all the delegates had been instructed for him; but many of these instructed delegates were far more interested in the immediate annexation of Texas than they were in Van Buren's nomination. However, as they were instructed for him, even though their instructions had been given before the immediate annexation of Texas had suddenly been made a burning issue by Mr. Secretary of State John C. Calhoun, some scheme must be hatched to save their faces while violating their instructions, thereby defeating Van Buren.

General Jackson, rusticating at the Hermitage after weathering the multitudinous storms of a long life, but with his eagle eye still sweeping the political field and his vengeful heart still set on beating his ancient enemy, Henry Clay, was for Van Buren tooth and nail, but he was also for the immediate annexation of Texas. Had it been put to him squarely to choose between the two, he probably would have taken Van Buren at once and trusted to luck to get Texas afterward. Any suggestion to him to throw Van Buren overboard would have provoked him to such wrath as to cause him to force Martin's nomination. General Jackson was an unsuspecting sort of man, and the wily Southerners made up their minds

to circumvent him and to make him the destroyer of Martin Van Buren, whom as a presidential possibility he had created by his fiat in 1836. When we consider how whole-heartedly General Jackson stood by his friends, we are forced to pronounce this performance a most cruel one. So they induced a Congressional friend of General Jackson to write him a private letter inquiring concerning his views as to the annexation of Texas. In his innocence he wrote a strong letter declaring in favor of immediate annexation. The chances are that if pressed he would have declared in favor of annexing all of Mexico. At the psychological moment the Jackson letter was published and exploited for all it was worth, and it created a tremendous sensation; but even with this aid some plan had to be formulated whereby the annexationist delegates who were instructed for Van Buren could help crush him while appearing to support him, thereby saving their own skins at home. So the two-thirds rule was introduced, and many annexationist Van Buren delegates voted for it, thereby enabling themselves to "keep the word of promise to the ear but break it to the hope" by voting for Van Buren on every ballot, knowing full well all the time that he never could secure the necessary two-thirds. The plan worked like a charm in 1844, giving the Democrats a President and giving the country Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, and parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Utah; but it worked as a boomerang in 1848, when Martin Van Buren bolted for sake of revenge and defeated General Cass, who had hoped and worked to be the nominee in 1844.

So the Southern contingent had nominated Polk, but they hadn't elected him, and they might never have done that had Henry Clay not changed base. He became alarmed by the rising tide in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas, and undertook to mend his chances by writing a document known as his "Alabama letter,"

declaring in favor of qualified annexation. This alienated enough Abolition and Emancipation Whigs in New York to cause them to run up the popular vote of New York for James G. Birney, Abolition candidate, from 2,798 in 1840 to 15,812 in 1844, thereby losing the state to Clay, Polk carrying it by a plurality of only 5,106, though running 5,000 behind Silas Wright, Democratic candidate for Governor. Without New York, Clay lost the Presidency. Had he received 2,554 votes in New York, which were cast for Polk, he would have received a majority of seven in the Electoral College, and his consuming lifelong ambition would have been gratified. Truly a close shave. Assuredly a pitiful story.

The Democrats went into that fight boldly declaring for the "Reoccupation of Oregon and the Reannexation of Texas." Their battle-cry was "Fifty-four Forty or Fight"; but after the election they fought for Texas, and compromised on the forty-ninth parallel as the northern line of "the Oregon country."

As this was the first instance in which a dark horse won, it was also the first instance in which a third party which secured no electoral vote decided the contest.

I had a clear majority on the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth ballots.

On the thirteenth, the one just preceding Bryan's flop, the vote stood: Clark, 554½; Wilson, 356; Harmon, 29; Bryan, 1; Underwood, 115½; Marshall, 30; Foss, 2.

That the readers hereof may know the whole history of Bryan's performance, I here copy the official history verbatim:

Mr. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska (when his name was called). Mr. Chairman.

The Presiding Officer. For what purpose does the gentleman from Nebraska rise?

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. To explain my vote.

SEVERAL DELEGATES. Regular order!

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the rule nothing is in order but the calling of the roll. How does the gentleman vote?

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. As long as Mr. Ryan's agent—as long as New York's ninety votes are recorded for Mr. Clark, I withhold my vote from him, and cast it.

(At this point there was a demonstration.)

MR. WILLIAM J. STONE, of Missouri. Mr. Chairman, and fellow-delegates, I pray every delegate on the floor, and every lady and gentleman in the gallery, to hear the distinguished delegate from Nebraska. Let us have order, and let every man be heard.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. How much time does the gentleman want?

MR. STONE of Missouri. I do not want any time myself. I want order, and I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan] be allowed to speak. I ask unanimous consent that Mr. Bryan, and any other delegate who desires to be heard, may be heard.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the gentleman make that as a motion?

MR. STONE of Missouri. That is the motion.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Senator Stone of Missouri moves that the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan] may be allowed to explain his vote.

The motion was agreed to.

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention, I wish to explain my vote only because my advice was not followed in my own delegation. I advised that those of us who are instructed for Mr. Clark should continue to vote for him until conditions arose that justified us in doing otherwise. I did not believe that the conditions had yet arisen, but not all of the delegates agreed with me, and then I was desirous that a poll should not be required; but if we are to have a division, if a poll is demanded, and each man must give a reason for the vote that he casts, I am now ready to cast my vote and to give my reason for so doing.

I have asked the privilege of making an explanation because I am not alone in this convention. I do not represent a one-man opinion. Many of these delegates look at this question as I do, and when I speak for myself I speak for some others in this hall, and I am sure for a still larger number outside of this hall. [Applause.] I recognize, therefore, the responsibility that rests upon me when I do what I intend to do, and give the explanation that I am now prepared to give.

I anticipated that this necessity would arise some time during the day' but I did not expect it to arise at so early an hour, and in anticipation I wrote out what I desire to submit. It will take me only a moment to read it, as I prefer that there shall be no mistake in the reporting and transcribing of it.

Nebraska is a progressive state. Only twice has she given her vote to a Democratic candidate for President—in 1896 and in 1908—and on both occasions her vote was cast for a progressive ticket, running upon a progressive platform. Between these two elections, in the election of 1904, she gave a Republican plurality of 85,000 against a Democratic reactionary. In the recent primaries the total vote cast for Clark and Wilson was over 34,000, and the vote cast for Harmon something over 12,000, showing that the party is now more than three-fourths progressive, or about three-fourths progressive. The Republican party of Nebraska is progressive in about the same proportion. The situation in Nebraska is not materially different from the situation throughout the country west of the Alleghanies. In the recent Republican primaries fully two-thirds of the Republican vote was cast for candidates representing progressive policies.

In this convention the progressive sentiment is overwhelming. Every candidate has proclaimed himself a progressive. No candidate would have any considerable following in this convention if he admitted himself out of harmony with progressive ideas.

By our resolution, adopted night before last, you, by a vote of more than four to one, pledged the country that you would nominate for the Presidency no man who represented or was obligated to Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-seeking, favor-hunting class. This pledge, if kept, will have more influence on the result of the election than the platform or the name of the candidate. How can that pledge be made effective? There is but one way; namely, to nominate a candidate who is under no obligation to those whom these influences directly or indirectly control. The vote of the state of New York in this convention, as cast under the unit rule, does not represent the intelligence, the virtue, the Democracy, or the patriotism of the ninety men who are here. It represents the will of one man—Charles F. Murphy—and he represents the influences that dominated the Republican convention at Chicago and are trying to dominate this convention. [Applause.] If we nominate a candidate under conditions that enable these influences to say to our candidate, "Remember now thy creator," we cannot hope to appeal to the confidence of the progressive Democrats and Republicans of the nation. Nebraska, or that portion of the delegation for which I am authorized to speak, is not willing to participate in the nomination of any man

who is willing to violate the resolution adopted by this convention, and to accept the high honor of the presidential nomination at the hands of Mr. Murphy. [Applause.]

When we were instructed for Mr. Clark, the Democratic voters who instructed us did so with the distinct understanding that Mr. Clark stood for progressive Democracy. [Applause.] Mr. Clark's representatives appealed for support on no other ground. They contended that Mr. Clark was more progressive than Mr. Wilson, and indignantly denied that there was any co-operation between Mr. Clark and the reactionary element of the party. Upon no other condition could Mr. Clark have received a plurality of the Democratic vote of Nebraska. The thirteen delegates for whom I speak stand ready to carry out the instructions given in the spirit in which they were given, and upon the conditions under which they were given [applause]; but some of these delegates—I cannot say for how many I can speak, because we have not had a chance to take a poll—will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation. [Applause.]

Speaking for myself, and for any of the delegation who may decide to join me, I shall withhold my vote from Mr. Clark as long as New York's vote is recorded for him. [Applause.] And the position that I take in regard to Mr. Clark I will take in regard to any other candidate whose name is now or may be before the convention. I shall not be a party to the nomination of any man, no matter who he may be, or from what section of the country he comes, who will not, when elected, be absolutely free to carry out the anti-Morgan-Ryan-Belmont resolution, and make his administration reflect the wishes and the hopes of those who believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. [Applause.]

If we nominate a candidate who is under no obligation to these interests which speak through Mr. Murphy, I shall offer a resolution authorizing and directing the presidential candidate to select a campaign committee to manage the campaign, in order that he may not be compelled to suffer the humiliation and act under the embarrassment that I have, in having men participate in the management of his campaign who have no sympathy with the party's aims, and in whose Democracy the general public has no confidence.

Having explained the position taken by myself and those in the delegation who view the subject from the same standpoint, I will now announce my vote.

Mr. William A. McCorkle, of West Virginia. Mr. Chairman.

The Presiding Officer. The gentleman is out of order. Nothing is in order except the explanation of the gentleman from Nebraska.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I am perfectly willing to yield, if the chair please.

The Presiding Officer. Governor McCorkle wishes to ask a question of Mr. Bryan.

Mr. McCorkle of West Virginia. Mr. Chairman, I have Mr. Bryan's permission to ask him a question. There was so much confusion that it was impossible for the delegates to understand clearly Mr. Bryan's position. I therefore want to ask him—and I do it, sir, in the most perfectly courteous manner and feeling—the categorical question whether he intends to be understood that he will not support the nominee of this convention if he is voted for and nominated by the present vote of the state of New York in this convention?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I shall be glad to answer the question of the gentleman from West Virginia, and before answering it I shall be glad to add that if any other gentleman in this convention has any question on his mind that he would like to get rid of, I will remain here and give him a chance to ask it. [Applause.] This is a Democratic convention, and we have a right to ask questions of each other, and we ought to be frank with each other.

A Delegate. Are you a Democrat?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. My Democracy has been certified to by six and a half million Democrats; but I will ask the secretary to enter on *The Record* one dissenting vote, if the gentleman will give me his name.

Some gentleman asked me if I was a Democrat, and I would like to have his name, that I may put it by the side of Ryan and Belmont, who were not Democrats when I was a candidate for the Presidency. [Applause.]

Now let me answer the question of the gentleman from West Virginia. Nothing that I said this morning, and nothing that I have ever said, justifies the construction that the gentleman would place upon my language. I distinguish between refusing to be a party to the nomination of a candidate and refusing to support him after he has been nominated over my opposition, just as the law distinguishes between the lawyer who defends a criminal after the crime has been committed and the lawyer who conspires with a man to commit a crime. [Applause.] Is there any other question? If not, I shall announce my vote.

Mr. Earl Brewer, of Mississippi. Mr. Bryan, I have a question. If Mr. Clark, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Kern, or Governor Fess is nominated by this convention by a two-thirds majority, with New York voting for the man who is nominated, will you support the Democratic nominee?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I deny the right of any man to put a hypothetical question to me unless—

Mr. W. C. Dowd, of North Carolina. Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order.

The Permanent Chairman. The gentleman will state his point of order.

Mr. W. C. Dowd, of North Carolina. My point of order is that the gentleman from Nebraska has the floor, to explain his vote, and that these questions are out of order.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I have given my permission.

The Permanent Chairman. The point of order is well taken. The chair sustains the point of order.

Mr. Earl Brewer, of Mississippi. Do not dodge.

Mr. John B. Knox, of Alabama. There are a thousand delegates here, and we have something else to do besides listening to Mr. Bryan make his fourth or fifth speech.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. Let me complete the sentence. The gentleman has asked a question, and I have a right to answer it. Let me conclude my sentence.

Mr. Brewer of Mississippi. Answer yes or no, and then explain.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I said I deny his right to ask a hypothetical question unless he is prepared to put into that question every essential element that is necessary to be understood before it can be answered intelligently. That I understand to be a legal proposition.

Mr. John B. Knox, of Alabama. Mr. Chairman, have we not anything to do in this convention except to listen to Mr. Bryan's speeches? The unanimous consent of this convention was never given, and the gentleman is speaking by an arbitrary ruling of the chair, and he is speaking out of order. He has already made four speeches. I make the point of order that he has already spoken over thirty minutes. There is no delegate, I make the point of order, who has the right to abuse this privilege. Whenever Mr. Bryan comes to the platform the chair secures order for him, and time for him to speak, and he will not recognize anybody else. That is the worst part of it.

The Permanent Chairman. The gentleman is out of order and will take his seat. The gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, is speaking by the consent of the convention, given upon motion of Senator Stone while Mr. Sulzer of New York was temporarily in the chair.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I have no expectation that any nomination in this convention will be secured in any way or under any condition that will prevent my giving—

Mr. Knox of Alabama. A point of order.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. The gentleman will state it.

MR. KNOX of Alabama. There is no delegate who has a right to abuse his privilege, to attack a candidate before this convention, and to attack a sovereign state.

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. Having denied the right of the gentleman to ask the question, and having declared that he has taken advantage of a Democratic convention to ask a question that he would not dare to ask in any court of justice, I will now answer his question. I expect to support the nominee of this convention. [Applause.] I do not expect any one to be nominated here who will not deserve the support of the Democratic party. I do not expect any one to be nominated who would permit a partnership between Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, and himself. [Applause.] But I do not consider myself under obligations to give bond to answer the question categorically until the conditions arise when I can know what I am answering.

Now I am prepared to announce my vote, unless again interrupted. With the understanding that I shall stand ready to withdraw my vote from the one for whom I am going to cast it, whenever New York casts her vote for him, I cast my vote for Nebraska's second choice, Governor Wilson. [Applause.]

MR. STONE of Missouri. Mr. Chairman, I do not rise to enter into any kind of controversy with Mr. Bryan or any other man. Any delegate here has a right to speak as he pleases in obedience to the instructions of his constituency. The responsibility is his, not mine.

So far as Speaker Clark is concerned, I have just this one sentence to utter. I proffer his plain record as a Democrat, and the splendid service rendered his party for more than a quarter of a century, and no part of it more conspicuous than that during the campaigns of William J. Bryan. [Applause.]

MR. J. E. GIDDINGS, of Oklahoma (when his name was called). Mr. Chairman—

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

MR. GIDDINGS of Oklahoma. Like Mr. Bryan of Nebraska, I wish to explain my reason for changing my vote from Wilson to Clark.

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. I ask that the gentleman be permitted to explain his vote.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. Is there objection to the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Giddings] having an opportunity to explain his vote?

MR. JOHN W. PECK, of Ohio. I object.

MR. GIDDINGS of Oklahoma. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Bryan was per-

mitted to explain his vote. I appeal to this convention to let me explain my vote, for my people at home.

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. Let us have both sides here.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. The chair is forced to rule that the gentleman is not permitted to explain his vote, objection having been made. The chair is compelled to rule that where there is objection no delegate is entitled to explain his vote.

MR. PECK of Ohio. I withdraw my objection.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. The objection being withdrawn, and there being no other objection, the chair recognizes the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Giddings] to explain his vote.

MR. GIDDINGS of Oklahoma. Mr. Chairman, I want to explain briefly to this convention my reason for my action in changing my vote.

From 1896, down to the present time, I have followed unwaveringly the standard of the Niagaric Nebraskan. On the temporary chairmanship I followed him; but, my friends, I do not propose to sit here and hear aspersions cast upon any good Democrat by the delegate from Nebraska. I want to say to you, without conceit, that I do not believe there would have been a Wilson delegate in this convention from Oklahoma without my county. I made the fight for him there; but I do think it is time to call a halt on personalities and to stand for Democracy. I am willing to go back to Oklahoma with the record I make in this convention. I am willing that my vote be cast on every issue, and on every man. I never held a public office and I do not want one. My record is clear.

A DELEGATE. You may go back, but you will never come back.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. Such interruptions are discourteous and the chair hopes they will not be indulged in.

MR. GIDDINGS of Oklahoma. I do not care about the remark. I do not know who the gentleman is, and I do not care who he is. I know my Democratic record is clean. I have never scratched a Democratic ticket in my life. Can the gentleman from Nebraska say the same? [Applause.] Gentlemen, please do not trespass on my time. I have only a couple of minutes remaining. This means much to me.

My friends, I want to state in one sentence the reason for my change. It is this: that if the dominance of this man prevails the nomination of a progressive at the hands of this convention is gone. My friends, I am as near the common people of this country as is Mr. Bryan. For a good many years in the West I have represented the Federation of Labor as its attorney. I know its needs, and I know it does not want a reactionary nominated at the hands of this convention. I ask this

convention to turn upon Mr. Bryan and paraphrase a saying of his by saying to him, "You shall not press down upon the brow of Democracy a thorny crown of anarchy. You shall not crucify her upon a cross of selfishness." I vote for Clark. [Applause.]

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. Mr. John B. Stanchfield, a delegate from New York, asks unanimous consent to explain his vote. Is there objection? The chair hears none, and the gentleman is recognized.

MR. STANCHFIELD of New York. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention: I come from a state whose electoral vote is indispensable to Democratic success. If memory serves me well, upon only two occasions in the history of our country has a Democratic President been elected without the electoral vote of the state of New York. We represent a population approximating ten million. We cast in the neighborhood of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand votes. We represent forty-five votes in the Electoral College to come, and I am speaking here now in explanation of my vote on behalf of the Empire State, representing generally, as it does, one-tenth of the government of the United States.

Now a word as to the history of the Democratic party in the state of New York. For the first time since the administration of Governor Flower we have a Democratic Governor.

MR. EDWIN O. WOOD, of Michigan. Mr. Chairman, I would like to ask if there is any limit on the gentleman's time?

MR. STANCHFIELD of New York. I will say to the gentleman from Michigan that New York has a right to be heard upon the floor of this convention. [Applause.] The integrity, the manhood, the personal and the political honor of every delegate of the ninety from the state of New York have been impugned and insulted upon the floor of this convention. [Applause.] I have a right to be heard in its defense, and I desire to say at the outset, in order that I may receive a fair hearing at the hands of this convention—and particularly I desire to say to the followers of Colonel Bryan—that I am one of those who, back in the dark nights of 1896, followed the flag of Colonel Bryan, and spoke in city, village, and hamlet in favor of his election. [Applause.]

In the year 1900 I, candidate of the party for Governor, ran upon the Democratic ticket with Colonel Bryan, and he polled with me upon that ticket more votes by upward of one hundred thousand than he polled before or has polled since. Therefore, I repeat that among the friends of Colonel Bryan I am entitled to a hearing upon the floor of this convention.

Let us look for a moment at the make-up of the delegation from New York. We have here the Democratic Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor of the state. [Applause.] We have upon the

delegation the man who was the Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1904. [Applause.] We have an ex-justice of the Supreme Court of the state. We have lawyers of repute, business men, professional men, and men in every walk and department of life; and it is by common consent the most representative delegation that ever came to a national convention from the state of New York. They would need no defense except for what has been said upon the floor of this convention. If this delegation, so composed, be the puppets of wax, as insinuated by the gentleman from Nebraska, we say to that money-grabbing, selfish, office-seeking, favor-hunting, publicity-loving marplot from Nebraska that if the ninety delegates from New York, who are of the character I have described, are within the control and power of one man, they are moved by wires of tremendous human voltage.

Let us look for a moment and see whether or not the accusation of the gentleman from Nebraska be true. Let us look at *The Record* for a passing minute. The Democracy have in the House of Representatives from the state of New York twenty-two members. We have the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. We have the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and upon the fifteen great progressive measures that have been pending in this Congress, advocated under the leadership of Clark and Underwood, every vote of those twenty-two men has been registered in accordance with the progressive Democracy of to-day. [Applause.]

The gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan] has said that no candidate who has behind him the vote of the ninety men from New York can go forth from this convention with hope or expectation of success. I desire, in reply, to say that the vote of New York is vital to success, and no man can go forth from this convention stigmatized and branded with Bryanism, and come within half a million votes of carrying the state of New York. [Applause.]

Mr. Bryan has said that no man having the support of the New York delegation can be elected at the polls, because they are under the influence of Ryan and Morgan and Belmont. He has stated that no man can be elected by reason of their influence. I desire to say to him, in behalf of the ninety delegates from New York, that there is no man in the number who, by his professional or business relation, or otherwise, is under the influence of any of the men he has named; and when he makes the statement that these men, Morgan and Ryan and Belmont, are the plutocrats of this convention, he omits one name; and of all the delegates upon the floor of this convention outside of the three he has named, the richest and the most powerful is the gentleman from Nebraska. [Applause.]

If the New York delegation is to be prevented from voting for the candidate of this convention, then there ought to be passed a resolution depriving it of a seat in this convention. Any man who for pay has been writing from the Republican convention in favor of the election of Mr. Bryan's partner and ally, Theodore Roosevelt, ought to be expelled from the floor of the convention. Colonel Bryan never intended to support the candidate of this convention unless that candidate should be Bryan himself. [Applause.] We have heard for months gone by that Colonel Bryan, by his voice and influence, was supporting Woodrow Wilson in one place; that he was supporting Champ Clark in another; that he was combating Harmon here and Underwood there, all of the time desiring and intending, in pursuit of his own selfish ends, to produce a deadlock in this convention, in order that he might be the recipient of the fruits of the controversy and the discord so engendered.

When the New York delegation came to Baltimore to attend this convention, we were voting under the unit rule, and a majority of the New York delegation registered their vote in favor of Governor Harmon of Ohio. We supported and maintained that nomination so long as it appeared to the majority to be advisable. New York next cast her vote in favor of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, because he was the strongest candidate before this convention, and the delegation to-day is in favor of any and every man who can be the candidate and the nominee of this convention. [Applause.] So far as I am personally concerned, I have said what I desired in explanation of my personal vote, and it is cast for Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. [Applause.]

I have set out these speeches in full so that the readers of this book may get a clear understanding of the exact situation, and to the end that it cannot be claimed that Bryan has been misquoted or misrepresented.

It will be observed that the gravamen of Bryan's charge against me by *insinuation* was that somehow or somehow else I might feel under obligation to or be in league with Morgan, Ryan, and Belmont—which was absolutely and wickedly false, and he knew it was false. He knew that Mr. Ryan was one of Virginia's delegates, and was for Mr. Underwood or Governor Harmon, and against me. I was not acquainted with Mr. Ryan. It is barely pos-

sible that sometime, somewhere, I had been introduced to him. On two or three occasions I had met Mr. Belmont casually—at the St. Louis convention of 1904, for instance, when he bitterly opposed me for permanent chairman. I had never spoken to Mr. Morgan in my life; had never seen him but once—and that was at a distance at a Gridiron Club banquet in Washington. I never had any communication with any one of them touching the Baltimore convention, either in person or in writing, or by telegraph or by telephone, or through any person or persons acting as agents or intermediaries. These facts were known to Bryan, for he had henchmen and spies in most of the delegations. I never had any communication with Mr. Murphy or the New York delegation. I had met Mr. Murphy casually a few times and we merely passed the compliments of the season. When the Baltimore convention met I hadn't seen him for three or four years.

While delegates were about to be selected, from time to time various friends insisted that I communicate with Mr. Murphy and his lieutenants or authorize them to do so in order to secure their support for me. I invariably declined to do so, always stating that they were not for me; that their first choice was Governor Harmon; their second choice Mr. Underwood. Beyond that I would not guess whether they would vote for Governor Wilson or myself. If they voted for me it would be of their own accord and without any promises whatsoever. They voted for Governor Harmon on nine ballots, and Mr. Underwood's strength having increased only five votes, from 117½ to 122½, while Governor Harmon's had fallen from 148 to 127, and mine had risen from 440½ to 452, and Governor Wilson's had risen from 324 to 352½; New York switched from Governor Harmon to me with her ninety votes on the tenth ballot.

On that ballot I gained 104 votes—90 from New York;

4 from Connecticut; 4 from Michigan; 2 from Ohio; 5 from Tennessee, and 1 from Pennsylvania; losing 1 in Porto Rico and 1 in Alaska.

Bryan took it out in insinuations. He was too shrewd to charge openly what he insinuated, as he had no stomach for a prison sentence for criminal libel.

In the light of his own connection with Tammany, all his talk about not voting for any man who received the vote of New York was utterly false; not only false, but absolutely preposterous. He eagerly accepted the support of Tammany, both at Kansas City in 1900 and at Denver in 1908. At Denver, under the two-thirds rule, he could not have been nominated had not the New York delegation voted for him. So that he was nominated as much by New York at Denver as I would have been nominated at Baltimore. There never lived a man who would have refused the support of New York had it come to him voluntarily and without promise or condition, as it did to me. New York had as much right in the convention as did any other state. It is sheer idiocy to say that it did not. His theory seems to have been that Tammany is a great and beneficent institution when for Bryan, but a lot of scoundrels when for anybody else; and that it was a virtue in him gladly to welcome its support at Kansas City and Denver, but an unpardonable sin in me to permit New York to cast her ninety votes for me at Baltimore. I never said, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet." Bryan did. I never welcomed Mr. Murphy at a railroad station, and had my picture taken clasping hands with him. Bryan did. I never sent a trusted friend half-way across the continent to beg Mr. Murphy not to defeat my nomination under the two-thirds rule by refusing to give me the New York delegation after I received a majority. Bryan did. Here is a statement which Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, gave to the public press during the Baltimore

convention, after Bryan's somersault, and before Governor Wilson was nominated, touching Bryan's soliciting the support of the New York delegation:

Mr. Bryan's statement that he will support no candidate for President who has the support of New York is the rankest hypocrisy. It is the excuse of the demagogue who believes that such a statement will be popular among the Western voters, and has been seized upon by Mr. Bryan as an excuse for doing what he has intended to do ever since he was elected as a delegate to this convention by the Democrats of Nebraska.

He was not only instructed by the Democrats of Nebraska to vote for Mr. Clark, but instructed by the state convention to use all honorable means to secure his nomination. After that he stumped Ohio, Maryland, and Florida in Wilson's interest. While claiming that he maintained strict neutrality between Clark and Wilson, during the last week in May Wilson's managers sent a letter to every Democratic voter in South Dakota, saying that Mr. Bryan had indorsed Wilson and made speeches in Ohio and Maryland in support of him.

This letter was circulated with Mr. Bryan's knowledge and consent. Mr. Bryan was thoroughly familiar with the campaign made in South Dakota. He was familiar with the primary law of that state and knows that there were two Clark tickets in the field and that one of these was put up by Wilson's managers to divide the Clark vote, hoping to give Wilson a plurality.

He knows that this bogus ticket was not supported by the men who put it into the field, and he is fully aware that Clark carried the state by over twenty-five hundred majority over Wilson. Yet he voted to seat the Wilson delegates in this convention, joining with the ninety votes from New York and the fifty-eight from Illinois and the Virginia delegation, of which Mr. Ryan is a member, to oust the Clark delegates from South Dakota. Yet Mr. Bryan would now have us believe that no honest Democrat can co-operate with New York, Illinois, and Virginia in this convention.

Mr. Bryan has repeatedly charged that I have sold out to Wall Street. He and Wilson's managers repeatedly stated that I was Clark's connecting link. Yet he gives the lie to this statement by making a combination with the New York and Virginia delegations, to throw the Clark delegates out of the convention.

Four years ago, previous to the Denver convention, at Mr. Bryan's request I went to New York to secure, if possible, the votes of that

state in the Denver convention for Mr. Bryan. I saw many Tammany leaders, including Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cohalan, and particularly tried to persuade them not to hold out a third of the convention when Bryan had obtained a majority.

After the Denver convention I again went to New York at Mr. Bryan's request, to urge the united and earnest support of the New York Democrats at the polls in November. I was authorized to make no specific promises except that they would receive fair treatment at Mr. Bryan's hands, if he became President.

He also asked me to see Roger Sullivan, of Chicago, and make the same assurances to him, which I did. Therefore, the hypocrisy of his present position is evident to everybody who knows the facts.

After the Denver convention Mr. Bryan also asked me to see and talk with Mr. Hearst, and try to get his support and that of his publications. I did see Mr. Hearst, and ascertained from him, at Bryan's request, that he would see and talk with Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan's chief asset is a divided Democracy. He does not want any man elected President, as he would thus lose his leadership, and with it would go the advertising at the expense of the party that makes his lecturing and writing so profitable. On the other hand, Bryan is the best asset the Republicans have, as he keeps the Democracy divided, and thus keeps the Republicans in power to exploit the people of this country for the benefit of the robber classes.

R. F. Pettigrew.

Bryan was dishonest in his contention that he changed his vote because New York was voting for me. The principal reason he changed his vote, thereby flagrantly violating his instructions and thereby proving that all his prating about "the people's rule" was hypocrisy, was that he wanted to create a deadlock and grab off the nomination for himself. He had no more idea of nominating Governor Wilson for President than he had of nominating him as Ahkoond of Swat. His well-considered plan was to kill off both Governor Wilson and myself. As I was leading, I must be killed off first As he could not cite a single act or word of mine on which to hang a legitimate objection to my nomination, he cooked up the slander by insinuation that I would be under obligations to Ryan, Belmont, and Morgan—which he

knew was false. The second step he had in mind was to kill off Governor Wilson.

By his amazing insinuations he unquestionably prevented my nomination—for in the heat and excitement of the convention some men believed him, but he then and there unwittingly killed dead as a door-nail another candidate for the Presidency—a perennial and perpetual candidate—William Jennings Bryan.

In order to appear to reflect the will of the country in his base action, his agents telegraphed all over the country for telegraphic indorsements whooping it up for "Bryan and Wilson." They could easily do that, as they had abundant funds and to spare, while I and my managers did not have a cent left out of the very meager amount friends had contributed in dribs.

The amounts of money expended by the managers of Governor Wilson, Governor Harmon, Mr. Underwood, and myself, as sworn to by our respective managers, were as follows:

Senator Fred T. Dubois, my manager, reported expenses at $50,408.50; contributions at $45,948.98; leaving a deficit of $4,591.52. I contributed $1,500 of the $50,-408.50, and paid $3,000 of the deficiency. Senator Watson of West Virginia paid $700 of the deficiency. W. G. Conrad, of Montana, $500.

Chairman McCombs, manager for Governor Wilson, reported expenditures, $208,183.05; receipts, $193,565.81; deficit of $14,617.24.

William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of the Railroads, etc., testified that he personally collected and personally expended $3,150, which, added to the amount $208,183.05, for which Chairman McCombs accounts, makes $211,333.05 as a grand total.

Governor Harmon's manager, Hugh L. Nichols, swore as follows: Contributions, $122,000; expenses, $146,000.

Senator John H. Bankhead, Mr. Underwood's manager, swore: Contributions, $52,000; expenses, $51,951.79.

To show precisely how false, wicked, and malicious was Bryan's insinuation as to my possibly feeling under obligations to Thomas Fortune Ryan, if I were nominated, it is well to note that Mr. Ryan contributed $35,000 to Mr. Underwood's campaign, and $77,000 to Governor Harmon's, but not one cent to mine.

It is also well to remember that my managers had the smallest sum of all—not one-fourth of the Wilson fund. I had instructed my managers not to accept any contribution from anybody that by the remotest possibility could desire any special legislation by Congress or any special favors from the administration, and they carried out my instructions in that regard.

One of the chief elements of the final result was by prolonging the convention, so that my friends had to leave for want of money to pay expenses, while the Wilson crowd had more than they needed. For instance, *The New York World*, one of the loudest shouters for Governor Wilson, stated on the morning of July 3d that Cleveland H. Dodge, Zinc Trust magnate, had on July sent $63,000 to Wilson's managers the night before. If somebody had sent my managers that amount of money on that day, or anything approximating it, and *The World* had found it out, it would have charged corruption in type six inches long, but as the money went to Wilson's managers it was entirely proper according to the ethics of *The World*.

It is pleasant to remember that one palpitating patriot —Hugh Farrelly, of Kansas—lost a seat in the United States Senate by reason of a flaming telegram he sent to Bryan, indorsing Bryan's violation of his instructions. Whether he sent one indorsing James W. Orr, of Kansas, for violating his instructions, after having begged my friends humbly to permit him to go as a delegate and swearing he would honestly support me according to iron-

clad instructions, I do not know. Anyway, my friend Senator Thomson beat Farrelly out of his boots. It must irk Mr. Farrelly to see Orr drawing a good fat salary for his treachery, while he was left out in the cold.

It will be remembered that Bryan pulled off his *coup* on Saturday, June 29th. That night I went over to Baltimore for the purpose of securing a badge from some member of the Missouri delegation, and rising to a question of privilege to contradict Bryan's insinuations to his face with all the power and vigor I possessed. When I arrived at the Union Station in Washington one of his henchmen was standing in the glare of the electric lights, and I have no doubt that he immediately wired the anti-Clark aggregation that I was en route, for on the motion of A. Mitchell Palmer, now Attorney-General, one of the Wilson managers, the convention adjourned over till Monday. The convention adjourned fifteen minutes before I got there.

Being thus prevented from addressing the convention, I gave out the following statement:

To-day, in the National Convention, an outrageous aspersion was cast upon me, and through me upon the Democratic party, by one who of all men ought to be the last to besmirch or betray his friend or his party.

So far as I am personally concerned, it is enough to say that the charge which reflects upon my personal or party integrity is utterly and absolutely false.

I might afford to forget myself, but I am by the choice of the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives the ranking official Democrat in national public life.

I cannot be false or corrupt without reflecting upon my party in the most serious way.

Any man who would enter into an alliance with any selfish interests or privileged class of this country to gain the nomination for the Presidency is unworthy of the Presidency and of the Speakership of the House.

If I have not entered into such an alliance, then the Democrat, however distinguished, who wantonly charges me with this act, is

traitor to the Democratic party and to his professed friendship for me.

I am not here to plead for a nomination or to attempt to influence any man's political action.

Let every man proceed in this convention according to his convictions and the expressed will of his constituents.

I ask no undue consideration from any man, be he friend or foe, but I demand exact justice from every Democrat, either in this convention or throughout the nation.

With William Jennings Bryan and his charge, made in the convention to-day, the issue is proof or retraction.

I shall expect him to meet that issue.

CHAMP CLARK.

Did Bryan furnish proof of his false and wicked insinuations? He did not. Did he retract? He did not. An honest, courageous man would have done one or the other. Yet he prowls around, posing as a Christian statesman at so much per pose.

It will be observed from careful reading of these two documents that Bryan states nothing new in his pronunciamiento, except he admits that I am a progressive and always have been, and that he undertakes to switch the insinuations he had made about me from me to my managers. A careful reading of the following will show that my managers declare that he was not telling the truth.

The best summing up of the situation that I ever saw in any newspaper was an article by Justin McGrath, as follows:

CLARK SAYS BRYAN ATTACK RAISES GREATER ISSUE THAN PRESIDENCY

SPEAKER'S HONOR IS AT STAKE; BRYAN MUST MEET CHALLENGE

Clark Is Determined, Whatever the Hazard to His Political Fortunes, That Commoner Shall Make Good Impeachment, or Stand Before the Convention and Country as a Slanderer

BALTIMORE, *June 30th.*—"I demand exact justice from every Democrat, either in this convention or throughout the nation. With William

Jennings Bryan and his charge, made in the convention to-day, the issue is proof or retraction. I shall expect him to meet that issue."

This is the challenge of Speaker Champ Clark to Mr. Bryan, which Mr. Bryan must meet in the convention to-morrow. He will not be able to evade it. He must meet it squarely. Speaker Clark feels that Mr. Bryan has impeached his honor. He is grimly determined that Mr. Bryan shall either make good his impeachment or stand before the convention and the country as a slanderer.

If necessary, Speaker Clark is prepared to go before the convention and personally defend his good name, regardless of whatever effect such action may have upon his chances of nomination. With him now the question whether or not he shall be nominated is of secondary importance. He feels that his honor is at stake, and he will defend his honor at any cost of his ambition.

Friends Approve Speaker's Cause

The friends of Mr. Clark share his indignation, and approve his decision to defend his integrity at whatever hazard to his political fortunes. That world-famous Missouri aphorism, "Show me," will to-morrow become a historical challenge.

Bryan must either make good his charge that Speaker Clark has fettered himself to the Morgan-Ryan-Belmont interest to promote his candidacy—he must retract it, or be branded in the estimation of all fair-minded men as a man who sold the truth to serve his own selfish purposes.

It did not lie in the mouth of Mr. Bryan, of all men, to denounce a man of Speaker Clark's unassailable integrity for accepting the support of New York's delegation, when it came to him without pledge or understanding of any kind.

Was it not Mr. Bryan who, in one of his campaigns, said, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet"?

Was it not Bryan who, after he had been nominated in Denver, went to the railroad station in Lincoln to greet Charles F. Murphy and the remaining Tammany delegation?

Was it not in the knowledge of Mr. Bryan that Wall Street contributed $20,000 to further his senatorial ambitions? Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont sent $14,000 to Nebraska in 1904, before Bryan would support the Democratic ticket.

Was it not in the knowledge of Bryan that one of the first checks received by the national campaign committee after his nomination in 1896 came from Alton B. Parker, then Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York? Was he not glad to have Judge Parker speak for him in his campaign of 1908?

And those being facts of political history, how can Mr. Bryan's charges and denunciation in the convention yesterday be reconciled with sincerity?

The challenge of Bryan to make good his charge or retract it, as issued by Speaker Clark in Baltimore at an early hour this morning, was reinforced this afternoon by the managers of the Speaker's campaign. Statements were issued by Mr. Clark's executive committee, his advisory committee, and by his campaign manager, ex-Senator Fred T. Dubois.

Executive Committee's Statement

The statement of the Clark executive committee was as follows:

The declaration of William J. Bryan that Speaker Clark's managers endeavored to line up the Clark forces against him for temporary chairman, and for Judge Parker, is without the slightest foundation. The delegates favoring Clark's nomination divided between Bryan and Parker. There was no effort to control them in the interests of Judge Parker or in the interests of Mr. Bryan. There was no "deal" of any kind, and none attempted. The delegates supporting Speaker Clark could not have been controlled by any influence for Judge Parker or for Mr. Bryan.

Executive Committee:

Champ Clark.
E. H. Sawyer, Ariz.
Jerry C. South, Ark.
James E. McGuire, Cal.
C. P. Maltby, Col.
A. F. Raughley, Del.
Wilbur W. Marsh, Ia.
B. J. Sheridan, Kan.
W. O. Head, Ky.
A. P. Pujo, La.
Arthur Peter, Md.
Joseph A. Maynard, Mass.
John E. Kinnane, Mich.
Lon V. Stephens, Mo.
Thomas J. Walsh, Mont.
A. F. Mullen, Neb.
E. E. Reed, N. H.
Key Pittman, Nev.
Scott Ferris, Okla.
J. D. Hand, N. H.
John J. Fitzgerald, R. I.
John A. Tipton, Tenn.
James E. Burke, Vt.
Hugh C. Wallace, Wash.
John J. Cornwell, W. Va.
Michael Boinski, Wis.
P. J. Beal, Wyo.
R. F. Pettigrew, S. D.
A. E. Lee, N. D.
Walter Costello, D. C.

Advisory Committee Denies Deal

The statement of the Clark Advisory Committee reads:

We desire to state that the statement of Mr. Bryan that the managers of Speaker Clark's campaign "worked like beavers for the nom-

*i*nation of Judge Parker for temporary chairman" is absolutely untrue. Clark's support was divided between Parker and Bryan. It could not have been controlled either for Parker or Bryan, and no effort was made to do so. There was no attempt at manipulation in favor of or antagonistic to the interest of Mr. Bryan. There was no "deal," and no attempted combination of any sort.

CHAMP CLARK ADVISORY COMMITTEE:

FRED T. DUBOIS, Idaho.
THEO. A. BELL, Cal.
WILLIAM E. CHILTON, W. Va.
ARTHUR P. GORMAN, JR., Md.
S. W. GOULD, Me.
LUTHER E. HALL, La.
WILLIAM J. STONE, Mo.
GEO. S. TURNER, Wash.
CARROLL BOGGS, Ill.
JOHN I. COX, Tenn.
W. R. HEARST, N. Y.
W. D. JAMIESON, Ia.
GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, Mass.

QUARTER NEITHER ASKED NOR GIVEN

In other days, the challenge issued to Mr. Bryan by Speaker Clark would have been considered to call either for an apology or a meeting in mortal combat. And there is no doubt in the minds of those who met Speaker Clark on his visit here last night that the Speaker feels Mr. Bryan has delivered a malevolent and murderous thrust at what he holds dearer than life—his honor.

There will be no mortal combat, but there will be a moral combat, and it will be to the political death. Speaker Clark asks no quarter, and will give none.

EVEN OPPONENTS IN SYMPATHY

Sympathy is with the Speaker. Even among those who have been unfavorable to his candidacy the malicious and unwarranted attack of Bryan is deprecated, and scores of Bryan's former friends—men who have fought for him in politics for sixteen years, men who have felt for him an almost idolatrous affection, have gone to him in the last twenty-four hours and denounced his conduct toward Clark as the basest perfidy, deserving the condemnation of all decent and honorable men.

FELT EVEN BY WILSON MEN

If there was a shadow of excuse for Mr. Bryan's attitude, he would not be reprobated, as he now is, by men who heretofore have been his political worshipers. He finds indorsement nowhere for his impeachment of Speaker Clark's honor, save among the men who are bent upon bringing about the nomination of Woodrow Wilson by whatever means

they can, fair or foul; and only among these because they hope to profit by his treachery. *Even among the Wilson men there is a disposition to avoid the controversy which Bryan has provoked. Their sense of shame prevents them from defending him with any heart or vigor.*

If this is the general feeling with respect to Bryan's conduct, how then can the power he is wielding in the convention be explained? The expectancy is that since his opposition is directed against Clark, who is the leading candidate, naturally the supporters of all the rival candidates of Clark who want to break down Clark's strength are willing to acclaim any move or any utterance which tends to bring about that result.

Wilson Campaign Well Formed

Moreover, the Wilson campaign committee has the best organized clique which ever tried to sway a national convention. Wilson's campaign committee has not been embarrassed by lack of funds. It might be enlightening to know where they came from. But from whatever source derived, they are abundant.

On the opening days of the convention squads of college boys in different parts of the galleries were ready and equipped to promote a storm of Wilson enthusiasm upon the slightest excuse. And it must be said for them that they never overlooked an opportunity and never desisted until they had brought about an impressive demonstration. They were ably seconded by a college corps, who worked on the floor, rushing in Wilson banners and shouting the chant of "We want Wilson!" until the police were called upon to remove them from the aisles.

Wherein Bryan Excels

Let it be confessed, also, in the interest of honesty and truth, that in power of presence and appeal Mr. Bryan is unmatched in the convention. He is quick, he is adroit, and he is a past-master in the art of catching the crowd. A good phrase gets a quicker response than a good argument and better serves the purpose of the demagogue. Mr. Bryan is prolific in phrase. And long experience and a natural aptitude have made him unerring in seizing upon psychological moments for telling utterances.

Therefore it is that his appeals to the prejudices of the convention have won for him applause. The effect of his appeal to the intelligence of the delegates and the measure of the convention belief in the sincerity of his attitude is measured by the personal vote given him in the balloting.

Bryan Hurt Worse Than Clark

If his attack upon Clark for accepting the vote of the New York delegation has hurt Clark because of a scorn of Tammany felt among some of the delegates, the injustice of the attack, so far as Clark is concerned, has hurt Bryan himself infinitely more than it has hurt Clark. Whatever chance he may have had for the nomination has gone absolutely. It is generally recognized now among all factions that to nominate Bryan would be party suicide.

Out of the canker of his ambition and the bitterness of his heart, Bryan has overplayed himself.

It is now evident to all that despite all his protestations that he would not be a candidate for the nomination, he not only cherished the secret hope that the nomination would come, but was harboring designs to capture it.

Harmon His First Attack

Early in the campaign for the nomination he regarded Governor Harmon of Ohio as the man on whom the choice of the convention might fall, because of his great success in President Taft's own state. He began the fight on Harmon, proclaiming him a reactionary. At the same time he declared that either Speaker Clark or Governor Wilson would be acceptable to him as pronounced progressives.

When he reached Baltimore, Mr. Bryan found a difficult situation. To accomplish his purpose of deadlocking the convention, in the belief that a deadlock ultimately would bring about his own nomination, it was necessary to sap the strength of Clark.

Parker Candidacy a Pretext

The candidacy of Judge Parker for temporary chairman furnished the pretext. There was absolutely no warrant for his charge that Speaker Clark had made a deal with New York by which he was to receive the reactionary support in the convention in return for the votes of some of his delegates cast for Parker. Bryan knew it, but it served his purpose to make the charge.

The refutation of his assertion is found in the fact that New York's ninety votes went consistently for Harmon until Bryan's insults, flung in the face of the New York delegates, gave them to Clark as a rebuke to Bryan. It is to Bryan—not to a deal with Wall Street—that Clark owes the support of New York. But for Bryan, the New York crowd would probably have voted up to this time for Harmon.

Seeks to Proscribe New York

Bryan is for proscribing New York. He has said he will not support any candidate who gets the nomination through New York's vote. He would disfranchise the Democrats of the greatest state of the Union to the extent of denying their voice in the Democratic National Convention. No matter whether or not one thinks that the Democracy of New York is well represented at this convention, the fact is that the delegation which does represent it is here with undisputed authority.

And yet Mr. Bryan, forgetting how gladly he accepted the support of the same Democratic organization of New York when he himself was a candidate for President on the three different occasions, now is seeking to prevent the nomination of Speaker Clark, the great progressive Democrat, whose leadership made possible the present Democratic opportunity. He is seeking to do this solely on the ground that some of the delegation who are for Clark—whom Clark has not tried to control on matters other than his own nomination, and whom he could not induce to vote for Mr. Bryan—saw fit to vote for Judge Parker as against Mr. Bryan.

And the question which Democrats of all shades of opinion are asking here to-night is whether this is Democracy or Dictatorship.

On the morning of July 1st the Associated Press gave out these statements:

CLARK PUTS BLAME ON BRYAN: LATTER DEFENDS HIS COURSE

Clark

Baltimore, *July 1st.*—Speaker Clark issued a statement last night prompted by a letter sent to him by Senator Stone, in which the latter set forth that a majority of the delegates had eight times voted for Mr. Clark's nomination, and that the precedents of sixty years have been that the man receiving a majority should have the choice ratified by the technical requirements of two-thirds. With the assurance of the Speaker that he will not, under any circumstances, permit the withdrawal of his nomination, the Stone letter pledges him the support of his friends on every ballot hereafter to be taken in the convention.

The Speaker's letter follows:

Speaker Clark's Statement

Replying to the communication of my supporters forwarded to me by you, I beg to say that in ordinary circumstances I would be the last to encourage any movement which might tend to create a deadlock in a Democratic national convention, and thereby, perhaps, imperil the standing of our party in the estimation of the country. I believe that I am speaking the exact truth when I say that no personal interest would weigh with me for one moment as against my lifelong devotion to our party. If a majority of the delegates had not declared their preference for me as their candidate I could not entertain your proposal. The fact, however, that they have done so on eight successive ballots creates an exceptional condition which surely merits careful and conscientious consideration.

It is undoubtedly true that the custom of our party was violated when the convention refrained from ratifying, by a two-thirds vote, the expressed wish of a majority.

This was done, according to my understanding, at the instigation of Mr. Bryan, who successfully solicited the co-operation of others in an effort to prevent such ratification. Mr. Bryan set forth his reasons for pursuing this course in his speech explaining his own change of vote.

He declared that I was a candidate at the primaries of Nebraska as a progressive, and that upon this understanding he was elected a delegate and instructed to vote for me in the national convention. This is correct. I was regarded then—and had been regarded for years—as a progressive by the Democrats of Nebraska and Mr. Bryan.

What has since transpired to convince Mr. Bryan that, though in his judgment a progressive only two months ago, and even only one week ago, I am not a progressive now? Have I suddenly proved faithless to the principles which I have upheld steadfastly for twenty years? No. Have I been recreant to my trust as Speaker of the House of Representatives? No.

Bryan's Statement Quoted

"Mr. Bryan cites no act of mine as evidence of his assumption. He withholds his vote from me because he 'will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation.'"

Mr. Clark then quotes at length from the statement which Mr. Bryan read in the convention, and continues:

"Although Mr. Bryan's words are shrewdly chosen to avoid making a direct charge upon me, the implication is plain. It is that, if elected President of the United States, I would consider myself 'obligated'

to those whom he mentions, and that I would be under the 'control of those interests.' It would be unbecoming in one holding my present official position to express the indignation which I feel at these veiled aspersions upon my character. My integrity has never before been questioned, for the simple reason that never once during the seventeen years I have served in Congress have I been subjected to the test of temptation through wrongful influence in any form.

Charges False and Infamous

"But whether I shall become your designated candidate for President or not, I am your Speaker at a time when your party is in the crucible of scrutiny, and I cannot, in duty, permit these aspersions to pass unheeded. As Speaker of the House of Representatives, as a lifelong Democrat proud of my party, as an American man, I pronounce Mr. Bryan's implied accusation both false and infamous.

"If I am speaking the truth with respect to this matter, it follows necessarily that the reasons advanced by Mr. Bryan for departing from the time-honored custom of the party in recognizing the voice of the majority are not reasons at all, but the shallowest of pretexts put forward to achieve some purpose which I shall not attempt to divine.

"I bid you, then, say to my friends that I accept with deepest gratitude their renewed assurances of loyalty, and now declare without qualification that my name will remain before the convention, subject to no trade or dicker, until two-thirds of the delegates shall ratify or refuse to ratify the action of the majority."

Bryan

Baltimore, *July 1st.*—The statement given out by Mr. Bryan in answer to one issued by Mr. Clark shortly after midnight this morning was as follows:

"I have received notice by publication only. The only criticism I have made against Mr. Clark is not that he has acted wrongfully, but that he has failed to act. I may overestimate the importance of the presidential office, but I have felt that an aspirant for that office ought to manage his own campaign and not allow people to do things for him without his direct and specific authority.

"The papers announced that Mr. Clark was neutral between Mr. Parker and myself in the temporary chairmanship fight, and that he informed his supporters to vote as they pleased.

Not a Personal Contest

"If that contest were purely a question between Judge Parker and myself as individuals, his refusal to take part would not be material,

although he never sent out a piece of literature or had a speech made in his behalf that did not represent him as my special champion for sixteen years. If he distributed any literature in which he associated his name with Mr. Parker's, I shall be glad to withdraw this statement upon inspection of the literature.

"But the contest between Judge Parker and myself was not a personal contest, and everybody but Mr. Clark knew this. It was between progressive Democracy on the one side and reactionary Democracy on the other, and I contend that in such a contest it was Mr. Clark's duty to take one side or the other if, in his judgment, there is any material difference in the two kinds of Democracy. If he insists that there is no difference he has no right to complain of criticism at the hands of those who believe that there is a vital difference.

Blames Clark's Managers

"But the activity of Mr. Clark's managers is as objectionable as his own inactivity. They have been in constant co-operation with the reactionaries. If Mr. Clark did not authorize them to act he has, so far as I know, failed to rebuke them for acting. I take it for granted that he does not object to the action of his managers in soliciting, or at least in accepting without protest, the support of the ninety wax figures which Mr. Murphy, under the unit rule, uses to carry out the will of the predatory interests.

"The public is not much interested in Mr. Clark's opinion of me; he will have ample time in which to express his opinion after the convention, whether he is nominated or not; but if I am any judge of the news value of items, the people would like to know immediately whether he believes that the New York delegation, which is completely under the domination of Mr. Murphy, and which contains among its numbers representatives, attorneys, or agents of nearly every predatory interest that is oppressing the people—whether he considers this delegation, thus controlled by one man who is controlled by the interests, stands in the same position as delegates which represent the masses, and whether he has any objection to a nomination made possible only by the support of the New York delegation.

Says Advice Was Ignored

"I have tried to advise Mr. Clark in his own interest, as I believe, as well as in the interest of the party, and it is a source of great disappointment to me that he should have listened to personal enemies of mine more than he has to me. In using the word 'disappointment,' I do not use it in a personal sense, for I have no desire to impose my advice upon him, but I feel that it is not presumptuous for me to assume

that I am better acquainted with the sentiment of the people than those who have had his ear, and I am sure that I speak for a larger number.

"I am sure, too, that I am as disinterested as those upon whose counsel he relies, for I have no interest in the subject except my interest in the principles and policies which can be advanced through the election of a Democratic President.

"I believe that Mr. Clark is right at heart, but during the last few days he has been misled and has failed to take advantage of the opportunities presented to throw his influence entirely into the balance when questions of great importance were at issue."

LITTLEPAGE CALLS BRYAN ACT SHAME

West Virginia Says the Attack on Speaker Clark Is a Great Slander

By Adam B. Littlepage

Democratic Representative from West Virginia

Washington, *June 30th.*—The scene which I witnessed in the National Democratic Convention when Mr. Bryan went up on the rostrum to explain his reason for violating the instructions of the Democracy of Nebraska was one which struck terror. I have been a Bryan man, true and faithful, during the last three national campaigns, and no man in my district has worked more indefatigably than myself to advance his interests. I fear I shall never be able to comprehend why Mr. Bryan changed, unless it is that he has been and is now at heart a Wilson man.

It was under the leadership of Champ Clark, assisted by Representative Shackleford of Missouri; Representative Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, and others, taken by Representative Norris of Nebraska, that the entering wedge was driven which separated the insurgents from the regular Republicans, broke the back of Cannonism, and effected a change in the rule of the House, enabling every member thereof to have his full and fair opportunity.

What Clark Leadership Has Done

It was under Champ Clark's leadership that the true secret of the high cost of living in this country was exposed, and it was the fight made under his leadership which resulted in the change of a Republican Congress to a Democratic Congress.

He has been eight times declared the choice of a majority of the accredited delegates to the Democratic National Convention as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, yet, under the rules of the convention requiring a two-thirds majority, the nomination has not been given him.

Slander and Unjust Outrage

As a member of the American Congress, I have closely observed his official career, and it is a great slander and an unjust outrage on the part of any man who professes to be a Democrat to accuse him of being allied with the special interests. His whole life, and his record in Congress, refute and brand this statement as a slander, and I am at a loss to understand why Democrats will be misled by mischievous reports purposely put in circulation against Clark, one of the purest men in public life.

In the estimation of the country he has won the nomination, and it seems to me that the delegates should see that it is accorded him. To rob him of the nomination on the strength of an absolutely false report would be a political sin the country would not pardon.

The West Virginia delegation will, in my judgment, continue to vote for Clark until the snow falls, if necessary. They are true, and will not abuse the confidence reposed in them by the Democracy of their state.

BRYAN ASSAILED BY WATTERSON

His Course at Baltimore Unforgivable—Plays Directly to the Enemy

On July 1st Col. Henry Watterson said in *The Courier-Journal:*

"The course pursued by Mr. Bryan at Baltimore is unforgivable. It is not alone that he seeks to play the rôle played by Mr. Roosevelt as a dictator, but that, in raising a false issue against his party and his friends, he has sacrificed private duty and public faith, putting in peril what seemed a sure triumph for Democracy.

"He hoists the standard of hatred and revenge over what should be a marching army of brothers. He plays directly to the hand of the enemy, and invites defeat. If the convention accepts such leadership it will abdicate the principles and rights of true Democracy and surrender all which Democrats hold glorious and great to the selfish rule of the one-man power eager to exploit itself at the cost of the party interest.

"The response of Champ Clark is all-sufficient. Replete with manly dignity and feeling, it appeals to the heart of every Democrat in the land, and should be followed by his nomination to-day."

HOUSE RESOLUTION 592

On July 1st, without suggestion from me, the House of Representatives unanimously passed this resolution:

Resolved, That the Members of this House, regardless of politics, express their full confidence in the honor, integrity, and patriotism of the presiding officer of this House, the Hon. Champ Clark.

King Solomon hath it, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Shakespeare says:

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Having gouged me out of the nomination, my enemies set out to destroy me utterly, which, happily, they failed to accomplish. They vociferously declared for harmony, intimating constantly, without the slightest foundation in fact, that I would prove a stumbling-block and that I should not be re-elected Speaker.

For instance, late in December, 1913, President-elect Wilson requested me to visit him at Trenton for the purpose of discussing the state of public business in the House. We agreed on December 24th as the day for the meeting, which was announced in the papers. So on December 23d *The New York World* published a Washington despatch to itself, falsely and preposterously claiming that I was going to Trenton to fight the appointment of Bryan as Secretary of State, knowing that Governor Wilson and not myself sought the interview. If it did not already know the fact that I did not

care a straw whom he appointed Cabinet members, it could have found out by asking me. Two things I knew: First, no close friend to me would be asked to sit in the Cabinet. Second, that Bryan would be in it.

So on December 24th, the day I went to see Governor Wilson at his own request, *The World* had a flaming editorial based on its own false Washington despatch of the 23d, setting forth in lurid colors the tremendous calamities impending should I be re-elected Speaker, because Bryan and I were at loggerheads.

To demonstrate precisely what influence *The World* had on the House of Representatives, it is only necessary to state the fact that I was unanimously renominated for Speaker by the Democratic caucus—as I have been nominated seven times.

The World's new-found love and admiration for Bryan will appear strange to those who remember how it abused and vilified him for years.

Of course, after the inauguration of President Wilson harmony was all the talk. I was pursuing the even tenor of my way as Speaker, discharging the duties of that great place as well as possible. After a little while friends began coming to me, expressing fear that the bad relations, or rather the lack of any relations, betwixt Bryan and me would breed a dangerous feud among Democrats, and begged me to be reconciled to him. For some time I peremptorily refused to meet him, even in the most formal manner, asserting that he had for his own selfish purposes slandered me out of the nomination and had tried his utmost to blacken my name. They kept on urging the good I could do to the Democratic party by even a formal meeting with him, until I agreed to it with the condition precedent that he should in writing retract the base and injurious insinuations he had made against me at Baltimore.

Here is his statement:

My meeting with Mr. Clark has served to clear up a misunderstanding as to my exact position toward him at the Baltimore convention. I have tried to make it clear to Mr. Clark that I have always regarded and do now regard him as a good, clean, progressive Democrat. If my language at Baltimore created any impression that I was charging Mr. Clark with being in sympathy with any of the reactionary forces, I am glad of the opportunity to correct any such misconstruction of my words or acts, for I did not intend to reflect upon either the personal or political integrity of the Speaker. It is my earnest wish that there may be cordial co-operation between the State Department and the Speaker in carrying out the policies of the administration.

[Signed] W. J. BRYAN.

And here is mine:

It is beyond the power of Colonel Bryan or any one else to correct the injustice that was done to me at Baltimore. The loss of the Presidential nomination was a small thing as compared to the injury done to my reputation in the eyes of the world. But now that Colonel Bryan in his public statement has done what he can to remove the injurious impressions that were created by his Baltimore speeches, I feel that we can all the better co-operate for the good of the administration. I can only repeat what I have publicly declared time and time again, that all personal or selfish considerations must give way to the duty that all Democrats owe to our party and to our country.

[Signed] CHAMP CLARK.

The two men who did most to bring about the formal meeting were my good friends Theodore A. Bell, of California, and Ira E. Bennett, editor of *The Washington Post.* Bennett gave a luncheon to a small party, and the thing was done—for what it was worth.

The New York World's capers about my journey to Trenton "to fight Bryan's appointment to the Cabinet" were on a par with the idiotic suggestion of a Republican Denver paper that when I was making speeches for Wilson and Marshall in the campaign after the Baltimore convention I was seeking a Cabinet position. The man who wrote that did not have sense enough to know that the Speakership of the House of Representatives is a much bigger place than is any Cabinet position, and he was not

well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not accept all ten Cabinet portfolios rolled into one, for I would not be a clerk for any man.

The conclusion of the whole matter was that Governor Wilson was nominated and elected in 1912; renominated and re-elected in 1916; and the consensus of world opinion is that he has been, and is, a great President.

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